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A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF THE

PROTESTANT CHURCH

OF THE

UNITED BRETHREN.

W
Moravian Church

Come before his Preſence with Singing. PSALM c. 2.

I will ſing of thy Power; yea, I will ſing aloud of thy Mercy. Pſalm lix. 16.

Let the Word of Chriſt dwell in you richly, in all Wiſdom; teaching and admoniſhing one another in Pſalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, ſinging with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord. COL. iii. 16.

I will ſing with the Spirit, and I will ſing with the Underſtanding alſo. 1 COR. xiv. 15.

LONDON PRINTED:

AND SOLD AT THE BRETHREN'S CHAPELS IN GREAT-BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

PREFACE.

THE large Collection of Hymns, designed chiefly for the use of the congregations in union with the church of the Brethren, which was published in the year 1754, containing all such hymns of former Hymn-books used among us, which were thought to merit a place in that collection, was (on account of its being too voluminous) inconvenient to some, and too expensive for others; in consequence of which another collection was published in the year 1769, which as to the general import of its contents, is a brief extract of the former, and though justly complained of, as containing by far too little, hath hitherto been used in all our places of worship, both at home and abroad, where divine service is performed in the English language. Besides the above objections to the size of these hymn-books, there were others of a more important nature. For though they contained for the greatest part valuable hymns, there were however some which were particularly liable to censure, being written in a peculiar style, or badly translated. It hath therefore been wished for many years, that a hymn-book might be published, less copious than the former, and containing more than the latter. Though dispatch was necessary, as both the abovementioned hymn-books were out of print; yet a work of this kind being attended with many difficulties, its progress was greatly retarded.

The hymns contained in this collection were either written in the English, or translated from the German language. As to the former, we have not only taken from our old hymn-books those we deemed suitable, (some of which have been altered, and we hope amended) but we have also inserted several out of other collections. Some have been added, which never appeared in print before, part of which were composed for this collection. Many of those, originally written in the English language, indicate that their

authors were good poets; others contain ſcriptural or experimental divine truths, or the ejaculations of a heart mourning, rejoicing, praying or praiſing, expreſſed in plain rhyme, in which frequently a conciſe and feeling expreſſion has been retained at the expence of a lame verſe.

In regard to the hymns tranſlated from the German, their number is conſiderable. Moſt of thoſe that were publiſhed before have either been re-tranſlated or altered, where ſingular expreſſions, or grammatical inaccuracy required it; though theſe alterations have been as much avoided as the nature of the caſe would allow, in hymns or verſes much known and ſung, and have never been made without mature deliberation. We find this laſt remark the more neceſſary, as ſome perſons might be inclined to prefer former phraſes and expreſſions, merely becauſe they are by long and conſtant uſe become familiar to them, though the alterations be more intelligible and ſcriptural.

The German hymn-book for the uſe of the Brethren's congregations, printed at Barby in the year 1778, which met with much approbation both in our congregations and with other ſincere Chriſtians abroad, containing many new hymns never tranſlated into the Engliſh tongue, and a great many tranſlated before, which were abbreviated or amended: pains have been taken, not only to tranſlate a conſiderable number for this hymn-book, but alſo to make former tranſlations conformable to the altered originals, except where it was to be apprehended, that a too ſtrict conformity to the original would not produce any material amendment. We readily allow that many tranſlations are very defective in point of fluency or ſublimity of expreſſion, ſo that we could hardly have given them a place in this collection, if the prevailing tendency of our endeavours had not been to retain and add, as much as poſſible (without ſwelling this volume too much) ſuch hymns as contained plain and practical bible truths, though more or leſs defective in regard to diction or rhyme.

Thoſe, who are acquainted with the difficulties which attend the tranſlating poetry out of one language into another, (eſpecially when the nature of one language doth not admit of what is adopted in the other) will readily allow that many

defects are rather to be attributed to the nature of the work than to want of attention. This obſervation is particularly applicable to the Engliſh and German languages, the former confining itſelf in general to the maſculine or iambic whereas the latter makes very frequent uſe of the feminine or trochaic rhymes. Beſides this it ought to be conſidered, that though ſome tranſlations were put to tunes better adapted to Engliſh metre than the originals, we were in general under the neceſſity to ſuit our tranſlations to the original tunes, becauſe they are known and uſed among us.

The arrangement and diviſions of this hymn-book, though not exactly conformable to the above-named German hymn-book as to the number of its diviſions and ſubdiviſions, is however as nearly the ſame as the nature of our deſign would admit. Whoever ſhould meet with any thing in theſe hymns that ſtrikes him as ſingular, will not, we hope, be inclined on that account to diſapprove of the whole, if he conſiders that our main deſign has been to render it uſeful to the members of the Brethren's congregations and ſocieties.

The *great* church-litany has undergone but little alteration; but the *ſhorter*, which is uſed on Sundays in all our chapels, being an abbreviation of the former before it was reviſed and amended in the German, hath now been made conformable to the laſt edition, of which it is nearly a literal extract.

As this hymn-book is alſo intended for the uſe of our miſſions in the Engliſh dominions abroad, where holy baptiſm is frequently adminiſtered to adults; and as the ſame is at times the caſe here, we have added two hymns, that may be ſuitably uſed upon ſuch occaſions.

All the hymns tranſlated from the German are diſtinguiſhed by an aſteriſk [*]; thoſe not marked in this manner, are Engliſh compoſitions.

Agreeable to the wiſh of many, the *index* does not only contain the firſt line of each *hymn*, but of each *verſe* in this collection. The lines which begin an hymn are marked in the index alſo with an aſteriſk [*].

The numbers of the tunes, which are placed over the hymns, have a reference to the ſecond index, which points out the tunes for the hymns that occur in this book.

It is our ardent wiſh and fervent prayer unto the Lord, that he may render this publication a means to enliven that part of our worſhip which conſiſts in *ſinging*, and that we may ſing unto him with humble hearts and cheerful voices, both when aſſembled before him, and in our private devotion.

We alſo hope that our endeavors, however imperfect, will not be unacceptable or unprofitable to our friends and other ſincere Chriſtians, who according to the advice of the apoſtle Paul, (1 Theſſ. v. 21.) "Prove all things," and "hold faſt that which is good."

If the important ſubjects contained in theſe hymns are heartily believed and feelingly experienced by thoſe who ſing, though their voices ſhould ſometimes jarr, yet the harmony of ſpirit which prevails in a congregation of believers, will prevent in a great meaſure, on the one hand, languor in ſinging, and, on the other hand, exclude unſeemly clamour and vociferation.

May all, who uſe theſe hymns, delight in and experience at all times the bleſſed effects of the apoſtle Paul's advice, when he ſaith, (Eph. v. 19.) "Be filled with the Spirit, ſpeaking to yourſelves in pſalms and hymns and ſpiritual ſongs, ſinging and making melody in your hearts to the Lord;" yea anticipate already, whilſt in the body, though in an humble and imperfect ſtrain, the ſong of the innumerable company of juſt men made perfect, (Heb. xii. 23.) who being redeemed out of many nations, kindreds and tongues, and having waſhed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, (Rev. v. 9. and vii. 14.) are ſinging in perfect harmony, (Rev. v. 12.). "Worthy is the Lamb, that was ſlain, to receive power, and riches, and wiſdom, and ſtrength, and honor, and glory, and bleſſing, for ever and ever. Amen."

London,
March 25, 1789.

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A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS, &c.

I. Of the WORD of GOD.

1.*

(T. 119.)

1. HOLY Lord, :|:
Holy and almighty Lord,
Thou who, as the great Creator,
By all creatures art ador'd;
Source of univerſal nature,
And to man redeem'd by Jeſu's blood.
Gracious God. :||:

2. Thanks and praiſe, :||:
Lord our God, be ever thine,
That thy word to us is given,
Which, replete with truth divine,
Leads us in the way to heaven,
Which is Chriſt, who life for us to gain,
Once was ſlain. :||:

3. Day nor night :||:
Never let us hold our peace;
In his blood-bought congregation
Never ſhall his praiſes ceaſe;
For Immanuel's incarnation,
For his death, (my ſoul, he dy'd for thee)
Joyful be. :||:

4. Lord our God, :||:
May thy precious, ſaving word,
Till our race is here completed,
Light unto our path afford!
And, when in thy preſence ſeated,
We'll in higheſt ſtrains thy name adore
Evermore. :||:

2.

(T. 14.)

1. JESUS, thy word is my delight;
There grace and truth are ſeen:
Ah, could I ſtudy day and night,
And meditate therein.

2. The goſpel, as a poliſh'd glaſs,
Thy glory lets us ſee;
And by beholding there thy face,
We're render'd like to thee.

3. When into darkneſs we are brought,
When thou thy face haſt hid,
Vain ſeems thy word, it ſtrikes us not,
Our hearts are cold and dead.

4. Alas, how blind and deaf are we!
We neither ſee, nor hear:
Enlighten us, O Lord, to ſee,
Grant us an open ear.

5. O Lamb of God, the book unſeal,
And to our hearts explain;
Let all its life and ſpirit feel,
And heav'nly wiſdom gain.

6. That thou for us didſt live and die,
Make known to us, dear Lord;
The promiſes to us apply,
Contained in thy word.

3.*

(T. 22.)

1. GOD's holy word, which ne'er
shall ceaſe,
Proclaimeth pardon, grace and peace;
Directs to Jeſus and his blood,
And teaches us the will of God.

2. As fallen creatures could not bear
The awful voice of God to hear,
By men the Spirit of the Lord
Reveal'd God's holy cov'nant word.

3. This ſacred word expoſes ſin,
Convinces us that we're unclean;
Points out the wretched, fallen ſtate
Of ev'ry man, both ſmall and great.

4. It alſo ſhews God's boundleſs grace
Towards the fallen human race;
Eternal life to ev'ry one
Who turns to Jeſus Chriſt his Son.

5. This goſpel cheers the poor in heart,
And heav'nly riches doth impart:
Sets forth the myſt'ry of Chriſt's croſs,
And that his blood aton'd for us:

6. It gathers God's elected flock,
Grounds them on Jeſus Chriſt the rock,
Serves to inſtruct us and reprove,
Confirms our hope, inflames our love,

7. Preſerves believers in the faith
Of Chriſt and his atoning death,
Prompts us to do God's holy will,
And leads us ſafe to Salem's hill.

8. Receive our cordial thanks, O Lord,
For granting us thy holy word.
O may we live accordingly,
Till we in heav'n ſhall dwell with thee.

4.*

(T. 83.)

WHAT a peace divinely ſweet
Fills my ſoul, when I've the favor
To ſit down at Jeſu's feet,
And his gracious words to favor!
Then I open heart and ear;
What he ſays finds entrance there.

5.

(T. 106.)

1. SPIRIT of Truth, eſſential God,
Who didſt the ſaints of old inſpire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their lips with ſacred fire:
Thou Guide divine, who doſt impart
The truth to man, inſtruct each heart!

2. May we believe, almighty Lord,
(Whoſe preſence fills both earth and
heav'n,)
The meaning of thy written word,
Which was by inſpiration giv'n:
Thou only canſt thyſelf explain,
As truth divine to fallen man.

3. Come, thou divine Interpreter,
Our ſloth and ignorance thou know'ſt;
Ah, teach us humbly to revere
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
For all the mercy, truth and grace,
We in the holy ſcriptures trace.

6.*

(T. 22.)

1. LORD Jeſus, with thy children ſtay
Till dawn of thy eternal day;
And let thy glorious goſpel light,
Till then, diſpel the gloom of night.

2. In theſe degen'rate evil days
We pray for conſtancy and grace,
That we keep pure, moſt gracious Lord,
Thy holy ſacraments and word.

3. Thy ſacred word is all our boaſt;
In this thy church can boldly truſt:
This doth alone to bliſs direct;
All other doctrines we reject.

4. Lord! from ſuch teachers us preſerve,
Who from thy holy ſcriptures ſwerve,
And by falſe doctrines would deceive
Thoſe who thee love and thee believe.

5. The cauſe and glory, Lord, are thine;
Thy word is pure and all divine;
Aſſiſt us to rely on thee,
And keep us thine eternally.

7.

(T. 22.)

1. O How I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I'll think upon it all the day.

2. What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys, compar'd with those
Thine everlasting word bestows!

8.*

(T. 97.)

GIVE us thy Spirit, Lord, that we,
With gladness and humility,
The holy scriptures may believe,
And with a grateful heart receive,
As thy own word, to make us truly wise,
And not as man's invention or device.

9.*

(T. 58.)

MOST gracious Lord! we render thanks and praise,
Since thy blest word, replete with truth and grace,
Teaches us to know thee, and seek thy favor;
It proves to us a life-giving favor,
Through Jesus Christ.

10.*

(T. 97.)

1. HERE in thy presence we appear,
Lord Jesus Christ! thy word to hear;
Our wand'ring thoughts and hearts incline
With thirst t'imbibe thy word divine;
That thus our minds drawn from this earth to thee,
May love thee more, and serve thee faithfully.

2. Thy Spirit can afford us light,
And from our hearts dispel the night
Of ignorance and unbelief:
From him alone we can receive
Whate'er we need for praising thee, our Lord,
And for instruction from thy sacred word.

3. God Holy Spirit, now impart
Thy unction to each longing heart;
Us with thy heav'nly light and fire,
To sing, to pray, and preach, inspire;
Thus shall we praise the Father, Son, and thee,
Both now and ever, in sincerity.

11.

(T. 22.)

1. FAIN would I, dear Redeemer, learn,
Fain what is excellent discern;
Thy will would search, my duty know;
O let thy word the secret show.

2. Sigh after sigh to thee I send,
That I thy word may comprehend,
That word, which learnt and understood,
Affords the soul a lasting food.

3. Let human arts make others wise,
My learning from the cross shall rise;
Thy wounds, thy passion, death and grave,
Is all the knowledge that I crave.

4. With pity view me at thy feet,
To be instructed, Lord, I wait;
I may not, cannot, will not rise,
Till by thy cross I am made wise.

12.*

(T. 84.)

1. DEarest Jesus! we are here;
By thy word to gain instruction;
We desire to feel thee near,
And thy Spirit's manuduction,
That our minds by him directed,
From all sin may be protected.

2. Reason gives no saving light
Unto fallen human nature;

But thy Spirit clears our ſight,
Makes the ſinner a new creature;
And by his divine emotion,
Prompts our hearts to true devotion.

3. Holy Ghoſt, eternal God,
We now humbly aſk the favor:
Shed in all our hearts abroad
The great love of God our Saviour:
Bleſs our pray'rs and meditation,
And accept our ſupplication.

13.

(T. 14.)

1. THE ſtatutes of the Lord are juſt,
And bring ſincere delight;
His pure commands, in ſearch of truth,
Aſſiſt the feebleſt ſight.

2. His perfect worſhip here is fix'd,
On ſure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the ſcales
Of truth and juſtice weigh'd.

3. My truſty counſellors they are,
And friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on thoſe,
Who by thy precepts live.

4. But what frail man obſerves how oft
He doth tranſgreſs and fail?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret faults,
My God, thou know'ſt them well.

14.

(T. 22.)

1. 'TWas by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets ſpoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inſpire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2. Great God! mine eyes with pleaſure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I ſee,
And read his name, who dy'd for me.

3. Let the falſe raptures of the mind
Be loſt and vaniſh in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope ſecure;
This is thy word, and muſt endure.

15.

(T. 11.)

LET the ſplendor of thy word
Light unto our paths afford;
That we in thy truth and grace
May proceed throughout our race.

II. Of the Fall and Corruption of Man, and his Redemption by Chriſt.

16.*

(T. 212.)

1. WHEN Adam fell, the frame entire
Of nature was infected;
The ſource, whence came the poiſon dire,
Was not to be corrected,
But by God's grace, which ſaves our race
From their entire deſtruction:
The fatal luſt, indulg'd at firſt,
Brought death as its production.

2. By one man's guilt we are enſlav'd
To ſin, death, hell, and devil;
But by another's grace was ſav'd
Mankind from all this evil:
And as we all, by Adam's fall,
Were ſentenc'd to perdition;
So Jeſus hath, by his own death,
Regain'd us life's fruition.

3. Has God beſtow'd his only Son
On us rebellious creatures,
To ſave our ſouls, which were undone,
And waſh our ſinful natures
From all their guilt, by th' blood he ſpilt,
His death and reſurrection:

Then don't delay! This is the day
T' insure thy own election.

4. I send my cries unto the Lord,
My heart implores this favor,
To grant me of his living word
A never-failing favor;
That sin and shame may lose their claim
To hinder my salvation:
In Christ the scope of all my hope,
I fear no condemnation.

5. Thy word's a lanthorn to my feet;
My soul's best information;
My surest guide and path to meet
Eternal consolation:
This leading star, where't doth appear,
Revealeth Christ our Saviour
Unto the lost, who firmly trust
In him alone for ever.

17.

(T. 22.)

1. LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2. Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin engender death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3. O God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

4. Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5. Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
Nought else but this can make me so.

6. While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

18.*

(T. 590.)

1. THE true good Shepherd, God's own Son
From all eternity,
Urg'd by his love, exchang'd his throne
For human misery,
His wand'ring sheep gone far astray
He sought with pungent pain,
And did for all a ransom pay
To bring them home again.

2. One of those sheep, in deserts lost,
Art thou, my needy soul;
His blood, which thy salvation cost,
Can cleanse and make thee whole.
Now shew him cordial gratitude,
And glorify his name.
He doth, as purchas'd by his blood,
Thy soul and body claim.

19.

(T. 14.)

1. HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
How satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains!

2. But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
Rely upon the Lord."

3. My soul obey th' almighty call,
And haste to gain relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O, help my unbelief!

4. To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5. A guilty, weak and helpless worm
Into thy arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

20.*

(T. 166.)

1. WHEN the due time had taken place,
God look'd upon the sons of men,

Saw them a sinful, curs'd race,
Perverse, polluted and unclean:
Then Jesus came to set us free,
And for our guilt to shed his blood;
His death procur'd our liberty,
And reconcil'd us unto God.

2. Therefore our Lord calls constantly:
Come, sinners, come to me and live;
Surrender up yourselves to me,
Repenting sinners I receive:
I freely gave my life for you;
Now all your wants I will supply;
Yea, pardon, rest, and life bestow;
O turn to me, why will you die?

3. Sinners, attend to Jesu's voice;
He's call'd, The Lord our Righteousness:
Mourn not, but in his name rejoice,
Accept of his redeeming grace:
He fills the hungry soul with good,
The thirsty heart may drink its fill;
He guides us in the narrow road
That leads to Salem's blessed hill.

4. Ah! come, Lord Jesus, hear our pray'r,
Thou worthy Son of God most high!
We humbly ask: our souls prepare,
That we may to thy mercy fly;
That we may all believe on thee,
And on thy flesh and blood may feed,
True members of thy body be,
For ever join'd to thee our head.

21.

(T. 14.)

1. I, With the fallen human race,
Lay welt'ring in my blood;
Cover'd with shame, and deep disgrace,
And banish'd far from God.

2. The loving Jesus passing by,
His bowels yearn'd to see
Me outcast wretch so helpless lie
In deepest misery.

3. Inclin'd to me in tenderness,
My soul he would relieve
From all its mis'ry and distress,
He said, "Arise, and live."

4. He wash'd away my ev'ry stain,
And cleans'd me in his blood;
Deck'd me with righteousness divine,
And brought me nigh to God.

5. My heart no condemnation fears,
Nor hell, nor satan dreads:
Christ as the mercy-seat appears,
His blood my pardon pleads.

6. Against the fiercest pow'rs of hell,
He is my strength and shield;
Within his wounds I safely dwell;
He fights, I win the field.

7. Making himself a sacrifice,
My bonds and chains he broke;
Now to my willing neck he ties
His soft and easy yoke.

8. Rejoice, my soul, for evermore,
Since Christ thy Saviour is;
And thou for ever shalt adore
Him in the realms of bliss.

22.

(T. 79.)

1. THOU holy, spotless Lamb of God!
Didst leave thy glorious, blest abode,
In love to sinners vile,
To bleed for all lost Adam's race,
Who were accurs'd, dead and base,
Entangled fast by satan's guile.

2. Thou, for their sake who hated thee,
Didst shed thy blood upon the tree,
Thy life for ours didst give;
Thou bor'st our curse; our debt is paid,
Thy soul for sin an off'ring made,
Thou dy'dst, that we with thee might live.

3. Thus thou hast bought us with thy blood;
That price accepted was by God,
We are with him at peace;
No wrath remains on any one,
That will but come unto the Son,
Take and put on his righteousness.

4. Never may I depart from thee;
Thou hast procur'd this liberty,
That I may keep thy grace:

Thy wounds, whereon I trust by faith,
My refuge are 'gainst sin and death,
My feeble soul's abiding-place.

23.*

(T. 132.)

1. OUR whole salvation doth depend
On God's free grace and Spirit;
All our best works can ne'er defend
A boast in our own merit:
Derived is our righteousness
From Christ and his atoning grace;
He is our Mediator.

2. Who can maintain the bold conceit,
That poor mankind was able
T' observe, by means of nat'ral light,
The first and second table?
The law reveals the root of sin,
Which lay before conceal'd within,
With all its hellish branches.

3. No! 'twas beyond all human art
To purge that deep pollution;
Efforts to move the poison'd dart,
Confirm'd the foul suffusion.
The Lord a feigned work abhors;
Mere flesh increases but the curse
Of our entail'd corruption.

4. The law cry'd, justice must be done,
Or men doom'd to damnation;
But Mercy sent th' eternal Son,
Who purchas'd our salvation,
Fulfill'd the law in its extent,
And gave its wrath a thorough vent,
To spare the sons of Adam.

5. Thus having all the law fulfill'd,
Through his blest cross and passion,
He's now the Rock whereon we build
Our faith and whole salvation:
We call him, Lord, our righteousness,
Whose death has purchas'd life and grace,
And ransom'd us for ever.

6. The law reveal'd sin's sinfulness,
Inhanc'd the accusation;
The gospel tenders saving grace
For sinners' consolation,
Bids all lay hold on Jesu's cross;
The law could ne'er retrieve our loss,
With all its best performance.

7. True faith, by Jesus in us wrought,
By works is manifested;
That faith is empty which is not
By works of love attested.
Yet faith alone us justifies!
Love to our neighbour but implies,
We are sincere believers.

24.

(T. 582.)

1. NOT one of Adam's race,
However just and good,
Can by his works of righteousness,
Be justify'd 'fore God.
The works which we have done
Are all, alas! unclean;
But we are sav'd by faith alone,
And cleans'd thereby from sin.

2. If sinners, full of grief,
Deserving to be damn'd,
Look up to Jesus for relief,
They shall not be asham'd:
Since God his Son us gave,
That sinners who believe,
Might pardon and redemption have,
And in his kingdom live.

25.*

(T. 89.)

1. IN thine image, Lord, thou mad'st me,
Gav'st me being out of love;
Though I fell, yet thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above:
Sacred Love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

2. Love! before I life obtained
I was chose to bliss by thee:
God of love! thou st not disdained
To become a Man like me:
Love almighty and divine!
I would be for ever thine.

3. Love! who hast for me endured
All the pains of death and hell:
Love! whose suff'rings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell.
Sacred Love, &c.

4. Love! my Life, and my Salvation,
Light and Truth, eternal Word!
Thou alone doſt conſolation
To my ſinking ſoul afford.
Love almighty, &c.

5. Love! thy yoke I gladly carry,
It is eaſy, gentle, light:
Grant that I may ne'er be weary
Thee to ſerve with all my might.
Sacred Love, &c.

6. Love! who interced'ſt in heaven
For my ſoul, when I'm oppreſs'd,
And haſt my poor name engraven
Upon thy high-prieſtly breaſt.
Love almighty, &c.

7. Love! thou'lt raiſe me unto glory
From the grave and bed of duſt,
And as Conqu'ror place before thee,
Crown'd with bleſſings 'mongſt the juſt.
Sacred Love! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

26.

(T. 22.)

1. WHen juſtice did demand its due,
And ſins increas'd the dreadful ſtrife,
My Saviour to my ſuccor flew,
And by obedience bought my life.

2. My Ranſom from the pow'r of ſin
Could not be paid on other terms:
Run, hide thyſelf, my ſoul, within
Thy bleeding Saviour's outſtretch'd arms.

3. When law condemns, and juſtice cries
For dreadful vengeance without end,
To Jeſus then I turn my eyes;
He tells me, he will ſtand my friend.

4. God on theſe terms is reconcil'd,
And I his gracious heart have won;
Now I am deem'd his favor'd child,
In Jeſus, his beloved Son.

5. What can be laid unto my charge,
When God ſaith, Freely I'll forgive?
Though hell ſhould on my crimes enlarge,
Chriſt ſays, I ſhall not die, but live.

6. The curſes which the law of God
Pronounc'd o'er me, he freely bore;
I'm now, by faith in Jeſu's blood,
Acquitted of ſin's dreadful ſcore.

7. Away then, doubts, and anxious fears!
Be ſilent all my needleſs ſighs;
My Saviour wipes away my tears,
O'er ſin and death I conqu'ror riſe.

8. Jeſus! be endleſs praiſe to thee,
Let ſinners loud thy lauds proclaim:
Of old their ſins could pardon'd be,
And Jeſus always is the ſame.

27.*

(T. 221.)

1. YE bottomleſs depths of God's infinite love,
By Jeſus Chriſt to us reveal'd!
Its motions how burning, how flaming they prove!
Though from man's wiſdom quite conceal'd.
What doſt thou love? Sinners, the vileſt race;
Whom doſt thou bleſs? Children, who ſcorn'd thy grace:
O Being moſt gracious! whom angels adore,
Thou tak'ſt thy delight in things worthleſs and poor.

2. Yet, O God of glory! our thirſting can never
Extend ſo far as doth thy grace:
On us thou haſt laviſh'd more bleſſing and favor
Than ſtripes deſerv'd our treſpaſſes:
So teach us to truſt thy fidelity,
And cloſely united with Chriſt to be.
The Spirit's kind teachings in all things to prove,
And thus thee to honor, to ſerve and to love.

3. We pray thee, O Being moſt gracious and mild,
Inſtruct our minds and teach us now,
That thus in our Lord, who's thine image and child,
What thy great name is we may know.

Ah, ſhow us how eaſy it is to bear
Thy yoke, and to truſt thy paternal care,
That till the ſhort period of this life ſhall end,
Our faith and our labor may th' Author commend.

28.

(T. 580.)

1. ARISE ye, who are captive led,
Complain no more, for Chriſt our head
From ſin can ſet you free.
Redemption Jeſus freely gives,
Repenting ſinners he receives,
He gladly ſaves both thee and me.

2. He meekly all our ſorrows bore,
Us fallen ſinners to reſtore
To life and liberty:
For us he ſuffer'd deep diſtreſs,
Was without form or comelineſs.
O depth of love! O myſtery!

3. Th'almighty Judge condemned was,
That he by death might gain our cauſe,
The Prince of life was ſlain:
And, dying in the ſinner's ſtead,
We need no condemnation dread,
Eternal life in him we gain.

4. The Holy One made ſin for us,
Was nailed to th'accurſed croſs,
And ſhed his precious blood;
Thus he obtain'd a righteouſneſs
For all who mourn for pard'ning grace,
Thro' Jeſus we have peace with God!

5. The ranſom'd hoſts in heav'n rejoice,
And we attempt to raiſe our voice,
The Lamb of God to praiſe;
Him, him we'll love, him we'll adore,
Yea him we'll praiſe for evermore,
When we ſhall ſee him face to face.

29.

(T. 22.)

1. WE ſing to God, whoſe tender love
Caus'd him to leave his throne above,
To dwell with ſinful worms below,
And ſave them from eternal woe.

2. On fallen men he caſt his eye,
In depths of mis'ry ſaw them lie;
Pity'd their ſtate, reſolv'd to come,
And ſuffer freely in their room.

3. A mortal body he aſſum'd,
Bled, groan'd and dy'd, and was entomb'd;
At length, the work thus finiſhed,
He roſe triumphant from the dead.

4. To heav'n's bright realms he took his flight,
Beyond the reach of mortal ſight;
There pleads with God for ranſom'd men,
Thence will in glory come again.

5. To Jeſus, our exalted Head,
Immortal honors now be paid.
The glory of his ſaving name
Our tongues ſhall evermore proclaim.

III. Of the Incarnation and Birth of Jeſus Chriſt.

30.*

(T. 97.)

1. JESUS, th' almighty Son of God,
Takes up with mortals his abode;
He who was ſworn to Abraham,
Who ever was and is the ſame,
He came and hidden myſteries reveal'd,
Which from the world's foundation were conceal'd.

2. We, dead in ſins and treſpaſſes,
The narrow way to life and peace
Had neither will nor pow'r to find;
Nor were our ſtubborn hearts inclin'd
To wiſh, or aſk, that happineſs to know,
Which love alone on ſinners could beſtow.

3. Then Love brake forth, "Behold
"me ſtill
"Prepar'd, O God, to do thy will!

"I freely come, I freely die,
"For guilty man to satisfy;
"I, in his stead, will hang upon the tree,
"From sin, and death, and hell, to set him free."

4. And thus, for our imputed guilt,
Our Surety's precious blood was spilt;
The sins of all on him were laid,
And he for all has fully paid;
Now God, as children, freely will receive
Repenting sinners who in Christ believe.

5. Out of pure grace unmerited,
Salvation shows upon our head:
Merely because the Lord has dy'd.
Because the Lamb was crucify'd,
Are we invited to possess a throne,
Before the world was made, ordain'd our own.

31.

(T. 22.)

1. MAKER of all things, Lord our God,
Now veil'd in feeble flesh and blood,
To reconcile and set us free
From endless woe and misery.

2. What heights, what depths of love divine
In thy blest incarnation shine!
Let heav'n and earth unite their lays
To magnify thy boundless grace.

32.

(T. 14.)

1. HOsanna to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2. The root of David here, we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3. Blest He that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hosannas in the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be giv'n.

33 *

(T. 151.)

1. HOW shall I meet my Saviour?
How shall I welcome thee?
What manner of behavior
Is now requir'd of me?
I wait for thy salvation,
Cause me to know aright
What kind of preparation
Is pleasing in thy sight.

2. Whilst with her fragrant flower
Thy Sion strews thy way,
I'll raise with all my powers
To thee a grateful lay:
I'll thee, the King of glory,
For thy great goodness praise,
And thankfully adore thee
Throughout my future days.

3. What hast thou not performed
From death to rescue me,
While I was so deformed
By sin and misery;
Fair gifts of my creation
Quite lost, made me despair;
But thy blest incarnation
Brought my redemption near.

4. I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou cam'st to set me free;
My shame I was bemoaning,
With grace thou clothedst me.
Thou'st raised me to glory,
Endowed me with bliss,
Which is not transitory,
As worldly grandeur is.

5. This caus'd thy incarnation,
This brought thee down to me!
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procur'd my liberty:
O Love beyond all measure!
Wherewith thou dost embrace
Mankind, 'midst all that pressure
Which, since the fall, takes place.

6. Let this consideration
Your wounded conscience heal,
Ye who your depravation
With deep conviction feel;

Fear not, for your salvation
Is nigh, yea at the door,
The gospel-consolation
Is nearer than before.

7. 'Tis none of our endeavor,
Nor any mortal care,
Could draw his sov'reign favor
To sinners in despair:
Uncall'd, he comes with gladness
To save you from the fall,
And cure all grief and sadness
He knows ye're clogg'd withal.

8. Be not cast down, nor frighted
At sin, though e'er so great;
No! Jesus is delighted
The greatest to remit.
He comes, repenting sinners
With life and love to crown;
And make them happy winners
Of glory like his own.

34.*

(T. 11.)

1. ALL the world exalt the Lord,
Who for ever keeps his word,
And revealeth truth and grace
In his Son, the Prince of peace.

2. What the fathers wish'd of old,
What the promises foretold,
What the seers did prophecy,
Is fulfill'd most gloriously.

3. My Salvation, welcome be;
Thou, my Portion, praise to thee;
Come, and take thy blest abode
In my heart, O Son of God.

4. Grant thy comforts to my mind,
Since I'm helpless, poor and blind;
O may I, in faith, abide
Thine, and never turn aside.

5. Jesus, when in majesty,
Thou shalt come our Judge to be;
Grant in grace, that I may stand
Justified at thy right hand.

35.*

(T. 22.)

1. TO God we render thanks and praise,
Who pitied fallen human race,
And gave his dear and only Son,
That us, as children, he might own.

2. What grace, what great benevolence!
What love, surpassing human sense!
For this great work, no angel can
Him duly praise, much less a man.

3. God takes on him our nature base,
Our Maker takes his creature's place;
A virgin's womb he did not scorn,
But condescended to be born.

4. The Word eternal did assume
Our flesh and blood, and man become;
The Alpha and Omega see
Partake of human misery.

5. He came to seek and save the lost;
We sinn'd, and he would bear the cost,
That we might share eternal bliss:
O, what unbounded love is this!

6. For what is all the human race,
That God should show such matchless grace
To give his Son, that we might claim
Life everlasting in his name.

7. How wretched they who still despise
Jesus, the Pearl of greatest price,
Such as neglect to hear his voice,
Must perish by their own free choice.

8. Unhappy they who turn away,
Or such as carelessly delay
To meet their Saviour, tho' he came
Their souls from mis'ry to reclaim.

9. Come, sinners, Jesus will receive
The worst of sinners; come and live.
"I'll dwell with you," our Saviour saith;
Receive him in your hearts by faith.

10. Your crimes and self-made holiness,
Your carnal reason, and distress,
Give up, and trust to Christ alone,
Who did for all your sins atone.

11. Thus, sav'd by God's unbounded grace,
You'll humbly render thanks and praise,
With all the num'rous ransom'd host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

36.

(T. 11.)

1. WHAT good news the angels bring?
What glad tidings of our King?
Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ, who takes our sins away.

2. He who rules both heav'n and earth,
Has in Bethlehem his birth;
Him shall all the faithful see,
And rejoice eternally.

3. Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hosannas fill the sky:
Glory be to God above,
Who is infinite in love!

4. Peace on earth, good will to men,
Now with us our God is seen:
Angels join his name to praise,
Help to sing redeeming grace.

5. Jesus is the loveliest name;
This the angel doth proclaim;
Sinners poor he came to save;
They in him redemption have.

6. They who see themselves undone,
And take refuge to the Son,
They shall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

37.

(T. 590.)

1. ALL glory to Immanuel's name
The choirs of angels sing;
Gladly these heralds peace proclaim,
Peace from our God and King:
Well might the shepherds haste away
This wond'rous Babe to see;
Well might the sages homage pay,
Before him bow the knee.

2. We too have reason to rejoice,
When we this myst'ry view,
That God assum'd our flesh and blood:
O wonder ever new!
We humbly in the dust adore;
Lord, who is like to thee
That thou, vile sinners to restore,
Vouchsaf'dst a man to be!

38.*

(T. 157.)

1. RISE, my soul, shake off all sadness,
Christ is near—thee to cheer,
Angels sing with gladness:
Unto you is born a Saviour
On this day,—don't delay
To accept God's favor.

2. Our eternal, kind Creator
Leaves his own—glorious throne,
And assumes our nature:
From perdition full exemption
To procure,—and endure
Death for our redemption.

3. O th' amazing demonstration
Of his love,—which we prove
By his incarnation.
If mankind by him were loathed,
How could he—deign to be
In our nature clothed?

4. See your Saviour in a manger,
'Mongst his own,—yet unknown,
Treated like a stranger,
Tended by an earthly mother.
Him believe,—and receive,
He is Christ your Brother!

5. Ye that feel quite poor and needy,
Come who will,—take your fill,
All things now are ready.
He is come to be your Saviour,
Full of love—to remove
Guilt and curse for ever.

6. Jesus, hear my supplication,
Grant me grace—to embrace
Thee as my salvation.
Then, like Simeon, (O what favor!)
I desire—to retire
Hence in peace for ever.

39.

(T. 590.)

1. BEHOLD, to us a Child is born,
To us a Son is giv'n,
To us, who're wretched and forlorn,
Descends the Lord from heav'n:
The promis'd seed, Immanuel,
The everlasting God

Came down to save from death and hell
Poor sinners by his blood.

2. Great is the hidden mystery
That God became a man:
He had from all eternity,
In mercy form'd a plan
To save from mis'ry and distress
The fallen human race;
And now the Sun of righteousness
His healing beams displays.

3. The Father lov'd us as his own,
Though we from him had stray'd,
And freely gave his only Son
To suffer in our stead.
The Son, in love to us, declar'd:
"I come to do God's will;"
And in this fallen world appear'd,
His council to fulfil.

4. The Holy Ghost had long foretold
That Jesus should appear;
And thus the patriarchs of old
Did his salvation share.
Of him bless'd Mary did conceive,
The holy Child she bore;
And he instructs us to believe
In Christ, and him t' adore.

5. Thus Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In this resolve are one,
To save us sinners, vile and lost,
By Jesus Christ the Son.
The Father's love we plainly trace
In Christ th' incarnate God:
What we possess of life and grace,
The Spirit has bestow'd.

6. Come, sinners, view th' incarnate Word,
Who us and all things made;
This Babe now born is Christ the Lord,
Though in a manger laid.
For us to die is Jesus born,
Adore his saving name,
Rejoice, rejoice! for all that mourn
May his salvation claim.

40.

(T. 580.)

1. ALL glory be to God on high!
Ye sons of Adam, fill the sky
With praise and thankfulness.
God, mov'd by everlasting love,
Decreed, with his dear Son above,
A sinful world to save and bless.

2. Stand still and see what God hath done,
His only and beloved Son
For us he freely gave,
For us, and for the num'rous race
Of cursed sinners vile and base!
Yea, e'en the worst he came to save.

3. He as a poor mean Child was born,
His birth no palace did adorn,
A manger was his bed;
Look, look upon this rising Sun,
Till tears of love your eyes o'er-run;
This lovely Babe is Christ our Head.

41.

(T. 166.)

1. INfinite Source, whence all did spring,
Thou of all things the Head and Lord,
Thou mighty and eternal King,
Who art in heav'n and earth ador'd,
Thou whom the heav'ns cannot contain,
Didst deign to leave thy throne above,
To be an infant poor and mean:
O myst'ry deep! O boundless love!

2. What caused this I know too well,
'Twas I who made thee thus to bow,
'Twas I who had deserved hell,
Who prompted thee to stoop so low;
My mis'ry mov'd the God of grace,
Who in the Father's bosom lay,
When the due time had taken place
His deep compassion to display.

3. What off'ring shall I bring to thee,
Immanuel, my King and God!
Thou who vouchsaf'dst a Man to be,
To save me by thy precious blood:
Thou Babe, t' whom angels praises sing,
"Peace upon earth, good will to men;"
To whom the wise men humbly bring
Their gifts, though thou appear so mean?

4. This will I do, thou Child divine!
I'll give thee that for which thou cam'ſt;
My ſoul and body, Lord, are thine,
And them in love to me thou claim'ſt.
My humble ſacrifice receive,
Dear Jeſus! born to bleed for me,
That I by faith in thee might live;
And live with thee eternally.

42.*

(T. 22.)

1. CHRIST, whom the virgin Mary bore,
We all with humble hearts adore!
O might all nations, tribes and tongues,
To our Immanuel raiſe their ſongs.

2. The mighty God, who all things gave
Both form and life, vile man to ſave,
Aſſum'd our feeble fleſh and blood,
And for our debt as ſurety ſtood.

3. He, who the wants of all ſupplies,
Now in the manger helpleſs lies,
He, who the whole creation feeds,
An earthly mother's nurſing needs.

4. The angels at his birth rejoice,
Singing his praiſe with cheerful voice;
The Shepherds, hearing Chriſt is born,
To Jeſus, our chief Shepherd, turn.

5. Thanks to the Father be now giv'n,
Who ſent his Son to us from heav'n.
Thanks to the Son who ſaves the loſt,
Thanks to our Guide the Holy Ghoſt.

43.*

(T. 50.)

1. JESUS, all praiſe is due to thee,
That thou waſt pleas'd a man to be!
A virgin's womb thou didſt not ſcorn;
Angels rejoice to ſee thee born.
Hallelujah!

2. He, who the earth's foundations laid,
Is now a little infant made;
The Son of God, who fram'd the ſkies,
Now humbly in a manger lies. Hal.

3. Th' eternal and almighty God
Aſſumes our feeble fleſh and blood;
He deigns with ſinful man to dwell,
Is God with us, Immanuel. Hal.

4. He is the Sun of righteouſneſs,
Which riſes with reſplendent grace,
And doth diſpel ſin's gloomy night,
That we may ſhare his ſaving light.
Hal.

5. To grant us pardon, peace and reſt,
He in this world became a gueſt,
And open'd, thro' himſelf, the way
To life and everlaſting day. Hal.

6. For therefore poor on earth he came,
That we might all his riches claim,
To make us heirs of endleſs bliſs,
With all the ranſom'd ſaints of his.
Hal.

7. For us theſe wonders hath he wrought,
To ſhow his love, ſurpaſſing thought:
Then let us all unite to ſing
Praiſe to our Saviour, God and King.
Hal.

44.

(T. 590.)

1. COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring,
And celebrate, with one accord,
The birth of Chriſt our King.
Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road)
To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore th' incarnate God.

2. No pomp adorns, no ſweets perfume
The place where Chriſt is laid.
A ſtable ſerves him for his room,
A manger is his bed.
The crowded inn, like ſinners' hearts,
(O ignorance extreme!)
For other gueſts of various ſorts
Had room; but none for him.

3. But ſee what diff'rent thoughts ariſe
In ours and angels' breaſts,
To hail his birth THEY left the ſkies,
WE lodg'd him with the beaſts.

Yet let believers cease their fears,
Nor envy heav'nly pow'rs:
If sinless innocence be THEIRS,
Redemption all is OURS.

45.*

(T. 22.)

1. IMMANUEL, to thee we sing,
Thou Prince of life, almighty King,
That thou, expected ages past,
Didst come to visit us at last.

2. Though heav'n and earth belong to thee,
A stranger, Lord! thou deign'st to be.
Thou clothest all, yet wear'st a dress
Which doth the poorest state express.

3. Thou dost a mother's nursing need,
Who dost the whole creation feed;
Thou who control'st the sea and wind,
In swaddling-clothes art now confin'd.

4. On wither'd grass reclines thy head,
A wretched manger is thy bed:
Though thou appear'st amongst thine own,
No kindness unto thee is shown.

5. I thank thee, gracious Lord, that thou
On my account didst stoop so low:
O that my words, my works and ways
May all proclaim thy loudest praise!

46.*

(T. 169.)

1. ARISE, my spirit, bless the day,
Whereon the ages' Sire
A Child became: thy homage pay;
Receive him with desire.
This is the night in which he came,
Was born, and put on human frame,
Us sinners to deliver
From sin and death for ever.

2. Welcome, thou Source of ev'ry good,
O Jesus, King of glory!
Welcome, thrice welcome, Lamb of God,
To this world transitory!
In grateful hymns thy name I'll praise,
With heart and voice throughout my days,
For thy blest incarnation
Procured my salvation.

3. Ah Jesus! thy unworthy bride
Deserved to be lothed,
And yet thou hast her to thyself
Upon the cross betrothed:
Her portion had been infamy,
Eternal shame and misery,
For her thou leav'st thy glory:
Who can enough adore thee!

4. O lovely Infant! thou art full
Of grace above all measure;
Thou art more precious to my soul
Than ev'ry other treasure.
Come, Jesus, come, and stay with me,
O let my heart thy dwelling be;
Then I, without cessation,
Shall joy in thy salvation.

47.

(T. 16.)

1. CHRIST the Lord, the Lord most glorious,
Is now born: O shout aloud!
By him man is made victorious:
Praise your Saviour; hail your God!

2. Praise the Lord, for on us shineth
Christ the Sun of righteousness;
He to us in love inclineth,
Cheers our souls with pard'ning grace.

3. Praise the Lord, whose saving splendor
Shines into the darkest night:
O what praises shall we render
For this never-ceasing light!

4. Praise the Lord, GOD, our SALVATION,
Praise him who retriev'd our loss,
Sing with awe and love's sensation,
HALLELUJAH, GOD WITH US!

48.

(T. 586.)

I Will rejoice in God my Saviour,
And magnify this act of love.
I'm lost in wonder at his favor,
Which him to leave his throne could move,
To take on him my sickly nature,
To suffer for his wretched creature,
Sin's curse and keenest pain,
And death-pangs to sustain,
My soul to gain.

49.*

(T. 58.)

SING, ye redeemed from Adam's fall,
Your Hallelujahs join great and small,
Praise ye God rejoicing, for our salvation,
This Child was born; this divine donation
Is God with us.

50.*

(T. 22.)

1. TO-day we celebrate the birth
Of Jesus Christ, who came on earth,
Man as his property to claim,
And from perdition to redeem.

2. Awake, my heart; my soul, rejoice;
Look, who in yonder manger lies;
Who is that Child, so poor and mean?
'Tis he, who all things doth sustain.

3. Welcome, O welcome, noble Guest!
Who sinners not despised hast,
But cam'st into our misery;
How shall we pay due thanks to thee?

4. Immanuel, incarnate God,
Prepare my heart for thy abode:
O may I, through thy aiding grace,
In all I do, shew forth thy praise.

51.

(T. 155.)

CHRIST, the Lord of all things, was
A weak Babe laid in a manger,
A poor Stranger,
'Midst the people still'd his own
Quite unknown;
Yea, despised, scorn'd and hated,
Lord, who all things hast created,
Thee we honor and adore.

52.*

(T. 14.)

1. A Wondrous change Christ with-
us makes;
The praise is his alone;
His own t' impart, our nature takes,
To raise us to his throne.

2. In servant's form, lo! he appears,
Our freedom to obtain;
To shew his love, our shame he bears;
And glory thus we gain.

53.*

(T. 39.)

TO God our Immanuel made flesh
as we are,
Our Friend, our Redeemer, and Brother so dear!
Be honor and glory; let, with one
accord,
All people say, Amen! Give praise
to the Lord.

IV. Of the Name of Jesus, and his Walk on Earth.

54.*

(T. 146.)

1. LORD Jesus, when I trace
Thee as the great Creator,
With fear I hide my face;
But when in human nature
I see thy deep distress,
And lowliness of heart,
I freely may confess
That thou my brother art.

2. Therefore I'll thee adore
With deep humiliation,
And own thee evermore
Lord of the whole creation;
But thy humanity,
Thy birth, thy life, and death,
Unite my soul to thee,
Whilst here on earth I breathe.

55.

(T. 97.)

1. BEHOLD I send my messenger,
Who shall the way for me prepare;
Thus by the prophet spake the Lord
Of old, and John fulfill'd this word,
When he as Christ's forerunner did appear,
Declaring that heav'n's kingdom now was near.

2. He came, as plainly was foretold,
And, seeing Jesus, said, Behold,
This is the Lamb of God, who came
For lost mankind to bear the blame,
And take away their sins, he is the Christ,
Repent, believe in him, and be baptiz'd.

3. Lord Jesus Christ, may we receive
This testimony, and believe
That thou for us a sacrifice
Wast made, to pay our ransom-price.
O may we know thee as the Lamb of God,
And feel the virtue of thy precious blood!

56.

(T. 14.)

1. O MY dear Saviour, when thy cares,
Thy toils for me I read,
My eyes run o'er with grateful tears,
And I bow down my head.

2. Thy suff'ring life I cannot trace,
Or read thy sacred word,
But I'm o'ercome with thankfulness
To thee, my gracious Lord.

3. What am I, Lord, that thou so much
Should'st love and value me?
Vile dust I am, yet thou for such
Didst bear thy misery.

57.

(T. 11.)

1. SEE, my soul, with wonder see
The incarnate Deity;
Human nature he assumes,
He, to ransom sinners, comes.

2. He was not conceiv'd in sin,
He was altogether clean:
Him no sinful spot disguis'd,
Yet, lo! he was circumcis'd.

3. He fulfill'd all righteousness,
Standing in the sinner's place;
From the manger to the cross,
All he did, he did for us:

4. All our woes he did retrieve,
He expir'd that we might live;
By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,
By his blood our pardon's seal'd.

5. Lord, conform us to thy death,
That new life regain'd, each breath,
Thro' thy resurrection's pow'r,
May thy praises sound each hour.

7. Circumcise our sinful hearts;
Purify our inward parts;
Lord, destroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find:

8. In thy righteousness array'd,
Let us triumph and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
Let us see thy face in light.

58.*

(T. 243.)

1. MY Jesu's first bleeding
At his circumcision,
His earliest blood-shedding
Did loudly petition,
And mercy free-obtain'd for me.

2. He's God come from heaven,
But ev'n in our nature;
Unto him is given
The sway o'er each creature:
All knees shall low-'fore Jesus bow.

59.

(T. 119.)

1. JESU's name, :||:
Source of life and happiness;
In this name true consolation
Mourning sinners may possess;
Here is found complete salvation.
Name of Jesus, thee alone we'll praise,
All our days. :||:

2. God with us. :||:
God with us in human frame
Doth appear; now sing with gladness:
Unto poor lost man he came;
None need sink in hopeless sadness,
For Immanuel is now with us,
God with us. :||:

60.

(T. 14.)

1. HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
To a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3. Jesus! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak are the efforts of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6. 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may thy saving Jesu's name
Refresh my soul in death.

61.

(T. 14.)

1. JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
I gladly would thy praises sound,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
In thee is all my trust;
Jewels to me are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3. O may thy name still cheer my heart,
And shed its fragrance there!
The noblest balm for all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4. I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
When speechless, thou shalt be my hope,
My joy in life and death.

62.

(T. 11.)

1. JESUS is our highest good,
He has sav'd us by his blood;
May we love him evermore,
And his saving name adore.

2. Jesus, when stern justice said,
"Man his life has forfeited,
"Vengeance follows by decree,"
Cry'd, "Inflict it all on me."

3. Jesus gives us life and peace,
Faith, and love, and holiness;
Ev'ry blessing, great or small,
Jesus for us purchas'd all.

4. Jesus therefore let us own,
Jesus we'll exalt alone,
Jesus has our sins forgiv'n,
Jesu's blood procur'd us heav'n.

63.

(T. 58.)

1. PRecious name of Jesus,
So great and holy,
That all our tongues cannot praise thee truly
As thou deserv'st.

2. Holy name of Jesus,
Though some blaspheme thee,
I will adore, when I hear or name thee
With gratitude.

3. Healing name of Jesus,
When thou art named,
Though souls were dead before, or halt, or maimed,
They leap for joy.

4. Pow'rful name of Jesus,
Before which devils,
Diseases, sins, and all the train of evils,
Must frighted fly.

5. Saving name of Jesus,
In which salvation
Is preach'd to ev'ry kindred, tongue and nation,
Might all thee praise.

6. Faithful name of Jesus,
In thee I've trusted,
And of thy faithfulness on earth have boasted,
And shall in heav'n.

7. Blessed name of Jesus,
Thou'rt efficacious,
To save and sanctify and preserve us,
Thee we adore.

8. Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Name so revered
By all believers; they can ne'er be wearied
In praising thee.

9. Name for ever sacred,
For ever precious;
Let all within us echo Jesus, Jesus!
For evermore.

64.

(T. 580.)

1. THE wise men from the East ador'd
The infant Jesus as their Lord,
Brought gifts to him their King.
Jesus, grant us thy light, that we
The way may find, and so to thee
Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.

2. May Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came
The legal rights to pay,
Subdue our proud and stubborn will,
That we his precepts may fulfil,
Whate'er rebellious nature say.

3. Jesus, thou gracious Son of God,
Since thou for us wouldst shed thy blood,
And die upon the cross;
O may we praise thy love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee,
With joy, reproach and pain and loss.

4. Jesus, who, after thou wast slain,
By thine own pow'r took'st life again,
And liv'st for evermore;
O may thy death new life impart
To every poor repenting heart:
May all thy saving name adore.

5. Jesus, who to thy heav'n again
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign
Of men and angels King:
When our departing souls take flight
May we in realms of joy and light,
Eternally thy praises sing.

65.

(T. 14.)

1. MY God a man! a man indeed,
An infant truly poor;
Born for a sinful race to bleed,
Salvation to procure.

2. Who can describe the loveliness
Which was, dear Child, in thee,
Thy whole deportment heav'nly grace,
And true humility?

3. According to th' appointed plan
My infant Saviour grew,
Became a youth, at last a man,
As other children do.

4. My Saviour learned Joseph's trade,
Was call'd a carpenter, Mark 6. 3.
And therefore, that he earn'd his bread,
We justly may infer.

5. Often oppress'd with human care,
He to his Father sighs,
Or spends the night in fervent pray'r,
And offers tears and cries.

6. Again as Teacher of mankind
I see my humble Lord:
How cheerfully was he inclin'd
To preach the saving word!

7. To comfort men was his delight,
To help them in distress;
He ready was, by day and night,
To pardon, heal and bless.

8. Oft he was hungry, spent and sad,
In his own world a guest,
And of his own no place he had,
His weary head to rest.

9. Ah, might my heart a mirror be,
Reflecting Jesu's grace,
That all, who my behaviour see,
May some resemblance trace.

10. Grant me that meek and lowly mind,
Thou, when on earth, hast show'd,
Which in thy holy life I find,
My Pattern, King, and God.

66.

(T. 14.)

1. O Son of God and man, receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By blessing it with thine.

2. Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou would'st not, Lord, refuse;
Thy Majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.

3. In all I think, or speak, or do,
Let me show forth thy praise;
Thy bright example still pursue
Throughout my future days.

4. By faith thro' outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engag'd below,
My heart is still with thee.

5. When thou, my Saviour, shalt appear,
Then gladly may I cry,
"The work which thou hast giv'n me here
"Is done," and to thee fly.

67.

(T. 14.)

1. LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same.

2. With what divine and vast delight
Was Simeon's heart then fill'd,
When fondly in his aged arms
He clasp'd the holy Child!

3. "Now I can leave the world," he cry'd,
"Behold thy servant dies;
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
"And peaceful close mine eyes.

4. "This is the light prepar'd to shine
"Upon the Gentile lands;
"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope
"To break their slavish bands."

5. Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms:
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

68.

(T. 58.)

1. LAMB of God, my Saviour,
O set before me
Thy matchless love, and by thy grace procure me
A mind like thine.

2. Thy humiliation
So meritorious,
Thy birth in poverty, and life laborious,
Teach me to stoop.

3. Thy flight into Egypt
Amidst great danger,
Teach me to be a pilgrim here and stranger,
Where'er I am.

4. Thy unspotted childhood
And meek behavior,
Teach me to be a little child for ever
Before thy face.

5. Thy unfeign'd obedience
And true subjection
Unto thy parents, form to like affection
My stubborn heart.

6. Thy forty days fasting,
Thy self-denial,
Thy being sorely try'd, in ev'ry trial
Deliver me.

69.

(T. 22.)

1. MY dear Redeemer, God and Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Set forth in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then as my Judge thou'lt me confess,
Adorned with a wedding dress.

70.

(T. 22.)

1. 'TWas in a dark and doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son, God's sole delight,
A friend betray'd him to his foes.

2. Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!

3. "This is my body, broke for sin;
"Take, eat of this life-giving food;"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine,
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

4. "In mem'ry of your dying Lord,
"Do this, he said, till time shall end,
"Meet at my table and record
"The love of your departed friend."

5. Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
Shew forth thy death, and sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

71.

(T. 96.)

CHrist Jesus is that precious grain
Which fell into the ground and dy'd.
Now since he for our sins was slain,
He doth no more alone abide,
But for the travail of his soul,
His seed appears from pole to pole,

V. Of the Sufferings and Death of Jesus Christ, and his Resting in the Grave.

72.

(T. 114.)

1. WHAT human mind can trace the condescension
Of our almighty Maker's love to man?
No angel can the hidden myst'ry scan;
Redeeming love, thou'rt past our comprehension;
Yet by the Spirit's teaching we can prove,
From Jesu's agony, that God is love.

2. Pursue, my soul, the sacred meditation,
And view the agonizing Lamb of God;
He is oppressed with the pond'rous load
Of all thy sins, to merit thy salvation.
He rises with a heart-affecting look,
And with his foll'wers passes Cedron's brook.

3. My spirit too, with solemn, deep devotion,
Doth follow Jesus to Gethsemane;
There he, on my account, doth weep and pray,
O'ercome with horror at the bitter potion;
Yet to his Father's will he was resign'd.
Grant me, dear Jesus, thy obedient mind.

4. I see my Saviour kneeling, groaning, weeping,
He prostrates on the ground and prays for me,
Yea, trembling, wrestles in an agony;
And whilst his sad disciples all are sleeping,
His soul is griev'd, his eyes in tears are drown'd,
A bloody sweat in drops falls to the ground.

5. By all thy grief, thy tears and supplication,
Thy bloody sweat, thy bitter agony;
Grant that my soul may love thee ardently:
Be thou, O Lord, my life and consolation.
Whene'er temptation would my soul beset,
I'll pray to thee, and think of Olivet.

73.

(T. 580.)

1. BEHOLD! how in Gethsemane
Th' incarnate God did sweat for thee
Till drops of blood fall down;
For thee the Lord lies prostrate there,
Hear his thrice-utter'd mournful pray'r,
Mark ev'ry dol'rous sigh and groan.

2. I'm lost in wonder and amaze;
Here I'll abide and melt and gaze,
'Tis God's beloved Son!
How heavy is that weight he bears!
His soul's oppress'd with grief and fears,
Lo! now the bitter cup comes on.

3. Lord, dost thou suffer thus for me?
Dost thou endure such misery,
To give me life and peace?
Then will I bear this on my heart,
"My all is purchas'd with thy smart,
"Thy sweat and blood sign my release."

74.*

(T. 36.)

GOD in a garden suffers in our nature;
He faints, who cheers and comforts ev'ry creature;
An angel strengthens his Creator yonder:
Adore and wonder.

75.*

(T. 99.)

O Sight, which my poor heart doth break,
Oh! it can ne'er my mind forsake
How thou'st for me on Ol'vet prayed!
Might I for thy soul's agony,
When wrest'ling with death bitterly,
Be as thy trophy soon displayed!

76.

(T. 96.)

1. GEthsemane, thou dol'rous place,
Near Cedron's brook, to which the Lamb,
Who lov'd to be in loneliness,
With his disciples often came,
Where, out of boundless love to me,
He wrestled in an agony.

2. There, quite o'erwhelm'd with grief, he said:
"My soul is sorrowful to death;"
And, suff'ring freely in my stead,
He drank the bitter cup of wrath;
Now on his knees, then on his face,
He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds and prays.

3. So lov'd me the eternal God,
That he became the Son of man,
And took my sins' prodigious load.
My soul admire his gracious plan!
Thy stripes, thy guilt and curse he bore;
Believe and thankfully adore.

77.*

(T. 54.)

GO, congregation, go, and see
Thy Saviour in Gethsemane;
There is a scene which with amaze
Must strike thee; there astonish'd gaze,
Thy Maker prays.

78.*

(T. 185.)

1. MY Redeemer, overwhelm'd with anguish,
Went to Olivet for me;
There he kneels, his heart doth heave and languish
In a bitter agony:
Fear and horror seiz'd his soul and senses,
For the hour of darkness now commences.
Ah, how does he weep and groan,
For rebellious man t'atone!

2. How is Jesu's sacred soul oppressed
With our sins' prodigious load?
Tho' an angel comforts the distress'd,
Weak and fainting Lamb of God;
Yet what trembling seizes him all over,
Tears and sweat and blood his visage cover,
And in drops fall to the ground,
Whilst his heart in grief is drown'd.

3. Jeers and stripes and mock'ries he endured,
Patiently, in all our stead;
How are Jesu's gracious eyes obscured,
View his wounded back and head;
He, whom whips and thorns have lacerated,
Is the Lord, who all things hath created:
Ah, his pungent grief and smart
Melts and breaks my stubborn heart.

4. See him bear his cross, 'midst deep affliction,
On his sore and wounded back,
Led to Calvary for crucifixion,
Where his limbs they stretch and rack.
As a Lamb he's led unto the slaughter,
And his soul is poured out like water;
Vinegar and gall he tastes,
Whilst his suff'ring body wastes.

5. Now behold him weeping, bleeding, crying,
'Midst two thieves upon the cross;
Lo, he bows his sacred head; and, dying,
Life eternal gains for us.
Lord, afford us all thy Spirit's unction,
To consider this with heart's compunction:

Might our words and actions prove
That we know thy dying love.

6. Our enraptur'd hearts shall ne'er be weary
On our dying Lord to gaze;
At his cross, in faith, we wish to tarry,
There shall be our hiding-place.
May his dying look remain engraven
On our hearts: for pardon, life and heaven,
Our Redeemer has procur'd,
When he death for us endur'd.

7. Therefore all his agony and passion,
And his sin-atoning death,
Shall remain, through grace, our sole foundation,
Whilst we draw our vital breath:
Thus shall neither honor, wealth nor pleasures,
Rob our souls of everlasting treasures;
Jesus then, by day and night,
Will remain our sole delight.

8. Could we tune our hearts and voices higher
Than the most exalted lays,
Yet, till join'd to the celestial choir,
Cold will prove our warmest praise.
Ah, our love to him we dare not mention,
For his love is past all comprehension.
We may weep beneath his cross,
But he wept and bled for us.

9. O delightful theme past all expression:
"Thy Redeemer dy'd for thee!"
Ah, this prompts my deepest adoration,
When I hear: "He dy'd for me!"
Might my thoughts, my words, and whole behavior
Show that I believe in Christ my Saviour:
Yea, my love to Jesus show,
His to me, in all I do.

10. Lamb of God! thou shalt remain for ever
Of our songs the only theme;
For thy boundless love, thy grace and favor,
We'll exalt thy saving name.
That for our transgressions thou wast wounded,
Shall by us more perfectly be sounded,
When the church triumphant we
Join, to all eternity.

79.*

(T. 151.)

1. O Head so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Midst other sore abuses
Mock'd with a crown of thorn!
O head ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bow'd and wounded!
Saluted be by me.

2. Thou countenance transcendent,
Thou life-creating Sun
To worlds on thee dependent;
Now bruis'd and spit upon!
How art thou grown so sallow?
How are those gracious eyes,
Whose radiance knew no fellow,
Clouded in cruel wise?

3. Thy cheeks, through heavy dolor,
Are marred, fall'n, and wan;
Thy lips, depriv'd of color,
Spoke heav'nly truth to man:
Thy body, ah! how wasted,
Death's horror did reduce
Thy strength, and quite exhausted
Each drop of vital juice.

4. O Lord, what thee tormented,
Was my sins' heavy load!
I had the debt augmented,
Which thou didst pay in blood.
Here am I, blushing sinner,
On whom wrath ought to light:
O thou my health's beginner!
Let thy grace cheer my sight.

5. Own me, Lord, my Preserver,
My Shepherd, me receive;
I know thy love's strong fervor
By all thy pain and grief.
Thou richly hast supplied
My soul with heav'nly food,

For which I've often sighed,
Thy holy flesh and blood.

6. I'll here with thee continue,
(Though poor despise me not)
I'm one of thy retinue:
As were I on the spot,
When, earning my election,
Thy heart-strings broke in death,
With shame and love's affection
I'll watch thy latest breath.

7. O what a consolation
Doth in my heart take place,
When I thy toil and passion
Can in some measure trace;
Ah! should I, whilst thus eyeing
My dear Redeemer's cross,
Lose all, and then be dying,
Great gain would be that loss.

8. I give thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus, Friend in need!
For what thy soul sustained
When thou for me didst bleed:
Grant me to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until from hence I'm taken
To see thee face to face.

9. Lord, at my dissolution
Do not from me depart,
Support, at the conclusion
Of life, my fainting heart;
And when I pine and languish,
Seiz'd with death's agony,
O by thy pain and anguish,
Set me at liberty,

10. Lord, grant me thy protection,
Remind me of thy death
And glorious resurrection,
When I resign my breath:
Ah then, though I be dying,
'Midst sickness, grief and pain,
I shall (on thee relying)
Eternal life obtain.

80.*

(T. 168.)

1. THIS repeat in tones harmonious,
This repeat: Behold the Man!
Sing of my Belov'd melodious,
My Belov'd: Behold the Man!
On thy dying look, dear Saviour,
I will fix my eyes for ever;
I am never tir'd to gaze
At thy lovely bleeding face.

2. Oh! this makes me think with sighing,
I'm the cause: Behold the Man!
Then his love, which I'm enjoying,
Comforts me: Behold the Man!
Ah! that terribly abused
Countenance so marr'd and bruised,
Makes my eyes with tears o'erflow,
Till to him I've leave to go.

3. Wounded head, back plough'd with furrows,
Visage marr'd, Behold the man!
Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,
Sunk with grief, Behold the Man!
Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,
Melted, poured out like water;
Should not love my heart inflame,
Viewing thee, thou slaughter'd Lamb!

81.*

(T. 36.)

1. DEAR Jesus! wherein wast thou to be blamed,
That a death's sentence 'gainst thee was proclaimed?
What is thy crime? of what art thou accused,
Whilst thus abused?

2. I see thee scourg'd, plung'd in a sea of sorrows,
Beat in the face, thy back plough'd with deep furrows,
Thy temples crown'd with thorns, in mock'ry hailed,
To the cross nailed.

3. Why was thy soul with hellish pain surrounded?
Alas, my sins have thee, my Saviour, wounded!
I should have waded through this sea of anguish,
Which made thee languish.

4. There is no good at all in my whole nature,
Sin has diffus'd its shame through ev'ry feature;

I had deserv'd eternal consternation,
And condemnation.

5. How highly wonderful is this proceeding!
The Shepherd for his wandring sheep is bleeding;
The Master pays for servants' misbehavior,
That loving Saviour.

6. O boundless love! O love beyond expression,
Constraining thee to chuse such bitter passion!
Whilst I liv'd in the world's and sin's enjoyment,
Thou chusest torment.

7. O greatest King! whose power is unbounded,
How can thy mercy be aright expounded?
The depth's too great: the God of love is crying,
For sinners dying.

8. My mind to trace its limits is too shallow,
Thy dying love all other love doth swallow;
For such compassion, and for love so tender,
What shall I render!

9. One thing I'll gladly do to give thee pleasure,
No more to sin I'll yield in any measure:
Lest it again seduce my mind and senses
To old offences.

10. But as my strength is far too weak and feeble
To crucify my flesh, and innate evil:
Lord, let thy Spirit graciously direct me,
From sin protect me.

11. Unto thy praise my all I'll gladly venture;
Upon thy shame and cross I'll freely enter;
Nor pain, nor death, shall change my resolution,
Nor persecution.

12. I trust thou'lt not despise my poor endeavor
To praise and love and serve thee, dearest Saviour:
Take soul and body, Lord, as an oblation
For all thy passion.

13. When thou confer'st on me a crown of glory,
And all is swallow'd up that's transitory,
Then shall my voice be suited to the matter,
And praise thee better.

82.

(T. 167.)

1. GREAT High-priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast,
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors press'd.
Angels saw, with great amazement,
Their Creator suffer thus;
And we're fill'd with deep abasement,
Since we know 'twas done for us.

2. On the cross thy body broken
Cancels ev'ry legal charge,
Pleading this authentic token,
Guilty souls are set at large;
All is finish'd, truth hath said it,
Doubts away, believe your Lord;
To frail reason give no credit,
You have his unerring word.

3. Lord, we fain would trust thee solely:
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt.
Suff'ring Saviour, take us wholly,
Take, and make us what thou wilt.
Thou hast borne the dreadful sentence
Pass'd on man's devoted race:
Grant us faith, and true repentance,
They're thy gifts, thou God of grace.

83.

(T. 243.)

1. GO, follow the Saviour.
Consider his travail,

Adore him for ever,
Ye sinners, and marvel;
It is for you—he suffers so.

2. With tears interceding
Your load he sustaineth,
And sweating and bleeding
Peace and pardon gaineth;
Whoe'er believes,—he freely saves.

3. He's mock'd and defamed,
'Midst scourging and torture;
By sinners he's blamed,
And led to the slaughter;
And thorns disgrace—his royal face.

4. Behold the Lord Jesus,
For you he is wounded,
He bleeds to release us;
Ah, his love's unbounded;
For evermore—his name adore.

5. When to the cross nailed
He hung on the mountain,
That we might be healed;
His blood, like a fountain,
Flow'd from his wounds.—Now peace abounds.

6. Our meek suff'ring Saviour
Pray'd for his oppressors,
And gain'd us God's favor,
Us who're all transgressors;
And thus displays—his boundless grace.

7. When he had prevailed,
And all was accomplish'd,
And by his blood sealed,
He said: "It is finish'd!"
Then bow'd his head,—and join'd the dead.

8. Accept for thy passion,
Most merciful Saviour,
Our deep adoration.
Ah, remain for ever
Our highest Good,—O Lamb of God!

84.*

(T. 216.)

1. A Lamb goes forth and bears the guilt
Of all the world together,
Most patiently his blood he spilt
To pay for ev'ry debtor;
He freely took sin's heavy load,
To reconcile us unto God,
All comfort he refused:
He underwent reproach and blame,
Death on the cross, with stripes and shame,
And said, I freely choose it.

2. This Lamb is God omnipotent,
The sovereign Creator,
Whom in the world the Father sent,
T' assume our feeble nature;
O love, no human tongue can tell,
O love divine, unsearchable,
God gave his well-beloved,
To suff'rings, death, and to the grave,
That he lost man thereby might save,
His mercy thus he proved!

3. Jesus, I never can forget
What thou'st for me sustained;
I'll thee, long as my pulse doth beat,
Adore with thanks unfeigned;
Yea, thou shalt be my heart's delight;
And when I sink in death's dark night,
Thou'lt be my consolation;
In life and death I will be thine,
And on thy faithfulness recline
With humble resignation.

4. My song in thy great loveliness,
Both day and night, shall center;
I'll, 'midst all wants and feebleness,
Glad in thy service venture:
My life's whole stream for thee shall flow
O may, in all I speak or do,
Thy holy name be praised!
And all what thou hast done for me,
Upon my heart indelibly
For ever be impressed.

5. Thou canst true comfort to me yield
In my life's ev'ry station;
In combat thou dost prove my shield,
In grief my exultation;
In happy hours, the source of joy,
And when all other meat doth cloy,
This manna shall support me;
In thirst thou shalt my well-spring be,
In solitude my company,
At home and on a journey.

6. What harm can I from death sustain,
Since thou art my salvation?
In scorching heat thou art my screen,
In pain my consolation.
When gloomy thoughts surround my breast,
'Tis thou alone giv'st ease and rest,
And by thy pow'r I conquer:
Thou art, when storms of trials blow,
And tos's my vessel to and fro,
My cable and my anchor.

7. And when at last I rest with thee,
Thou God of my salvation,
Thy blood and righteousness shall be
My glorious decoration:
Thou'lt put upon my head a crown,
Thus shall I stand before the throne
Of thy dear heav'nly Father,
Dress'd in salvation's robe, with thee
To live to all eternity,
In bliss, no tongue can utter.

85.*

(T. 184.)

1. With painful penance thoughts distressed,
In spirit I my Saviour view;
I view him mourning and oppressed,
While floods of tears his cheeks bedew;
To change my sorrow into gladness,
His sweat was mix'd with blood; and he,
Fill'd with unutterable sadness,
Trembled and agoniz'd for me.

2. O'erwhelm'd with grief and rack'd with torment,
He's pain'd in ev'ry weary limb;
Those who should watch with him lie dormant,
An angel comes to comfort him:
O how heart-piercingly he prayed,
When he his Father did accost,
To have the bitter cup delayed:
Here is my soul in wonder lost!

3. I see his countenance defiled,
His forehead spit on I behold;
I see him laugh'd at and reviled,
Sharp-pointed thorns his head infold.
Thus to the multitude displayed,
His back with scourges raw and torn,
A reed he beareth, is arrayed
In purple, and thus hail'd in scorn.

4. Breathless and almost suffocated
He bears the cross's pond'rous weight,
Already feels what him awaited,
The dismal scenes of torment great.
I see him now in sore affliction
Ascend the brow of Calvary;
'Tis here I view his crucifixion,
Thereby it was he saved me.

5. I see his hands and feet extended
Upon the cross in keenest smart;
I see him as his life he ended,
I see the spear transfix his heart:
Thus closed he his bitter passion,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
Then horror seiz'd the whole creation,
But streams of grace came over me.

6. The thought of blood and water bursting
From God, my rock, o'ercomes my heart;
I for that living flood am thirsting,
O may it stream through ev'ry part!
Lord, for thy love, with adoration,
I'll thank and laud thee all my days;
Long as I live, shall each pulsation,
And ev'ry breath declare thy praise.

7. This awful, blessed meditation
Oft fills my soul with conscious shame,
Since Jesus dy'd for my salvation,
Who to his mercy had no claim:
How poor I am, how void of glory,
Thou, Lord, know'st best, but yet when I,
With all my ailments, come before thee,
My suit is granted presently.

8. Thou, Jesus, art my God and Saviour,
Thee I will serve with all my pow'r,
On thee I'll meditate for ever,
And for thy goodness thee adore:

Thy dying love has captivated
My heart, and now my chief delight,
Until to heav'n I am translated,
Is to enjoy thee day and night.

86.

(T. 14.)

1. BEHOLD the Saviour of the world
Imbru'd with sweat and gore,
Expiring on th' accursed cross,
Where he our sorrows bore!

2. Compassion for lost human race
Brought down God's only Son,
To veil in flesh his radiant face,
And for their sins atone.

3. Who can to love his name forbear,
That of his suff'rings hears,
And finds the ransom of his soul
Was blood as well as tears?

4. Thy sacred blood, O Son of God,
Which flow'd from ev'ry wound,
When earth and hell's malicious pow'rs
Encompass'd thee around.

5. Till death's pale ensigns o'er thy cheeks,
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook thy dying eyes,
And life thy drooping head.

6. Joy for thy torments we receive,
Life in thy death have found;
For the reproaches of thy cross
Shall be with glory crown'd.

7. May we a grateful sense retain
Of thy redeeming love;
And live below like those that hope
To live with thee above!

87.

(T. 582.)

1. GO forth in spirit, go
To Calv'ry's holy mount;
See there thy Friend between two thieves
Suff'ring on thy account.

2. Fall at his cross's foot,
And say, My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those wounds,
Which life for me procur'd!

3. Fix on that face thine eye;
Why dost thou backward shrink?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4. Fear not; for this is he
Who always loves us first,
And with white robes of righteousness
Delights to deck the worst.

5. Or art thou at a loss
What thou to him shalt say?
Be but sincere, and all thy case
Just as it is display.

88.

(T. 14.)

1. BEhold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2. Hark how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"'Tis finish'd!" Jesus cries;
Behold he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies.

4. But soon o'er death he'll reign again
In majesty divine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

89.*

(T. 79.)

1. O World, see thy Creator
Extended, like a traitor,
Upon the cross's tree!
Behold him, whilst expiring,
And for mankind acquiring
Thereby life, grace and liberty.

2. Draw near: thou wilt discover,
How blood and sweat all over
His sacred body dyes;
Out of his heart most noble,
For inexhausted trouble,
Sighs are successive foll'wing sighs.

3. Who hath thee thus abused,
Dear Lord, and so much bruised
Thy most majestic face?
Thou art no sin's transactor,
Thou art no malefactor,
Like others of the human race.

4. I, I, and my transgressions,
Which by my own confessions,
Exceed the sea-shore sands;
These, these have been the reason
Of thy whole bitter season,
Of all thy bruises, stripes and bands.

5. I ought to have been pained,
And fast for ever chained
Both hand and foot in hell;
The bonds and scourges tearing,
Which thou, my God, wast bearing,
My soul, my soul deserv'd to feel.

6. I'll be 'mongst the beholders,
And see thee on thy shoulders
Bear my prodigious load:
Thou tak'st the curse-infliction,
Giv'st for it benediction;
Thy death procures my peace with God.

7. As surety thou presentest
Thyself, to die consentest
For me in debt all o'er;
A crown of thorns thou weares't,
All scorn and pain thou beares't,
With patience never known before.

8. Into death's jaws thou leaping,
Provid'st for my escaping,
That I its sting mayn't prove;
My curse and condemnation
Thou bear'st for my salvation:
O most unheard-of fire of love!

9. The highest obligations
Bind me through all life's stations,
T' express my thanks to thee;
Weak as I am and feeble,
As far as I am able,
I'll yield thee service willingly.

10. Whilst here on earth I'm living,
I have nought worth the giving
To thee, for all thy pain;
Yet shall thy passion ever,
Till soul and body sever,
Deep in my heart engrav'd remain.

11. Its fresh representation
Shall raise my admiration,
Where'er I turn or move;
I'll take it for a mirror
Of innocence, for terror
To guilt, but seal of truth and love.

12. How greatly man incenses
The Lord by his offences!
God's holiness how stern:
How rig'rous he chastises,
When he with wrath baptizes!
This will I by thy suff'rings learn.

13. From thence I'll be taught truly,
How to be pure and holy,
Resign'd, compos'd, and still;
How patiently to suffer,
When any to me offer
Rude acts of malice and ill-will.

14. I'll be my flesh denying,
And gladly crucifying,
With Christ, each sinful lust.
What in thy sight is odious
I'll leave, howe'er commodious,
By help and strength which thou bestow'st.

15. Thy sighs and groans unnumber'd,
And from thy heart encumber'd,
The countless tears forth prest;
These shall, at my dismission,
To final rest's fruition
Convey me to thy arms and breast.

90.

(T. 22.)

1. THERE hangs the Saviour of mankind,
His visage marr'd, his head reclin'd.
His bleeding hands, his bleeding feet,
Declare his love divinely great.

2. His flesh is torn with whips and nails;
His strength decays, his spirit fails;

His side is pierc'd, his heart is broke:
Our sins upon himself he took.

3. The thieves, expiring on each side,
Proclaim the crimes for which they dy'd:
But what, dear Saviour, hast thou done?
Thou dy'dst for sin, but not thine own.

4. Jesus, and didst thou bleed for me?
O great, O boundless mystery!
I bow my head in deep amaze,
And silently adore thy grace.

91.

(T. 582)

1. ALmighty God and Lord,
Who heav'n and earth hast made;
How didst thou stoop, by love o'erpow'r'd,
To suffer in our stead:
On Olivet we see
Thy soul's distress and tears,
Thy bloody sweat and agony,
And hear thy cries and pray'rs.

2. O Lamb of God! we trace
How Judas thee betray'd;
How thou wast bound and in disgrace
Before the rulers led;
Expos'd to pain and scorn,
Thy back with furrows plough'd,
Thy face and temples marr'd and torn,
And shown to all the crowd.

3. Condemn'd to death for us
Thou'rt led to Calvary;
Bear'st on thy wounded back the cross
'Midst shame and infamy.
What pain didst thou endure,
What smart, O Son of God!
In all thy body faint and sore,
Under the pond'rous load.

4. When up the mount he came,
How piteous did he look!
Yet, meek and guiltless as a lamb,
Our Saviour never spoke:
They stretch his hands and feet,
And nail him to the tree,
Then raise him up: ah, then how great
Must Jesu's suff'rings be!

5. Three hours upon the cross
He groan'd and cry'd aloud,
'Midst keenest anguish, grief and woes,
Forsaken by his God:
At last "'Tis finish'd!" cry'd,
And, yielding up his breath,
Reclin'd his sacred head and dy'd,
And, dying, conquer'd death.

6. O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, thy victory?
He that believes in Christ can sing:
"He has redeemed me!"
By faith in Jesu's cross
We now the vict'ry gain;
Sin, world, and all things count but loss,
Because the Lamb was slain.

92.*

(T. 51.)

1. WHEN Jesus hung upon the cross,
Expiring to retrieve our loss,
Bereft of consolation,
Sev'n dying words he spoke which claim
Our serious meditation.

2. First for his foes he intercedes,
And with his Father for them pleads,
(His matchless goodness showing);
He says: "Forgive them; they know not
What they to me are doing."

3. Weigh next the pardon and relief
Bestow'd on the repenting thief,
The object of his favor:
"To-day thou'lt be in paradise
"With me, and live for ever."

4. Thirdly, observe the tender care
Which he for John and Mary bare,
"Behold thy Son, O mother;
"John, see thy mother; take her home:"
Thenceforth they liv'd together.

5. Fourthly, the meek and suff'ring Lamb
Does on the cross "I thirst" exclaim;
Such thirst the Lord sustained
For our salvation, but now he
Joy for his grief hath gained.

6. Next, take to heart his anguish great,
When press'd beneath sin's pond'rous weight,
All comfort from him taken;
He cries aloud, "My God, my God,
Why hast thou me forsaken?"

7. "'Tis finish'd," was the foll'wing word,
When for mankind our dying Lord
Had gain'd complete salvation;
Ye mourning sinners, all rejoice
To hear this declaration.

8. The sev'nth, attention due demands,
"O Father dear, into thy hands
"I recommend my spirit!"
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
That we might life inherit.

9. All those who here enjoy, by faith,
The blessed fruits of Jesu's death,
True bliss in him possessing,
Find in his seven dying words
A source of endless blessing.

93.

(T. 14.)

1. BEhold the loving Son of God
Stretch'd out upon the tree;
Behold him shed his precious blood,
And die for you and me.

2. Why is his body rack'd with pains,
And wrung with keenest smart?
Why flows the blood out of his veins,
Why torn with grief his heart?

3. All righteousness did he fulfil,
No sin did ever know;
He never thought nor acted ill;
Why was he wounded so?

4. Alas! I know the reason why:
Our num'rous sins he bore;
This caus'd his bitter agony,
This wounded him so sore.

5. But hence our confidence begins;
For we may boldly say,
That thus, by bearing all our sins,
He took them all away.

6. Our God is fully reconcil'd,
His justice satisfy'd,
Each sinner now may be his child,
Since Jesus bled and dy'd.

7. Come then, each needy sinner, come,
If you'll accept, he'll give;
But suffer him to lead you home,
Whoever will, may live.

94.*

(T. 583.)

WHene'er the suff'ring Lamb of God I see,
It raises grief and joy alternately;
Grief, since he bore such suff'rings in my stead;
And joy, because for me my Saviour bled.

95.

(T. 232.)

BEHOLD, my soul, the Lamb of God.
Baptiz'd with tears and sweat and blood,
Spent, comfortless, forsaken;
See how he bows his head and dies,
Whilst to the world the sun denies
His shine, and rocks are shaken.
My dear Redeemer, let thy smart
Subdue my cold and lifeless heart;
Teach me thy dying love to know,
And in return with love to glow.
Thy love divine
My heart incline,
Lord, to be thine,
Till I in death my soul resign.

96.*

(T. 14.)

1. SEE, world, upon the shameful tree
Thy Maker sinks in death,
Cover'd with stripes and wounds for thee
Thy Saviour yields his breath.

2. Behold his body stain'd with blood,
Out of his tender heart,

Deep sighs and groans he sends to God
In his excessive smart.

3. Thou Prince of glory knew'st no sin;
What caus'd thee then thy pain?
Thou harmless, undefil'd and clean,
What caus'd thee to be slain?

4. My sins, as num'rous as the sands
Upon the ocean shore,
Have been the cruel, murd'rous hands
That wounded thee so sore.

5. Thy anguish, thy tormenting pain,
And ev'ry dreadful woe,
Thou didst so willingly sustain,
My soul should undergo.

6. Thou on thy shoulders took'st the whole,
To ease my burthen'd heart:
Thou bor'st the curse, to bless my soul,
And heal'st me by thy smart.

7. Thy wondrous love to evidence
Thou would'st my surety be:
Thyself would'st pay my debt immense,
Thereby to set me free.

8. Thou art destruction to the grave,
Death's enemy severe;
That each who was before its slave,
Might now be sav'd from fear.

9. My debt to thee, thou God of love,
Weak words can ne'er express;
I cannot here, if there above,
Show proper thankfulness.

10. Grant me the grace while I am here,
(Since I can nothing give)
Thy suff'rings in my heart to bear,
And by thy death to live.

97.

(T. 582.)

1. MY Saviour, Lord and God,
Who me and all things made,
In love to me did shed his blood,
And died in my stead.

2. But why, my soul, was this?
Why did thy Maker die?
Why was the Lord and Prince of peace
Hung on th' accurs'd tree?

3. Why did the scourges tear
Thy dear Redeemer's back?
Why did the thorns his forehead mar,
His head and temples rack?

4. Alas! I know the cause,
And will confess with shame;
I broke my Maker's holy laws,
And he bore all the blame.

5. He could not bear to see
My soul for ever lost,
Therefore he left his majesty,
And all the heav'nly host.

6. My God a Man became,
And for my follies bled,
Endur'd my curse, and bore my shame,
Expiring in my stead.

7. Rather than I should feel
For all my sins God's wrath,
He chose to bear the pains of hell,
And die a curs'd death.

8. Therefore the slaughter'd Lamb
I'll praise for evermore:
His precious, saving Jesu's name
I'll thankfully adore.

9. He lov'd and saved me,
And bliss for me procur'd;
When I depart, I then shall be
For ever with the Lord.

98.*

(T. 152.)

1. CHrist, who saves us by his cross,
Who in nought offended,
He was in the night, for us,
Betray'd, apprehended,
Led before a wicked race,
And falsely accused,
Laugh'd at, mock'd, spit in the face,
Shamefully abused.

2. In the morn, at the sixth hour,
They led him with fury,
As a foe of civil pow'r,
'Fore a heathen jury,
Who him try'd, but found him free
Of th' imputed treason;
Herod mock'd him, yet ev'n he
Found for death no reason.

3. At nine was the Son of God
By the scourges furrow'd,
And the thorny crown drew blood
From his sacred forehead.
With a purple garment mock'd,
On all sides assailed,
He must bear the cross to which
He was to be nailed.

4. He at noon was on the cross,
Rear'd for our transgression,
Where he pray'd and bled for us,
To procure salvation:
The spectators shook their heads,
Had him in derision,
Till the sun his beams withdrew
From so sad a vision.

5. At three Jesus cry'd, "My God,
"Why am I forsaken?"
Having vinegar and gall,
Which was offer'd, taken,
He then yielded up the ghost!
Pause, my soul, and wonder; —
Then the temple's vail was rent,
Rocks were cleft asunder.

6. At th' approaching even-tide
Crim'nals' bones were broken;
But a spear pierc'd Jesu's side,
For a lasting token;
From thence stream'd a double flood
Of a cleansing nature:
Both the water and the blood
Wash the guilty creature.

7. Joseph, having leave obtain'd,
And got spices ready,
From the cross (by love constrain'd)
Took our Saviour's body:
Had it, with all decent grace,
To his own tomb carry'd;
Where the keepers for three days
To secure it tarry'd.

8. Grant, O Christ, thou Son of God,
Through thy bitter passion,
That we, as thy smart's reward,
In thy great salvation
May rejoice and weigh the cause
Of thy death and suff'ring,
Yea for this, though poor we are,
Bring thee our thank-off'ring.

99.

(T. 22.)

1. WHEN on the cross my Lord I see
Bleeding to death for wretched me;
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am fill'd with Jesu's love.

2. His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see! he bows his head and dies!

3. Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood!
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4. Here I forget my cares and pains,
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5. O that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6. Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart and charms mine ear,
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And satan trembles at the sound.

100.*

(T. 217.)

1. TH' abysses tremble, crack and roar,
As thou, O God, from pain releas'd,
Thy mortal period being o'er,
To bow thy head in death wast pleased,

Then felt the pow'rs of hell below
Their last irrevocable blow;
Thy aim was by thy right obtained,
To free the souls whom satan chained;
Now, thro' thy anguish and distress,
The captives find a full release.

2. Thou, who the nail-prints dost retain,
Tho' to thy glorious throne ascended,
Whose side's incision doth remain,
And thorn marks, which thy head once rended:
That is thy most transcendent form,
Which doth our hearts transport and warm,
As thou upon the cross didst languish,
Extended there in keenest anguish,
Or as thy body, white and red,
In the cold sepulchre was laid.

3. 'Tis the most lovely attitude
Wherein we can behold our Saviour,
When by the Spirit's eye he's view'd,
With blood and bruises stain'd all over.
But more than all that can be said
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord and head,
Doth sparkle in our hearts' recesses:
The blessed fruits of his distresses
We richly can enjoy by faith,
Whilst meditating on his death.

4. Christ's agony, his death and blood
Shall be our joy and consolation,
The grace unmerited bestow'd
On us, our constant meditation;
Fresh proofs of his fidelity,
And Shepherd's care we daily see,
And he'll continue still to feed us,
Till he at last will thither lead us,
Where we shall see him face to face,
And with the ransom'd sing his praise.

101.*

(T. 152.)

1. JESUS, I am richly blest
By thy bitter passion;
O how is my soul refresh'd
In the meditation
On the pain and deep distress,
Which thou hast endured!
By thy death for me a place
Is in heav'n procured.

2. Jesus, who hast once been dead,
Now for ever livest;
Thou in ev'ry time of need
Kindly me relievest,
And dost help to me afford.
Faithful Lord and Saviour,
Give me what thy death procur'd,
And I'm rich for ever.

102.

(T. 583.)

1. I Kneel in spirit at my Saviour's cross,
Where he in blood expired for his foes.
With deepest rev'rence humbly I adore
My dying Lord, who all my sorrows bore.

2. I, sinful worm, most humbly 'fore him bow,
While I the deep unfathom'd myst'ry view:
Poor man must highly valu'd be indeed,
For whom so great a ransom-price was paid.

3. This blessed truth I firmly will maintain,
That my Creator for my sins was slain.
May this constrain me humbly to obey,
And love the Lord, who took my sins away.

103.

(T. 14.)

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When God th' almighty Maker dy'd
An off'ring for my sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While Jesu's cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
O Lord, to thee I humbly pray,
Teach me thy love to know.

104.*

(T. 165.)

1. CHRIST, thy wounds and bitter passion,
Bloody sweat, cross, death, and tomb,
Be my daily meditation,
Till I to thy presence come.
When a sinful thought would start,
Ready to seduce my heart,
Thy sore pain effectually
Me forbid with sin to dally.

2. Should my bosom with lewd passion
Be inflam'd, and burn with sin,
Let the thoughts of thine oblation
Quench that spreading fire within.
Would the serpent make his way
To my heart, Lord! grant I may
By thy wounds, thy pain and anguish,
All his vile intrusions vanquish.

3. Would the world with gay temptation
Draw me to its own broad way;
Let me think upon thy passion,
And the load which on thee lay.
Sure the sweat and precious blood
Of the dying Lamb of God
Can arm me, on each occasion,
To oppose th' infatuation.

4. Lord, in ev'ry sore oppression,
Let thy wounds be my relief.
When I seek thine intercession,
Add new strength to my belief.
Ah, the feeling of thy peace
Sets my troubled heart at ease,
And affords a demonstration
Of thy love and my salvation.

5. All my hope and consolation,
Christ, is in thy bitter death.
At the hour of expiration,
Lord, receive my dying breath.
Most of all, when I go hence,
Let this be my confidence,
That thy deep humiliation
Has procured my salvation.

105.

(T. 168.)

1. O Behold your Saviour wounded,
Hanging on th' accursed cross;
None hath e'er the love expounded,
Our Redeemer show'd to us:
Hear him at his crucifixion
Pray for foes 'midst keen affliction,
"O forgive them; they don't know,
"Heav'nly Father, what they do."

2. At his cross's foot now tarry,
View his languid, marred face;
Mark his care for John and Mary;
To the thief he offers grace.
Ah, he thirsts with love unshaken,
"God! why hast thou me forsaken?"
And "'Tis finish'd!" Jesus cries,
Yields his spirit, droops and dies.

106.*

(T. 126.)

1. O Lord, when condemnation
And guilt afflict my soul,
Then let thy bitter passion
The rising storm control.
Remind me, that thy sacred blood
Hath cancell'd my transgressions
By paying what I ow'd.

2. O wonder far exceeding
All human thought and sense!
Heav'n's Sov'reign was seen bleeding
To wipe off our offence:
The Source of life gave up his breath
For me, whose vile rebellion
Deserv'd an endless death.

3. Though sins exceed a mountain,
Or sands on ocean shore,
The everlasting fountain
Of Jesu's blood has pow'r
To drown and wash them quite away,
And save me from the terror
That held me in dismay.

4. My heart, while here 'tis moving,
Shall beat with fervent praise
To thee, who art so loving
Towards lost human race:
Thy dying words and agony
Shall be my meditation,
Till I am call'd to thee.

5. Lord, let thy bitter passion
Dwell always in my mind,
To raise an indignation
'Gainst sin of ev'ry kind;
That henceforth I may ne'er forget
The greatness of that ransom,
Which paid an endless debt.

6. All pains and tribulations,
Contempt and worldly spite,
Help me to bear with patience;
And always fix my sight
On that unerring rule of faith,
Thy blessed steps to follow,
Until my latest breath.

7. O may my life and labor
Express what thou hast done,
By love towards my neighbour,
By serving ev'ry one
Without self-int'rest or disguise;
And may thy pure example
Be my best exercise!

8. When I give up my spirit
To thee my Judge and God,
O then apply the merit
Of thy atoning blood;
And let my hope its pow'r display,
And rest upon thy promise
To save me in that day.

107.*

(T. 168.)

1. JESUS, Source of my salvation,
Conqu'ror both of death and hell!
Thou who didst, as my oblation,
Feel the pain which I should feel:
By the greatness of thy torment
Thou hast purchas'd my preferment.
Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

2. O how basely wast thou used,
Buffeted and spit upon!
Scourg'd and torn, and sorely bruised,
Thou the heav'nly Father's Son:
Me, poor sinner, to deliver
From the devil's pow'r for ever!
Thousand, &c.

3. Thou, with more than lamblike meekness,
Suffer'dst death upon the cross;
O that my rebellious sickness
Had not been the fatal cause!
Thou becam'st a curse, dear Saviour,
To restore me to God's favor.
Thousand, &c.

4. Lord, thy deep humiliation
Pay'd for my presumptuous pride;
I need fear no condemnation,
Since for sinners thou hast dy'd:
All thy grief and shameful bondage
Doth redound to my advantage.
Thousand, &c.

5. Lord, I'll praise thee now and ever
For thy bitter pain and smart,
For thy agonizing shiver,
For thy wounds and pierced heart;
For thy stooping under sentence
Of eternal wrath and vengeance.
For thy death and love divine,
Lord, I'll be for ever thine.

108.*

(T. 165.)

1. THousand times by me be greeted,
Jesus, who hast loved me,
And thyself to death submitted
For my treasons against thee.
Ah! how happy do I feel,
When 'fore thee I humbly kneel
At the cross where thou expiredst,
And true life for me acquiredst.

2. Jesus, thee I view in spirit,
Cover'd o'er with blood and wounds;
Now salvation, through thy merit,
For my sin-sick soul abounds.
O who can, thou Prince of peace,
Who didst thirst for our release,
Fully fathom all that's treasur'd
In thy love's design unmeasur'd!

3. Heal me, O my soul's Physician,
Whereso'er I'm sick or sad;

All the woes of my condition
By thy balm be now allay'd:
Heal the hurts which Adam wrought,
Or which on myself I've brought;
If thy blood me only cover,
My distress will soon be over.

4. On my heart thy wounds for ever
Be inscrib'd indelibly,
That I ne'er forget, dear Saviour,
What thou hast endur'd for me:
Thou'rt indeed my highest good,
End of all solicitude;
Let me, at thy feet abased,
Be to taste thy friendship raised.

5. With the deepest adoration
I before thy feet will lie;
And, with humble supplication,
Unto thee for succour cry;
My petition kindly hear;
Say, in answer to my pray'r,
I have chang'd thy grief and sadness
Into comfort, joy and gladness.

109.

(T. 11.)

1. LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While I see him on the tree
Weep and bleed and die for me!

2. That dear blood for sinners spilt
Shows my sin in all its guilt:
Ah, my soul, he bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3. Hark! his dying words: "Forgive;
"Father, let the sinner live;
"Sinner, wipe thy tears away;
"I thy ransom freely pay."

4. While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5. Farewel, world, thy gold is dross;
Now I see the bloody cross;
Jesus dy'd to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee!

6. He has dearly bought my soul;
Lord, accept and claim the whole:
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

110.*

(T. 167.)

1. O The love wherewith I'm loved,
O the undeserved grace;
Thou, O Love, by mercy moved,
Tak'st upon thee my distress!
As a lamb led to the slaughter,
Thou goest to the cross's tree,
Seal'st thy love with blood and water,
Bear'st the world's iniquity.

2. Love so strikingly displayed
In thy tears and bloody sweat;
Love by sinful men betrayed,
Dragg'd before the judgment-seat;
Love, who for my soul's salvation,
Willingly didst shed thy blood,
Through thy death and bitter passion
I am reconcil'd to God.

3. Love, who as my bleeding Saviour
Didst my heart in righteousness
Unto thee betroth for ever,
Ah, I thank thee for thy grace.
Love, who thus himself engaged;
Let my mis'ry and my smart
Now entirely be assuaged
In thy wounded bleeding heart.

4. Love! who hast for me endured,
Death upon th' accurs'd tree
And eternal bliss procured,
Fill my soul with love to thee.
Lord, how hast thou captivated
My else cold and wretched heart!
Let me till to heav'n translated
Never more from thee depart.

111.*

(T. 208.)

1. HAPPY meditation
On my Saviour's passion,
On his death and grave;
None can e'er express it,
What a feeling blessed
At such times I have,
When I Christ in spirit view
In his suff'ring scenes; reviving
My Lord agonizing.

2. All the pains and sorrows
He endured for us;
All the tears he shed,
When he in the garden,
Bearing our sin's burthen,
In soul's anguish pray'd:
Yea, each part of toil and smart
In my soul excites a motion
To intense devotion.

3. Lamb of God, thus dearest
Thou to me appearest;
O might I each breath
Spend, whilst here I'm living,
In praise and thanksgiving
For thy wounds and death!
This, this is my only plea;
On me, sinner poor and needy,
Deign to look with pity.

4. Soul, from toil reposing,
Languid eyes, just closing,
Side, pierc'd with a spear;
Limbs, to pain inured,
Feet, for me through bored,
Hands, the nails did tear,
Head by right divinely bright,
Crown'd with pointed thorns and bruised,
Spit on and abused.

5. Breast, which heaves with sorrows;
Back, plough'd o'er with furrows,
From the scourges sore;
Arms, in pain extended,
Shoulders raw and wounded,
Hair distain'd with gore;
Sacred lips, in death how pale!
Lamb of God! thy bitter passion
Prompts my adoration.

112.

(T. 96.)

1. O Love divine, what hast thou done!
Th'immortal God hath dy'd for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd,
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

2. Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his!
Come feel, with me, his blood apply'd:
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

3. Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

4. Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And all give up our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,
But that the Lamb was crucify'd!

113*

(T. 243.)

1. BLOOD worthy of praises!
Come streaming from Jesus
O'er us, and all classes
Of sinners, and bless us;
We humbly flee,—and call on thee.

2. In Olivet's garden
Before the Jews bound him,
Most heavily laden
I kneeling have found him,
Wat'ring the ground-with-blood-sweat round.

3. Thy blood sweat, dear Saviour,
Rain on me, like water:
For all the world over
Nought can bless me better:
O sweat's dear flood!—O holy blood!

4. So sore was he smitten,
So barb'rously used,
With scourges so beaten,
All over so bruised:
Alas! I've found—no part left sound.

5. Thy blood-streams and bruises,
Thy agonies, Saviour!
Thy wounds healing juices
Have sav'd us for ever
From tears and cries,—and grief and sighs.

6. Up Calv'ry the Saviour
His heavy cross carry'd,
With patient behavior
Until spent and weary'd;
With grief oppress'd—he sunk at last.

7. Just ready for slaughter,
The nail-holes they bored,
While exquisite torture
He, lamblike, endured;
Dumb did he bear—the pain severe.

8. The Lamb yonder nailed,
By his bitter passion,
And by his blood spilled,
Gain'd for us salvation:
A healing stream—flows down from him.

9. O dear bleeding Saviour!
I long to embrace thee,
While thousand drops cover,
Hang on thee and grace thee;
And catch the juice—thy wounds diffuse.

10. For all thy wounds painful,
Which glad I remember,
I hourly am thankful,
And praise their whole number;
Me, dearest Lamb!—thou sav'dst by them.

114.

(T. 14.)

1. THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love hath been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

115.*

(T. 151.)

THY blood so dear and precious,
Love, made thee shed for me,
O may I now, dear Jesus,
Love thee most fervently.
May the divine impression
Of thy atoning death,
And all thy bitter passion,
Ne'er leave me while I breathe.

116.*

(T. 185.)

WHEN I visit Jesu's grave in spirit,
It is never done in vain;
Since 'tis only, from his death and merit,
I can life, and strength obtain:
Jesu's cross, his last hours in his passion,
Jesu's stripes, his wounds and expiration,
Jesu's body and his blood
Shall remain my highest good.

117.

(T. 114.)

1. NOW haste, my soul, with awe and deep devotion,
To Joseph's tomb, thy Saviour to behold
Laid in the dust, his body stiff and cold.
Ah! in thy stead he drank death's bitter potion:
He as a lamb was wounded, bruis'd and slain,
For thee eternal happiness to gain.

2. For worthless me (O, Godlike condescension!)
The Maker of creation's boundless sphere,
Whom all celestial hosts as Lord revere,
Whose pow'r divine is past their comprehension,

Became a man, my guilty ſoul to ſave,
And reſts from labor in the ſilent grave.

3. Here is the place where weary ſouls may tarry;
Though near the dead, death can no pow'r aſſume,
For life, eternal life reſts in this tomb.
Come, then, my pardon'd ſoul, with humble Mary
Behold thy wearied Maſter ſoftly ſleep;
Admire his matchleſs love, adore and weep.

4. I view in thee, thou wan and mangled body,
My Lord, Redeemer, Prieſt and Sacrifice,
The Bread of life, the Pearl of greateſt price,
My ſoul's Belov'd, the Faireſt, White and Ruddy,
The promis'd Seed, the Lord our Righteouſneſs,
The long-predicted Lamb and Prince of peace.

5. Here will I ſtay, engag'd in contemplation
On my Redeemer's agony and death;
This will increaſe and fix my wav'ring faith
In thee, the Finiſher of my ſalvation;
Yea will in ſoul and body mortify
The ſins which did my Jeſus crucify.

6. Thou, Lord of life! fix thou my heart and ſenſes
On thee the deareſt object of my heart,
That when from this vain world I ſhall depart,
And th' awful moment of my death commences,
I may reſign my ſpirit unto thee,
And in thy preſence live eternally.

7. Meanwhile I'll love and thank without ceſſation
Thee, my Redeemer, who my ſoul haſt bought,
And me a wand'ring ſheep in mercy ſought!
Accept my tears and pray'rs and adoration;
To thee my life, my all I now reſign
In life and death; O keep me ever thine!

118.

(T. 208.)

1. NOW will I, like Mary,
My beſt ſpices carry
To my Saviour's tomb;
I'll behold his body
Pale and ſtiff already;
Now my ſabbath's come.
But, alas!—what ſpices has
My poor heart, ſave tears and crying,
Heart-felt throbs and ſighing!

2. Lo! methinks his body,
There ſtretch'd out and bloody,
Lifeleſs I behold:
Yes, I view him yonder,
And aſtoniſh'd ponder
O'er him dead and cold.
Deep and wide—I ſee his ſide,
Livid wounds on ev'ry member
I ſee without number.

3. Back, the ſcourges ploughed!
Side, whence blood-ſtreams flowed!
Hands and feet and head,
Lips, o'er which death hover'd,
Now with paleneſs cover'd!
Cheeks depriv'd of red!
Bruiſed face—ſtill full of grace!
On you all I gaze aſhamed,
Weep whene'er ye're named.

4. Lamb of God, my Saviour,
Thou ſhalt be for ever
My moſt fav'rite theme:
And for thy atonement,
Might I ev'ry moment
Praiſe thy ſaving name:
Conſtantly—thy paſſion be,
Till my final conſummation,
My heart's meditation.

119.*

(T. 45.)

1. O deepest grief,—which the relief
Of mankind hath procured!
God the Father's only Child
In a tomb was buried.

2. Ye sons of men,—this doleful plan
Was laid by your transgression;
To retrieve your shameful fall,
God dy'd in this fashion.

3. The Lamb of God—shed all his blood,
Which flow'd upon the mountain;
This for all iniquity
Is an open fountain.

4. O Prince of peace,—thou Source of grace,
And Author of salvation!
Thy unbounded love demands
Humble adoration.

5. How blest he is—who weigheth this,
That God became his Saviour,
To bestow both life and bliss
Upon him for ever!

6. O Jesus bless'd!—my hearts true rest,
Be thou my sole desire,
Till I too can in my tomb
From this world retire.

120.

(T. 119.)

1. SLaughter'd Lamb, :‖:
My Redeemer! whilst I view
Thee by faith, I'm lost in wonder;
Grateful tears my cheeks bedew:
Blessed Saviour, when I ponder
On the cause of all thy grief and smart,
Melts my heart. :‖:

2. Sacred head, :‖:
Where the thorny crown was plac'd,
I behold thee torn and wounded,
And with ruddy thorn-marks grac'd;
Jesus Christ, thy love unbounded
I, with humble shame, from thy marr'd face
Wish to trace. :‖:

3. Broken eyes, :‖:
With a heart-affecting force
Did ye kindly look on Peter,
When denying, with a curse,
Thee, dear Lord! I've done no better;
But thy dying look, thy wounds and smart,
Pierc'd my heart. :‖:

4. Pallid cheeks, :‖:
Worn with pain and pungent grief,
To rejoice thy mourning creatures.
I confess my unbelief,
When discerning in those features
The dire pangs my Saviour's soul did feel
Mine to heal. :‖:

5. Mouth turn'd pale, :‖:
Heav'nly wisdom flow'd from thee.
Livid lips, how were ye quiv'ring,
When he surety stood for me,
And my punishment was hov'ring
Over my Redeemer's guiltless head,
In my stead! :‖:

6. Lord, thy hands, :‖:
Which both bless'd and heal'd the poor,
I see pierc'd and sorely smitten,
My Salvation to procure:
There my worthless name is written.
Thousand thanks to thee that I'm now stil'd
Thy dear child. :‖:

7. Bleeding arms, :‖:
Ye were stretched on the tree,
Dislocated, sorely bruised,
To obtain my liberty,
Though my sins the Lord abused.
Ah, sustain me in my dying hour,
Through your pow'r. :‖:

8. Wounded back, :‖:
Bruised shoulders, weary breast,
Plough'd with long and gaping furrows;
My sin's burthen thee oppress'd.
Thou sav'dst me from endless sorrows,
And the load which did my conscience gall,
Through the fall. :‖:

9. I adore, :‖:
Grateful at those pierced feet,
Which for me were often weary:
There was Mary's bless'd retreat;
There I also wish to tarry,
And to thank and love thee all my days
For such grace. :‖:

10. Open'd heart; :‖:
I behold thy matchless love;
In that cleft my soul would ever
Hide from danger, like a dove;
Thou, my Lord, my God and Saviour,
Art my Rock, my All; I thee adore
Evermore. :‖:

11. Lamb of God, :‖:
Wounded, cold, and stiff in death,
Mortify my sinful nature
Till I yield my dying breath.
Ah, protect thy feeble creature,
Till I shall in heav'n for ever be,
Lord, with thee. :‖:

VI. Of the Resurrection of Christ from the Grave.

121.*

(T. 132.)

1. CHRIST, being risen from the tomb,
To Mary show'd his favor,
And kindly called her by name;
She, when she saw her Saviour,
Directly turn'd about in haste,
His feet with heart-felt joy embrac'd.
And hail'd her risen Master.

2. His holy name for ever be
Adored, bless'd and praised,
That he has such invariably
To taste his friendship raised,
As Mary Magdalen and me,
Who've nought to boast, but know that he
Has pardon'd their transgressions.

3. How happy feels a contrite heart,
Enjoying Christ's salvation!
Those who have chosen Mary's part
And fav'rite occupation,
Find in our Saviour, day and night,
A source of comfort and delight,
'Midst trials, cares and troubles.

4. He pardon'd me, like Magdalen,
I love him, my Preserver!
I love him (but it gives me pain)
I love not with such fervor.
When Jesus I shall once behold,
I then shall feel as she of old,
When he to her appeared.

122.*

(T. 132.)

1. CHrist Jesus was to death abas'd
Because of our transgression;
But now for us, by being rais'd,
Has gain'd life and salvation.
'Tis this should prompt us to rejoice,
To praise the Lord with heart and voice,
In singing hallelujah.

2. By none of all the human race
Could death and hell be foiled;
Sin render'd all men weak and base,
All ruin'd were and spoiled;
Death having enter'd by the fall,
Bore sway and was entail'd on all,
All sinners are by nature.

3. But Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
In love and great compassion,
To free us from sin's galling load,
Appear'd in human fashion:
He quite destroy'd sin's pow'r and claim,
And left death nothing but the name;
Its sting can't hurt believers.

4. How great and wond'rous was the
Life was by death assailed! [strife,
But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,
O'er sin and death prevailed;
He triumph'd over them in death,
And we are conqu'rors too by faith
In Christ our risen Saviour.

5. He is the blessed paschal Lamb,
By God himself appointed:
The prophets all aloud proclaim
That he is the Anointed.
If on our hearts his blood appear,
We're freed from death's enslaving fear,
Subdu'd is that destroyer.

6. This is the day the Lord hath made
To lively hopes to raise us:
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And join to sing his praises.
For Christ, our everlasting light,
Dispels the clouds of sin's dark night,
And all the pow'rs of darkness.

7. The bread of life we eat in faith
Is Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Who conquer'd satan, sin and death,
And liveth now for ever:
Our souls desire no other food,
But our Redeemer's flesh and blood,
Which gives us life eternal.

123.*

(T. 22.)

1. REJOICE, the Lord in triumph reigns,
Breaks death and hell's infernal chains,
Retakes his life and majesty;
Praise him to all eternity.

2. Behold the great accuser cast,
The hour of darkness now is past;
Satan to us no right can claim,
If we believe in Jesu's name.

3. O dear Redeemer, Jesus Christ,
Our Mediator and High-priest,
Lead us by thy almighty grace,
That we with joy may end our race.

4. Most merciful and gracious Lord,
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd.
To thee be endless praises giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

124.

(T. 14.)

1. ON this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

2. He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Tis greater to redeem.

125.

(T. 580.)

1. JESUS, who dy'd the world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r:
From sin and death he set us free,
He captive leads captivity,
He lives again to die no more.

2. Children of God, look up and see
Your Saviour cloth'd with Majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your fears,
In heav'n your mansions he prepares,
And soon will come to take you home.

3. His church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
Each member of his church he knows,
He shares their joys and feels their woes,
And they shall ever reign with him.

126.

(T. 590.)

1. BElieving souls, rejoice and sing,
Your risen Saviour see,
And say: "O death, where is thy sting;
"O grave, thy victory?"
He dy'd, your guilty souls to save;
And, dying, conquer'd death;
Was bury'd in the gloomy grave,
But re-assum'd his breath.

2. Rejoice, your conqu'ring Saviour lives,
He lives to die no more;
And life eternal freely gives,
Since he our sorrows bore,
To ev'ry sinner who bewails
His state; for Jesu's blood
Now for the human race prevails
Before the throne of God.

3. Sing praises to our risen Lord;
Life, immortality,
And lasting bliss, are now restor'd
For all; for you and me.
Believe the wond'rous deed, my soul,
Adore his saving name;
Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole
His love and pow'r proclaim.

4. The Prince of life reclin'd his head,
Expiring on the cross;
But now the Lord is ris'n indeed,
Is ris'n and lives for us.
Rejoice, and in the dust adore.
The Lamb for sinners slain
Lives now, and lives for evermore;
For evermore to reign.

127.

(T. 11.)

1. GLORY unto Jesus be,
From the curse he set us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.

2. All his glorious work is done;
God's well pleased in his Son;
For he rais'd him from the dead,
And he reigns, the church's Head.

3. His redeem'd his praise show forth,
Ever glorying in his worth;
Angels sing around the throne,
"Thou art worthy, thou alone!"

4. Ye who love him, cease to mourn,
He will certainly return;
All his saints with him shall reign;
Come, Lord Jesus, come! Amen.

128.

(T. 54.)

1. REjoice, O church, the Saviour's bride,
All grief and mourning lay aside:
With cheerful hearts and voices sing
The resurrection of our King. Hal.

2. He, having triumph'd over death,
Now re-assumes his vital breath:
The angels wait with watchful eyes,
And joy to see their God arise.

3. Our gracious Saviour, Head and Lord,
Haswell perform'd his promis'd word;
And now would have his church rejoice;
He loves to hear her cheerful voice.

4. Let us then join th' angelic lays,
In singing our Redeemer's praise,
Exalting him, our God and King,
Whose death did our salvation bring.

5. Blessing and praise we give to thee,
That thou from death hast set us free;
Thy resurrection from the grave
Shows plain that thou hast pow'r to save.

6. Thy blood shall wash our garments clean,
And keep them from all stains of sin;
And thus, with joy, we thee, our God,
Can meet, when sprinkled with thy blood.

7. Astonish'd, at thy footstool low,
With humble gratitude we bow:
Our words can never fully tell
What in our thankful hearts we feel!

129.

(T. 205.)

1. CHrist, when risen from the dead,
To his foll'wers soon appear'd;
"Peace be unto you," he said,
And their drooping spirits cheer'd:
By his wounds they knew 'twas he,
Who expir'd on Calvary,
And for our transgressions slain,
Re-assum'd his life again.

2. "Thomas, we have ſeen the Lord;
" Chriſt, our Maſter, lives again."
Thus they ſaid with one accord:
But he deem'd theſe tidings vain.
" If I ſee him," Thomas cry'd,
" View his wounds and open'd ſide,
" Then I'll own, from doubting freed,
" That our Lord is ris'n indeed."

3. To remove his unbelief,
Jeſus, who is always near
To aſſuage his children's grief,
Unto Thomas did appear,
Saying, "Come, my nail-prints view,
" And my ſide the ſpear ran through."
Then his unbelief was fled,
" Thou'rt my Lord and God!" he ſaid.

4. I would go from pole to pole
To behold my riſen Lord;
But content thyſelf, my ſoul,
Liſten to thy Saviour's word:
Thoſe who me by faith receive,
Without ſeeing, who believe,
Truſt my word, and thereon reſt,
Thoſe abundantly are bleſt.

130.*

(T. 22.)

1. TO have of Jeſus ſuch a view
As Thomas, I would gladly go
Around this world, and ſpend my days,
To bleſs him for his matchleſs grace.

2. But ſince our Saviour doth declare,
That thoſe his bleſſings richly ſhare,
Who do not ſee and yet believe,
By faith in Jeſus may I live.

131.

(T. 582.)

1. CHriſtians, diſmiſs your fear;
Let hope and joy ſucceed,
The joyful news with gladneſs hear,
" The Lord is ris'n indeed!"
The promiſe is fulfill'd
In Chriſt our only head,
Juſtice with mercy's reconcil'd;
He lives who once was dead.

2. He quits the dark abode,
From all corruption free.
The holy, ſpotleſs Lamb of God
Could no corruption ſee.
My ſoul, thy Saviour laud,
Who all thy ſorrows bore,
Who dy'd for ſin, but lives to God,
And lives to die no more.

132.

EASTER-MORNING LITANY.

[The biſhop or miniſter ſaith or ſings:]

I Believe in the one only God, Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt; who created all things by Jeſus Chriſt, and was in Chriſt reconciling the world unto himſelf.

Chor. I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth! that thou haſt hid theſe things from the wiſe and prudent, and haſt revealed them unto babes.

Even ſo, Father, for ſo it ſeemed good in thy ſight.

Min. Father, glorify thy name!

Cong. *Our Father which art in heaven; Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is*

in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever and ever, Amen.

Ch. O Father, love us, becauſe we love thy Son, and believe that he came out from thee.

Min. I believe in the Name of the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him:

I believe, that he was made fleſh, and dwelt among us; and took on him the form of a ſervant:

By the overſhadowing of the Holy Ghoſt, was conceived of the virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of fleſh and blood, he alſo himſelf likewiſe took part of the ſame, was born of a woman:

And being found in faſhion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without ſin:

For he was the Lord, the angel of the covenant, whom we deſired; the Lord and his Spirit had ſent him, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord;

He ſpoke that which he did know, and teſtified that which he had ſeen: As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the ſons of God.

Behold the Lamb of God! which hath taken away the ſin of the world,

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried;

Went by the ſpirit and preached unto the ſpirits in priſon,

The third day roſe again from the dead, and with him many bodies of the ſaints which ſlept;

Aſcended into heaven, and ſitteth on the throne of the Father; whence he will come, in like manner as he was ſeen going into heaven.

Ch. The Spirit and the bride ſay: Come:

Min. And let him that heareth, ſay: Come!

Cong. Amen, Come, Lord Jeſus! do not long tarry,
With longing hearts we are waiting for thee;
Come ſoon! O come!

Min. The Lord will deſcend from heaven with a ſhout, with the voice of the arch-angel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, who redeemed me a loſt and undone human creature, purchaſed and gained me from all ſin, from death, and from the power of the devil,

Not with gold or ſilver, but with his holy precious blood, and with his innocent ſuffering and dying;

To the end that I ſhould be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and ſerve him in eternal righteouſneſs, innocence, and happineſs;

So as he, being riſen from the dead, liveth and reigneth world without end.

Cong. *This is certainly true.*

Min. I believe in the Holy Ghoſt, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jeſus Chriſt ſent us, after he went away, that he ſhould abide with us for ever.

And that he ſhould work all in all, dividing to every man ſeverally as he will.

To him be glory in the church, which is in Chriſt Jeſus, the holy univerſal chriſtian church, in the communion of ſaints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity;

Cong. *Amen.*

Min. I believe that by my own reaſon and ſtrength I cannot believe in, or come to Jeſus Chriſt my Lord.

But that the Holy Ghoſt calleth me by the goſpel, enlighteneth me with his gifts, ſanctifieth and preſerveth me in the true faith;

Even as he calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth and ſanctifieth all Chriſtendom on earth, and keepeth it by Jeſus Chriſt in the only true faith;

In which Chriſtian church he forgiveth me and all believers all ſin daily and richly.

Cong. *Amen.*

Min. I deſire to depart and to be with Chriſt, which is far better; I ſhall never taſte death:

Nay I ſhall attain to the reſurrection of the dead; for my body which I ſhall put off, that grain of corruptibility, ſhall put on incorruption: my fleſh ſhall reſt in hope. And God will alſo once quicken theſe bodies here interred, becauſe the Spirit of Jeſus hath dwelt in them.

Cong. *Amen.*

Min. I believe, that our brethren *N. N.* and our sisters *N. N**. are gone to the church made perfect, and entered into the joy of their Lord; their bodies are buried here.

Cong. They are at rest in lasting bliss,
Beholding Christ our Saviour:
Our humble expectation is
To live with him for ever.

Cong. *We poor sinners pray thee to hear us, O dear Lord and God!*

Min. And to keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant; especially also with those servants and handmaids of the whole church, whom thou hast called home within this year, as *N. N.* and to let us once rest with them in thy presence.

Cong. *Amen.*

Cong. Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until from hence we're taken
To see thee face to face.

Min. Glory be to him who is the Resurrection and the Life!

He that believeth on him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to him, in that church which waiteth for him, and in that which is about him,

Ch. For ever and ever. *Cong. Amen.*

Cong. Lord, grant me thy protection;
Remind me of thy death
And glorious resurrection,
When I resign my breath:
Ah then, though I be dying,
'Midst sickness, grief and pain,
I shall (on thee relying)
Eternal life obtain.

Min. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.

Cong. *Amen.*

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* Here the names of those are mentioned in each congregation, who went from among them into their eternal rest since the last Easter.

VII. Of the Aſcenſion of Chriſt; his Sitting at the Right-hand of God, and interceding for us.

133.*

(T. 97.)

1. ERE Chriſt aſcended up on high,
His foll'wers unto Bethany
He led, where having them addreſs'd,
And with his pierced hands them bleſs'd,
A cloud, which him receiv'd out of their ſight,
Convey'd him to the realms of endleſs light.

2. They, fill'd with wonder and amaze,
With longing eyes did upward gaze,
Till he was vaniſh'd quite away,
Two angels, dreſs'd in white array,
Unto his mourning followers appear'd,
And thus their drooping ſpirits kindly cheer'd:

3. "This Jeſus, who to heav'n is gone
"To re-aſſume his glorious throne,
"Will in like manner come again,
"As ye, his highly-favor'd train,
"Have ſeen him go to heav'n." Chriſt we adore
With them, and own thee Lord for evermore.

134.

(T. 580.)

1. WHEN thou, dear Saviour, didſt aſcend,
"My hoſts," thy Father ſaid, "attend,
"And worſhip ye the Son."
With loud acclaims of joy they gaz'd,
And cheerful hallelujahs rais'd,
Adoring humbly at thy throne.

2. Can we thy triumphs e'er forget?
Shall we not worſhip at thy feet,
For all thy griefs and pain?
Yes, we will join th' angelic throng,
In ſinging that eternal ſong:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was ſlain!"

3. Th' aſſembly, which with thee at reſt,
Appears in ſpotleſs garments dreſt,
Bows down and humbly ſings:
We too thy ſaving name will bleſs,
And thee our gracious Lord confeſs:
The Lord of lords and King of kings!

135.*

(T. 146.)

GO up with ſhouts of praiſe,
Go up, High-prieſt, to heaven,
Who haſt the ranſom'd race
Upon thy heart engraven.
Though ſeated on thy throne,
Thou deign'ſt to hear our pray'r;
Nor art aſham'd to own,
That we thy brethren are.

136.

(T. 22.)

1. TO thee, our Lord, all praiſe be giv'n,
For thy aſcending up to heav'n:
Support us while on earth we ſtay,
And kindly hear us when we pray.

2. Tho' ſeated on thy Father's throne,
Thou'lt never ceaſe thy flock to own;
For we believe that thou art near,
When in thy preſence we appear.

3. For us to heav'n thou didſt aſcend,
To plead our cauſe, and to attend
To all our wants, yea, to prepare
A place for us, thy bliſs to ſhare.

4. At parting from thy little fold,
Thy ſecond advent was foretold;
Therefore we wait with eagerneſs,
Lord Jeſus, to behold thy face.

5. Mean while we pray thee, gracious Lord,
Thy Spirit unto us afford,
That we, with all the ranſom'd train,
May meet thee when thou com'ſt again.

6. Ah then we ſhall behold thy face
In everlaſting joy and peace;
Mean while we'll cleave to thee by faith,
And love thee till our lateſt breath.

137.

(T. 14.)

1. O For a theme of thankful praiſe
To tune the ſtamm'rers tongue!
Chriſtians, your hearts and voices raiſe,
And join the joyful ſong.

2. The Lord aſcendeth up on high,
Deck'd with reſplendent wounds;
While ſhouts of vict'ry rend the ſky,
And heav'n with joy reſounds.

3. Eternal gates their leaves unfold,
Receive the conqu'ring King:
The angels ſtrike their harps of gold,
And ſaints triumphant ſing.

4. Sinners, rejoice; he dy'd for you;
For you prepares a place;
His Spirit ſends, you to endow
With ev'ry gift and grace.

5. His blood, which did for you atone,
For your ſalvation pleads;
And ſeated on his Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

138.

(T. 14.)

1. JESUS, our High-prieſt and our Head,
Who bear'ſt our fleſh and blood,
And always interced'ſt for us
Before the throne of God;

2. We know thou never canſt forget
Thy poor weak members here;
Yea, when we ſuffer in the leaſt,
A part with us thou'lt bear.

3. Thou with great tenderneſs art touch'd
At what thy children feel;
When by temptations we are preſs'd,
Thou know'ſt well what we ail;

4. Thou haſt a tender ſympathy
With ev'ry grief and pain:
For when thou waſt a man on earth,
Thou didſt the ſame ſuſtain.

5. And though thou art exalted now,
Yet thou to us art near;
Thou know'ſt our weakneſſes and wants,
And liſt'neſt to our pray'r.

6. What ſhall we ſay for this thy love,
But 'fore thee proſtrate lie;
And thank thee that thou waſt a man,
To all eternity.

139.*

(T. 132.)

1. RAISE your devotion, mortal tongues,
To praiſe the King of glory;
Sweet be the accents of your ſongs
Of him who's gone before you:
Lo! angels ſtrike their loudeſt ſtrings,
For heav'n and all created things
Muſt ſound Emanuel's praiſes.

2. Ye mourning ſouls, look upward too,
For Chriſt is now preparing,
At God's right-hand a place for you;
Shake off what ſeems deſpairing:
Thence he, your gracious Lord, will come
To fetch your longing ſpirits home,
And crown your love and labor.

3. Since he o'er heav'n bears ſov'reign ſway,
By all its pow'rs attended;
And hath more graces to diſplay
Than can be comprehended:
Fear not, for he his bleſſing pours
On ſuch meek humble breaſts as yours,
The objects of his favor.

140.

(T. 582.)

1. JESUS, who dy'd, is now
Seated upon his throne:
The angels who before him bow,
His juſt dominion own.

2. Th' unworthieſt of his friends
Upon his heart he bears;
He ever to their cauſe attends,
And for them heav'n prepares.

3. Bleſt Saviour, condeſcend
My Advocate to be:
I could not have a better friend
To plead with God for me.

141.

(T. 14.)

1. WITH joy, we meditate the grace
Of our High-prieſt above;
His heart is fill'd with tenderneſs,
His bowels yearn with love.

2. In all our griefs he takes a ſhare,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what ſore temptations are,
For he hath felt the ſame.

3. He in the days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out ſtrong cries and tears;
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

4. He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he'll never break,
Nor ſcorn the meaneſt name.

5. Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r:
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

6. He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my ſoul, thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

142.

(T. 590.)

1. WE ſing thy praiſe, exalted Lamb,
Who ſitt'ſt upon the throne:
Ten thouſand bleſſings to thy name,
Who worthy art alone.
Thy bruiſed, broken body bore
Our ſins upon the tree;
And now thou liv'ſt for evermore:
O may we live to thee!

2. Poor ſinners ſing: The Lamb that dy'd!
(What theme can ſound ſo ſweet?)
His drooping head, his ſtreaming ſide,
His pierced hands and feet;
With all that ſcene of ſuff'ring love,
Which faith preſents to view;
For now he reigns and lives above,
Yea lives and reigns for you.

3. Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,
Can ought be with it nam'd?
What pow'rful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflam'd!
Ye angels, praiſe his glorious name,
Who lov'd and conquer'd thus;
And we will likewiſe laud the Lamb,
For he was ſlain for us.

143.

(T. 58.)

1. YE who're humbly weeping,
Becauſe Chriſt Jeſus
Reproach and death endured to releaſe us.
Rejoice and ſing.

2. For the Lord who died
For our tranſgreſſion,
Who gain'd for us life, pardon and ſalvation,
And roſe again,

3. He is now aſcended
Again to heaven:
To him all power and dominion's given
For evermore.

4. Now the heav'nly armies
Exalt our Saviour,
Who pleadeth for us, and remains for ever
The church's head.

5. We to God the Father
Are reconciled:
And are in Chriſt his heirs and children ſtiled,
If we believe.

6. Jesus, our Redeemer,
Is not ashamed
That we joint-heirs and brethren should be named
Of him, our Lord.

7. By the Holy Spirit
We are instructed;
And through this world most faithfully conducted
To heav'nly bliss.

VIII. Of God as manifested in the Creation, Preservation and Government of the World.

144.*

(T. 234.)

1. O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to describe I am not able;
I can't express thy properties,
Thy heights and depths unmeasurable!
Thou'rt an unfathomable sea,
The God of universal nature:
True wisdom is not found in me,
I'm a short-sighted feeble creature.
I'd place thee full in view,
'Fore me and others too:
But with such weakness I'm surrounded,
For all, that thou art, knows
Nor origin, nor close,
Ah, here my senses are confounded.

2. All sprung from thine omnipotence,
What now or ever hath subsisted:
No single atom comes by chance;
Wast thou not, nothing had existed.
Whate'er accosts our ear or eye,
Objects of knowledge or the senses,
Derives its origin from thee,
Their being at thy word commences.
None can control thy will,
What's call'd impossible,
Thy power to effect is able.
Thou to thyself alone
Art adequately known;
Thy wisdom is unmeasurable.

3. No limits thee can circumscribe,
Thy kingdom ev'ry where extendeth;
Who can thy greatness e'er describe?
Thy praise and power never ende h.
Thou stretchest to infinity,
Beyond the highest heav'ns thou'rt seated;
Thy glorious name, thy majesty
Can never be conceiv'd or meted.
Thou art ador'd by all,
Each must before thee fall;
And who in confidence applieth
To thee in his distress,
He'll prove thy boundless grace,
And all his wants will be supplied.

4. Counsel and deed are one with thee,
And justice in thy court presideth;
Perfection's thine, without degree,
And love thy character abideth.
Mercy and faithfulness most true,
And grace and goodness beyond measure,
Are ev'ry morning to us new,
According to thy own good pleasure.
Each moment of our days
Thy tender care displays,
And some new pledge of mercy showeth.
What we are, or shall be,
Must be deriv'd from thee,
From whom alone each blessing floweth.

5. Who now can render thee just praise?
Who? though his heart and tongue combined!
No temple is thy dwelling-place,
Thy worship cannot be confined.
By building shrines, where thou shalt be,
No man thy proper aim attaineth.

Thou loveſt him, who truſts in thee,
And proſtrate at thy feet remaineth;
What he performs for thee,
Shall his own profit be;
Thou of his gifts haſt no occaſion:
Thou doſt on him beſtow
Life and ſalvation too,
But thou receiveſt no acceſſion.

6. Thy hand rewards, tho' all is thine,
Thou! by whoſe fire thy foes muſt periſh;
Although it's genial warmth and ſhine
Thy friends mean while doth warm and cheriſh.
The ſeraph's choir with ſweeteſt tone
Expreſs their praiſe and adoration;
The elders, kneeling at thy throne,
Serve thee with deepeſt veneration.
Thine is the pow'r and praiſe,
Scepter and holy place!
With humble awe I ſink aſhamed
Before thy majeſty,
For thou'rt eſſentially,
What can be great and holy named.

145.

(T. 14.)

1. WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys:
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love and praiſe.

2. O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou canſt read it there.
Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

4. To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

5. Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

6. When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

7. Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And tho' the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8. When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

9. Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

10. Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And, after death, in heav'n with thee
The glorious theme renew.

11. Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe:
But, O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

146 *

(T. 151.)

1. COmmit thou thy each grievance
And caſe into his hands,
To his ſure care and guidance,
Who heav'n and earth commands.
He, who's the clouds director,
Whom winds and ſeas obey,
Will be thy feet's protector,
And will prepare thy way.

2. Rely on God thy Saviour,
So ſhalt thou ſafe go on;
Build on his grace and favor,
So ſhall thy work be done.
Thou canſt make no advances
By ſelf-conſuming care;
But he his help diſpenſes,
When call'd upon by pray'r.

3. Thy faithfulneſs eternal,
O Father, certainly

What's good or detrimental
Doth for thy children see:
Thee all things serve in nature;
According to thy will,
Thou, as the great Creator,
Thy counsel dost fulfil.

4. Poor soul! then with assurance
Hope still, be not dismay'd;
He will from each encumbrance
Again lift up thy head.
Beyond thy wish extended
His goodness will appear,
When he hath rightly ended
What caus'd thy needless fear.

147.*

(T. 192.)

1. HOW well, O Lord, art thou thy people leading,
Though oft thy ways seem wonderful and strange!
There can be nothing wrong in thy proceeding,
Because thy faithfulness can never change.
Thy ways seem often crooked, yet are straight,
In which thy children are ordain'd to walk:
Should all to ruin seem to go and wreck,
Yet finally 'tis seen thou'rt wise and great.

2. Like east and west, thy understanding scatters
That which our prudence to combine would try:
And that, which some would lay in bonds and fetters,
Is by thy power rais'd to reach the sky.
The contrary of what thou dost intend
Full often shows itself to human sight.
The man, that thought he understood it right,
Is often disappointed in the end.

3. 'Fore thee that's nought, which is the admiration
Of all; what's nothing, that thou lov'st, O Lord!
Fine words with thee find no recommendation,
Thy impulse must th'emphatic pow'r afford.
The haughty pharisee thou passest by,
To humble sinners thou dost mercy show;
Thy thoughts are very high, who can them know?
What human mind thy wisdom can descry.

4. We magnify thy name, O God of heaven!
Who, though thou kill'st, dost also quicken us;
When wisdom's treasures unto us are given,
Thy watchfulness, thy heart solicitous
To seek our good, thou dost 'fore us display:
To dwell among us is thy soul's delight;
'Tis love which doth thy father heart excite;
This leads thy children on from day to day.

5. Thou know'st, O Lord, how weak we are and feeble,
Thou clearly canst discern our ignorance;
To help ourselves we're utterly unable,
Our very actions prove our impotence,
Therefore thou tak'st us, thou dost us uphold;
Act'st fatherlike, show'st mother's faithfulness:
Those sheep, which that they're thine, no man could guess,
Are ever fed, and kept within thy fold.

6. Sometimes it seems, that thou'rt severely dealing,
Again thou'rt tender and compassionate:
Thy chastisement corrects us when we're failing,
When our poor minds seek to extravagate.

Then bashfulness forbids us to look up;
Thou pardon'st us, we promise better things,
Then thy blest Spirit peace unto us brings,
And puts to all extravagance a stop,

7. O give me wisdom's sharpest penetration,
Thou eye, which hatest all deceitful shine!
That I distinguish nature's operation
From grace; that I discern thy light from mine.
Let no strange fire be kindled in my mind,
Which I might bring before thee foolishly,
And vainly think, O Lord, of pleasing thee.
How blest is he who thy true light doth find!

148.

(T. 14.)

1. RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

2. Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Ere man was form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3. His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime,
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.

4. While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past;
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.

149.*

(T. 106.)

1. HE that confides in his Creator,
Depending on him all his days,
Shall be preserv'd in fire and water,
And sav'd in many dang'rous ways.
He that makes God his staff and stay,
Builds not on sand that glides away.

2. What gain'st thou by thy anxious caring?
What causes thee to pine away?
Thy rest and health thou art impairing
By sighs and groans from day to day.
Thou art but adding grief to grief,
Instead of getting sure relief.

3. Would we but be a little quiet,
And rest in God's good providence,
Who oft prescribes us wholesome diet,
By methods cross to flesh and sense!
To him, who chose us for his own,
Our wants and cares are fully known.

4. He knows the hours for joy and gladness,
The proper time, and proper place;
Are we but faithful 'midst our sadness,
Seek not ourselves, but seek his praise:
He'll come before we are aware,
And dissipate our grief and care.

5. God can this hour with ev'ry dainty
The poor man's table amply spread;
And strip the rich of all his plenty.
And send him out to beg his bread:
God can do wonders, if he please,
Humble the one, the other raise.

6. Do thou with faith discharge thy station,
Keep God's commands and sing his praise:
Rely on him for preservation,
On whom the whole creation stays.
The man that's truly wise and just,
Makes God, and God alone his trust.

150.

(T. 581.)

1. QUiet, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:

From diſtruſt and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleaſes thee.

2. What thou ſhalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wiſdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why ſhould I the burden bear?

3. As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither ſtrong nor wiſe,
Fears to ſtir a ſtep alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard and Guide.

4. Thus preſerv'd from ſatan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears;
May I live upon thy ſmiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears;
When the ſons of God ſhall prove
All their Father's boundleſs love.

151.*

(T. 214.)

1. I Will ſing to my Creator,
Unto God I'll render praiſe,
Who by ev'ry thing in nature
Magnifies his tender grace.
Nought but loving condeſcenſion
Still inclines his faithful heart
To ſupport, and take their part,
Who purſue his bleſt intention.
All things to their period tend,
But his mercy hath no end.

2. Yea, his Son, his heart paternal
Freely did give up for me,
To redeem me from eternal
Death, and endleſs miſery.
Depth of love paſt comprehenſion!
Whence can my weak ſpirit fetch
Thoughts profound enough to reach
This unfathom'd condeſcenſion?
All things, &c.

3. His good Spirit's beſt inſtruction
In his word to me is giv'n.
By his gracious manuduction
I am led the way to heav'n.
He endows my ſoul and ſpirit
With the light of living faith,
To o'ercome the pow'rs of death,
And eſcape the hell I merit.
All things, &c.

4. My ſoul's welfare he advances,
For my body he doth care;
Aid and comfort he diſpenſes,
When I call on him by pray'r.
When my nat'ral ſtrength is ſhrinking,
In the time of utmoſt need,
He, my God, draws nigh with ſpeed,
And recovers me from ſinking.
All things, &c.

5. When I ſleep, his love is taking
Care to rouſe my drowſy heart:
And each morn when I am waking,
God new mercies doth impart.
Had my God withdrawn his favor,
Had not his protecting grace
Sav'd me in each trying caſe,
I ſhould have been helped never.
All things, &c.

6. As a hen is us'd to gather
Her young brood beneath her wings,
So hath God, my heav'nly Father,
Kept me ſafe from hurtful things,
From the hour of my formation,
When he life and being gave
Unto me, he kept me ſafe,
Till he brought me to this ſtation.
All things, &c.

7. Since nor end, nor bounds, nor meaſure,
In God's mercies can be found,
Heart and hands I lift with pleaſure,
As a child in duty bound.
Lord, I humbly aſk this favor,
Thee to love with all my might,
Gracious Father, day and night;
Till I change this infant favor
For that taſte of bliſs above,
Perfect praiſe and endleſs love.

152.

(T. 22.)

1. LORD! I contemplate with delight
Thy various works both day and night.

What glory shines through ev'ry part.
What boundless pow'r, what wond'-
rous art!

2. All things in beauteous form appear'd,
By thy almighty FIAT rear'd:
At last thou from the dust didst raise
Thine image Man, unto thy praise.

153.*

(T. 169.)

1. JEHOVAH, thy wise government,
And its administration,
Is found to be most excellent,
On due consideration
Of thy majestic height, which is
Beyond the highest dignities
Of potent monarchs crowned,
In royalty enthroned.

2. Immeasurable is th' extent
Of thy vast domination:
All's under thy wise government,
Heav'n, earth, and ev'ry nation.
The greatest king is certainly
The greatest debtor unto thee:
Thy hand all things dispenses,
Both to the poor and princes.

3. In thy realm all goes orderly;
All's put in execution
Which is resolv'd upon: we see
No error, no confusion.
Thy work is to preserve, defend,
To order, to begin and end:
Of all things thou tak'st notice,
And rul'st with truth and justice.

4. Here prostrate on my face I lie,
To thy grace I commend me;
Reach out thy sceptre graciously;
Though nothing doth attend me,
Which could incite thee to look
down;
I am a worm 'fore thee I own:
But thou, great King, assurest
Thy mercy to the poorest.

5. Care for us still, preserve, defend,
And govern with compassion;
Let mercy, peace and joy attend
Us all in ev'ry station.
O might to thee be homage paid
By all the creatures thou hast made,
We humbly ask the favor
T' adore thee, Lord, for ever.

154.

(T. 14.)

1. IN thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou number'st all my days:
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

2. From thee I am, through thee I am,
And for thee I must be:
'Twere better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

3. Naked I came into this world,
And nothing with me brought;
And nothing have I here deserv'd,
Yet have I lacked nought.

4. I do not praise my lab'ring hand,
My lab'ring head, or chance;
Thy Providence, most gracious God,
Is mine inheritance.

5. Thy bounty gives me bread with
peace,
A table free from strife:
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
Which is the staff of life.

6. The daily favors of my God
I cannot sing at large:
Yet humbly can I make this boast,
I am th' Almighty's charge.

7. Lord, in the day, thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

8. A thousand deaths I daily 'scape,
I pass by many a pit;
I sail by many dreadful rocks,
Where others have been split.

9. Man's life's a book of history,
The leaves thereof are days;
The letters, mercies closely join'd:
The title is, thy praise.

10. O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to thy majesty,
And praise our heav'nly King.

155.

(T. 166.)

1. HIgh in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodneſs in full glory ſhines;
Thy truth ſhall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy deſigns.
For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundation keep;
Wiſe are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

2. Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beaſt thy bounty ſhare;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But man is thy peculiar care.
My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort ſprings,
The ſons of Adam in diſtreſs
Fly to the ſhadow of thy wings.

3. From the proviſions of thy houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet repaſt;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And we the living water taſte.
Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the preſence of my Lord;
And in thy light our ſouls ſhall ſee
The glories promis'd in thy word.

156.*

(T. 590.)

LORD, when thou ſaidſt, "So let it be,"
The heav'ns were ſpread and ſhone,
And this whole earth ſtood glorioufly,
Thou ſpak'ſt and it was done;
The whole creation ſtill records,
Unto this very day,
That thou art God, the Lord of lords,
Thee all things muſt obey.

157.

(T. 14.)

1. SWeet is the mem'ry of thy grace.
My God, my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds harmonious ſing.

2. God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Through the whole earth his goodneſs ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4. How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the ſoul he loves.

5. Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim:
May we, who taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name!

158.*

(T. 22.)

1. MOnarch of all, with humble fear
To thee heav'n's hoſt their voices raiſe,
Ev'n earth and duſt thy bounties ſhare:
Let earth and duſt attempt thy praiſe.

2. Before thy face, O Lord, moſt high!
Sinks all created glory down:
Yet be not wrath with me, that I,
Vile worm, draw near thy awful throne.

3. Of all thou the Beginning art,
Of all things thou alone the end:
On thee ſtill fix my wav'ring heart,
To thee let all my actions tend.

4. Thou, Lord, art light: thy native ray
No ſhade, no variation knows
To my dark ſoul thy light diſplay,
The brightneſs of thy face diſcloſe.

5. Thou, Lord, art love: from thee pure love
Flows forth in unexhauſted ſtreams;
Let me its quick'ning virtue prove;
O fill my heart with ſacred flames!

6. Thou, Lord, art good, and thou alone:
With eager hope, with warm desire,
Thee may I still my portion own,
To thee in ev'ry thought aspire.

7. So shall my ev'ry pow'r to thee
In love and endless praises rise;
Yea, body, soul and spirit be
Thy ever-living sacrifice.

8. Lord God Almighty, ceaseless praise
In heav'n, thy throne, to thee is giv'n;
Here, as in heav'n, thy name we bless,
For where thy presence shines, is heav'n.

159.

(T. 22.)

1. GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2. Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3. He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixt the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4. He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5. He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6. Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

IX. Of the HOLY TRINITY.

160.

(T. 132.)

1. TO God on high all glory be,
And thanks that he's so gracious,
That hence to all eternity
No evil shall oppress us.
God is well pleas'd with human race,
There's now confirm'd a lasting peace,
Through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

2. We humbly thee adore and praise,
And laud for thy great glory;
Father, thy kingdom lasts always,
Not frail, nor transitory.
Thy pow'r is endless as thy praise,
Thou speak'st, the universe obeys.
In such a Lord we're happy.

3. O Jesus Christ, thou only child
Of thy celestial Father,
By whom all strife is reconcil'd,
And all the lost find succour;
Thou slaughter'd Lamb, our God and Lord,
To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy!

4. O Holy Ghost, our sov'reign good,
And highest consolation!
From satan's pow'r henceforth keep clear,
What Christ did save and ransom,
Thro' torment great and bitter smart.
All mischief, and all harm avert;
We trust, thou'lt this accomplish.

161.

(T. 14.)

1. OUR heav'nly Father, God of love!
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2. Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3. Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be with Christ in God.

162.

(T. 68.)

1. HOLY Trinity!
We confess with joy,
That our life and whole salvation
Flows from God's blest incarnation,
And his death for us
On the shameful cross.

2. Had we angels tongues,
With seraphic songs,
Bowing hearts and knees before you,
Blessed Three! we would adore you
In love's highest strain
For the Lamb once slain.

163.

(T. 39.)

1. O Father of mercy, be ever ador'd;
Thy love was displayed in sending our Lord
To ransom and bless us: thy goodness we praise
For sending in Jesus salvation by grace.

2. Most merciful Saviour, who deign-edst to die
Our curse to remove, and our pardon to buy;
Accept our thanksgiving, almighty to save,
Who openest heaven to all that believe.

3. O Spirit of wisdom, of love, and of pow'r,
We prove thy blest influence, thy grace we adore:
Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's blood,
Attesting and sealing us children of God.

164.

(T. 206.)

1. O Father! hear
Our humble pray'r,
Us kindly own
As children, since thy Son,
Whom thou so graciously
And free
Gav'st up to die,
Did satisfy
For Adam's race,
Procuring truth and grace.

2. And thou, O Lord,
Th' eternal Word,
Who flesh wast made,
Our Saviour, Friend and Head:
Thou holy Lamb of God,
Thy blood,
Thy pain and death
Preserve in faith
Thy church while here,
Till we 'fore thee appear.

3. Dear Comforter,
Receive our pray'r,
Instruct us, Lord,
That we may know thy word,
And thus in love and peace
Increase.
Oh may we all,
Both great and small,
Count all things loss
Save Jesus and his cross.

165.

(T. 58.)

1. LORD God, Abba Father!
Who sent to bless us
Thy only Son, our Lord, and call'd him Jesus,
We worship thee.

2. God the Son, Redeemer,
Who by thy bleeding
Hast sav'd us sinners, and for us art pleading,
Remember us.

3. Holy Ghost, we praise thee,
That Christ's revealed

Unto our hearts, and that by thee we're sealed
Unto his day.

4. Bless'd Three! who bear witness
In heav'nly places,
And upon earth, O hear our pray'rs praises,
For Jesu's sake.

166.

(T. 166.)

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts;
Which only the believer feels;
Direct, and keep, and cheer your hearts.
And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On ev'ry soul assembled here.

167.*

(T. 185.)

THE Lord bless and keep thee in his favor,
As his chosen property;
The Lord make his face shine on thee ever,
And be gracious unto thee.
The Lord lift his countenance most gracious
Upon thee, and be to thee propitious,
And his peace on thee bestow:
Amen. Amen. Be it so.

168.

(T. 16.)

1. MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2. Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

169.

(T. 14.)

HONOR to the almighty Three,
And everlasting One:
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

170.

(T. 582.)

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

171.

(T. 582.)

YE angels round the throne,
And men that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

172.*

(T. 22.)

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
The love of God so highly priz'd;
The Holy Ghost's communion be
With all of us most sensibly.

173.*

(T. 132.)

NOW sing, thou happy church of God,
With joy and adoration;
(Since thou'rt redeem'd by Jesu's blood
From ev'ry tribe and nation):
Most holy, blessed Trinity,
For God's dear Lamb, all praise to thee
Both now and ever! Amen.

X. Of our HEAVENLY FATHER.

174.

(T. 22.)

1. OUR heav'nly Father is not known
To us, but in the Son alone;
His mercy, love, and boundleſs grace
We ſee diſplay'd in Jeſu's face.

2. Great God! how dreadful was thy name,
Until the God-man Jeſus came!
We cannot love or honor thee,
Unleſs the Son hath ſet us free.

3. O love, no human tongue can tell!
O love divine, unſearchable!
The Father gave his only Son
To bleed and die for ſlaves undone!

4. Can any ill diſtreſs my heart,
Since God with his own Son did part?
Whate'er I want can't be deny'd,
Since Chriſt for me was crucify'd.

175.

(T. 14.)

1. FATHER of all, almighty Lord!
Our Father, and our God;
Since Jeſus Chriſt, th' eternal Word,
Aſſum'd our fleſh and blood.

2. Let all with love and filial fear
Thy ſacred name adore;
O may thy kingdom ſoon appear,
And ſpread the world all o'er.

3. Help us thy pleaſure to fulfil;
As done by heav'nly pow'rs.
Accompliſh in us all thy will,
And let that will be ours.

4. Our ſouls and bodies feed, we pray,
With food which thou ſeeſt beſt;
We aſk our portion for the day,
And leave to thee the reſt.

5. Let mercy pardon all our crimes,
Which juſtice muſt condemn;
As ſome have wrong'd us many times,
And we would pardon them.

6. Let not temptation us befall,
While here our race we run;
But reſcue and defend us all
From ſin, and th' evil one.

7. Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r
O'er angels, and o'er men;
The glory too for evermore
Is thine. Amen. Amen.

176.*

(T. 341.)

1. THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I ſing,
Hear well-pleas'd the joyous ſound,
Praiſe from earth and heav'n receive;
Loſt, I now in Chriſt am found,
Dead, by faith in Chriſt I live.

2. Father, behold thy ſon,
In Chriſt I am thy own.
Stranger long to thee and reſt,
See the prodigal is come:
Open wide thy arms and breaſt,
Take the weary wand'rer home.

3. Thine eye obſerv'd from far,
Thy pity view'd me near;
Me thy bowels yearn'd to ſee,
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, ſick, and faint, and blind.

4. Thou on my neck didſt fall,
Thy kiſs forgave me all:
Still the gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haſte, for him the robe prepare,
"His be righteouſneſs divine!"

177.

(T. 132.)

OUR heav'nly Father, God of love!
Thy name be duly hallow'd:
Thy kingdom come: here, as above,
Thy will be done and follow'd.

Give us the bread whereby we live:
Forgive our debts, as we forgive:
Defend us from all evil.

178.

(T. 96.)

1. FAther of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs;
Whose goodness providently nigh
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look! my heart prepare,
Suggest and hearken to my pray'r.

2. Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants; for help they call,
And ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

3. Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill:
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4. Ah give me, Lord, myself to feel;
My inbred misery reveal:
Ah give me, Lord, (I still would say)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;
My business this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.

5. Father, I want a thankful heart;
I wish to taste how good thou art,
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me;
The healing pow'r of faith to know,
And reign triumphant here below.

179*

(T. 96.)

DEAR heav'nly Father, we adore
And thank thee for the dreadful pain
Thy Son, when he our sorrows bore,
For our redemption did sustain.
May all of us now all our days
Live to exalt redeeming grace.

180.

(T. 22.)

THOU art our Father and our God,
Since Christ assum'd our flesh and blood;
Therefore in thee our trust we place,
And give thee never-ceasing praise.

181.*

(T. 96.)

BE of good cheer in all your wants,
And steadfast on God's word rely;
He who the greatest favors grants,
The smallest surely won't deny:
If God could give his Son for us,
What can he then to us refuse?

182.*

(T. 132.)

WHEN Christ, who sav'd us by his blood,
His foll'wers call'd together,
His farewell was, "I go to God,
To mine, and to your Father;"
Therefore, believing in the Son,
With filial love we humbly own
Thee God, our God and Father.

183.*

(T. 580.)

1. REjoice, my soul, God care for thee,
Trust to his word assuredly,
However things may go;
Thy heav'nly Father, for Christ's sake,
Of thy concerns will notice take,
And mercy freely to thee show.

2. My griefs and cares to thee well known,
My God, I cast on thee alone,
In thee is all my trust;
Since thou dost manage, I'll be still,
Into thy hands resign my will,
And thank thee prostrate in the dust.

3. I confidently do believe,
Me, thy poor child, thou wilt not leave,
For thou my Father art:
Fill thou my soul with love and faith,
Thus I am rich in life and death;
And from thy love nought shall me part.

184.

(T. 14.)

1. Behold what love the Father hath
On guilty men bestow'd,
That we, poor sinners, sons of wrath,
Should be the sons of God!

2. O how beyond expression great
His love in Christ doth shine!
'Tis like himself—th' eternal God!
Past knowledge! all divine!

3. Behold! for fallen, guilty man,
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down his life, them to redeem,
A precious sacrifice!

4. Now doth our Lord, the Son of God,
Who for us liv'd and dy'd,
See of the travail of his soul,
And is well satisfy'd.

5. Peace and good-will are now to man
Most gloriously display'd,
And life eternal we obtain
Of God, in Christ our Head.

6. O let us then repeat the theme,
Which always sounds above;
And ever sing, with joyful hearts,
The wonders of his love!

185.*

(T. 106.)

DRAW me, O Father, to the Son,
That he may draw me unto thee;
Thy Spirit render me his own,
And rule without control in me;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad,
And keep me in thy peace, O God!

186.

(T. 166.)

OUR Father, who'rt in heav'n's high throne,
Hallow'd be thy most blessed name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
Always in heav'n and earth the same;
Give us this day our daily bread;
Forgive our sins, as we forgive;
Into temptation do not lead,
But full release from evil give.

XI. Of JESUS CHRIST, the Son of God.

187.

(T. 22.)

1. ERe the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2. By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3. Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
Was Christ in whom the Godhead shone.

4. Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

188.

(T. 341.)

1. WOrthy, O Lord, art thou,
That ev'ry knee should bow,
Ev'ry tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign!

2. Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones and pow'rs!
Source of pow'r he rules alone:
Veil your eyes, and proſtrate fall,
Caſt your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cauſe, the Lord of all!

3. Juſtice and truth maintain
Thy everlaſting reign.
One with thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of kings, let all conſpire
Gratefully thy ſway to own.

4. Trembles the king of fears,
Whene'er thy croſs appears.
Once its dreaded force he found.
Saviour, cleave again the ſky;
Slain by an eternal wound,
Death ſhall then for ever die.

5. Jeſus, thou art my King,
To me thy ſuccour bring.
Chriſt the mighty One art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid:
This thy promiſe claim I now,
Send me down the promis'd aid.

6. Triumph and reign in me,
And ſpread thy victory:
Sin, and death, and hell control,
Pride and ſelf, and ev'ry foe;
All ſubdue, through all my ſoul,
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

189.*

(T. 172.)

1. THY majeſty how vaſt it is!
And how immenſe the glory,
Which thou, O Jeſus, doſt poſſeſs!
Both heav'n and earth adore thee.
The numberleſs heavenly hoſts laud thy name,
Thy glory and might are tranſcendent,
Ten thouſands of angels thy praiſes proclaim,
Who're on thee gladly dependent.

2. The Father's Equal, God the Son,
With him thou ever reigneſt;
Thou art partaker of his throne,
And all things thou ſuſtaineſt.
Both angels and men view their Maker as man,
With joy that is paſt all expreſſion.
O happy, unſpeakably happy who can
Find in him life and ſalvation!

3. This myſt'ry ev'ry throne and pow'r
Admires with adoration;
Th' angelic choirs for evermore
Extol his incarnation.
The angels and elders before him fall down,
Withaccents melodious him praiſing,
Unto the Lamb ſlain, and to him on the throne,
They render glory unceaſing.

4. The church on earth, in humble ſtrain,
Is lauding Chriſt our Saviour;
She ſings: "The Lamb for us was ſlain,
"Our foe is caſt for ever.
"For Chriſt has redeem'd us by his precious blood
"Out of ev'ry nation and kindred,
"And made us thereby kings and prieſts unto God,
"To him thankſgiving be render'd."

5. When Chriſt ſhall come in majeſty
With all his bright attendants;
And as the Judge in equity
Pronounce the final ſentence
On all men; his en'mies then, quaking with dread,
Will wiſh, that the rocks might them cover.
The ranſom'd with gladneſs will lift up their head,
And live with Jeſus for ever.

190.

(T. 582.)

1. JESUS, my Lord and God!
The God ſupreme thou art:
The Lord of hoſts, whoſe precious blood
Is ſprinkled on my heart.

2. Jehovah is thy name;
And, through thy blood apply'd,
Convinc'd and certify'd I am,
There is no God beside.

3. Soon as thy Spirit shows
That precious blood of thine,
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows
It is the blood divine.

4. Yea only he, who feels:
"My Saviour dy'd for me,"
Is sure that all the Godhead dwells
Eternally in thee.

191.

(T. 14.)

1. O the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2. Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3. Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4. Upon that dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine
And circle it around!

5. This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes shall see his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

192.

(T. 22.)

1. COME, worship at Immanuel's feet,
Behold in him what wonders meet!
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2. Is he our head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r he gives.
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit, and his love.

3. Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit.
O may a lasting union join
My soul, the branch, to Christ, the vine!

4. Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves:
But the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

5. Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
The course he runs is joy and peace.
What healing in his beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our tears!

6. Not earth, nor air, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears.
His beauties we shall clearer trace,
When we once see him face to face.

193.*

(T. 68.)

1. WHO is like thee, who?
Sweetest rest, Jesu!
To thy beauty nothing reaches:
Thou'rt the life of undone wretches;
Thou art their light too,
Sweetest rest, Jesu!

2. Life! thou dy'dst for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever.
I am by thy blood
Reconcil'd to God.

3. Highest King and Priest,
Prophet, Lord, and Christ!
Thy dear sceptre is embraced
By me at thy feet abased.
I choose Mary's seat
At thy holy feet.

4. Quite in thee draw me,
That, for love to thee,

I may melt, and daily bolder
Cast all mis'ry on thy shoulder,
Which I feel in me;
Draw me quite in thee.

5. Wake me right, that so
I my course pursue
Towards thee, with love most tender,
So that satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force;
Further thou my course.

6. Thy good Spirit, Lord,
To my soul afford,
That I watch, and pray with fervor,
Trusting thee, my soul's Preserver.
Love unfeign'd, O Lord,
Unto me afford.

7. Give me courage good,
That my wealth and blood
I for thee could lose, my Saviour,
Hating world and sin for ever.
Grant me this, my God,
Through thy precious blood.

8. When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart,
And into thy realms convey me,
In thy righteousness array me,
That at thy right-hand
Joyful I may stand.

194.

(T. 582.)

1. PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
His praises should employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame.

2. He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endur'd,
That rebels, such as you and I,
From wrath might be secur'd.

3. Upon the cross he dy'd,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and sin away.

4. And now he pleading stands
For us, before the throne;
And answers all the law demands
With what himself hath done.

5. He sees us, willing slaves
To sin and satan's pow'r;
But with an outstretch'd arm he saves
In his appointed hour.

6. The Holy Ghost he sends
Our stubborn souls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

7. The love of sin departs,
The life of grace takes place,
Soon as his voice invites our hearts
To rise and seek his face.

8. The world and satan rage,
But he their pow'r controls;
His wisdom, love and truth engage
Protection for our souls.

9. Tho' press'd, we need not yield,
But shall prevail at length,
For Jesus is our Sun and Shield,
Our Righteousness and Strength.

10. Assur'd that Christ our King
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing
And triumph, while we fight.

195.

(T. 341.)

1. O Day-spring from on high!
In mercy hear my cry:
See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfy'd,
Rule in me without control,
May I ever thine abide.

2. Jesus, who art the Tree
Of immortality!
Feed this tender branch of thine;
By thy influence I shall thrive;
Thou the true, the heav'nly Vine!
Grafted into thee I live.

3. Of life the Fountain thou!
I know, I feel it now.
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou reviv'st me, thy supplies,
Ev'ry moment springing up,
Unto life eternal rise.

4. Thou the good Shepherd art;
From thee I'll never part.

Thou my Keeper and my Guide,
Watch me ſtill with tender care;
Gently lead me by thy ſide,
Kindly in thy boſom bear.

5. Thou art my daily bread!
O Chriſt, thou art my Head!
Countleſs benefits on me,
As thy body's member, flow;
Nouriſh'd I, and fed by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6. Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will.
Never mortal ſpake like thee;
Lord, may I by thee be taught,
May I liſten eagerly
To thy words, with comfort fraught.

7. High Prieſt, on thee I call,
Thy blood aton'd for all.
Thou doſt ſtill in heav'n above
As the Lamb once ſlain appear;
There remember me in love,
Plead for me a ſinner there.

8. Jeſus, thou art my King,
Praiſes to thee I ſing.
Kept by thy almighty hand,
Saviour, who ſhall pluck me thence?
Faith ſupports, by faith I ſtand,
By the faith thou doſt diſpenſe.

196.

(T. 22.)

1. MY ſong ſhall bleſs the Lord of all,
My praiſe aſcend to his abode:
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God!

2. Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of ſenſe;
Eternal ages ſaw him ſhine;
He ſhines eternal ages hence.

3. As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the ſky;
As when the ſix day's work he made,
Fill'd all the morning-ſtars with joy.

4. Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his deareſt claim;
That gracious ſound well-pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5. A cheerful confidence I feel,
The object of my faith I ſee,
My boſom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worſhip him, who dy'd for me.

6. As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's ſure, and muſt be mine.

197.*

(T. 583.)

1. THE bleſſed names of Jeſus Chriſt impart
Strength and rich comfort to the contrite heart.
As King, he over thoſe the rule doth bear,
Who in his kingdom faithful ſubjects are.

2. He is the Rock, on him we build moſt ſure,
And thus 'midſt raging tempeſts are ſecure.
The Corner-ſtone, he of the church is nam'd,
In whom the building's fitly join'd and fram'd.

3. As Leader, he before his people goes,
And conſtant vict'ry gains o'er all his foes.
He is our High-prieſt, having no compeer,
Our names upon his breaſt engraven are.

4. Our only Maſter, who inſtructs us right,
To know God's will we need this Prophet's light.
Our Counſellor he is, if we believe
His words, nor fleſh, nor world can us deceive.

5. Of all the feeble he the Strength remains,
As Hero in the fight he conqueſt gains.
Him Everlaſting Father, *all muſt own,
As Prince of Peace, he to his church is known.

* Iſa. ix. 6.

6. As Lord, none dare his sov'reign will control,
That he's thy Lord, be joyful, O my soul!
His name is Wonderful, who can reveal
His thoughts divine, immense, unsearchable!

7. He is the Life, by whom all things subsist,
The Way, which cannot ev'n by fools be miss'd.
The Truth, in which we may confide; the Light
Which shines resplendent in the shades of night.

8. The Word, by which all things at first were made,
And which ev'n now to life can raise the dead.
He's our Redeemer, who hath shed his blood,
The world to save and reconcile to to God.

9. Thee, gracious Lord, our Saviour we confess,
Since we're partakers of thy saving grace.
Thou dost our cause before thy Father plead,
As Advocate, and for us intercede.

10. To thee, the Mercy-seat, we may draw nigh,
And confidently on thy name rely.
As Lamb, thou didst become a sacrifice
For us, and pay in blood our ransom-price.

11. As Bridegroom of the soul, the church thy bride,
To thee, who purchas'd her, is closely ally'd.
As Head, thy body thou wilt ne'er forsake,
But of each member special notice take.

12. As Shepherd, thou thy sheep dost richly feed,
Protect from harm, and to green pastures lead.
O Bread of life, whereby alone we live,
Through thee we everlasting life receive.

13. O living Fountain, he who drinks of thee,
Will thirst no more to all eternity.
Thou art the Vine, and we the branches are,
Deriving juice from thee, we fruit can bear.

14. Our All in All, sole Source of peace and rest,
Thyself to each more clearly manifest.
Thou, who'rt unchangeably the God of love,
Grant us the virtue of thy names to prove.

198.*

(T. 125.)

1. THOU Maker of each creature,
The Father's arm and might,
Thou rulest o'er all nature,
In thy own name and right.
May we in ev'ry station
Enjoy thy great salvation,
And simply follow thee.

2. Lord, let us be increasing
In love and knowledge too,
That we, on thee believing,
In spirit serve thee so,
As in our hearts to savor
Thy matchless grace and favor,
And always for thee thirst.

199.

(T. 582.)

1. HOsanna to the Son
Of David, and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And seal'd it with his blood.

2. To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

XII. Of the Holy Ghost, and his Gifts and Operations.

200.

(T. 106.)

1. My Father, who in heaven art,
Send forth the Spirit of thy Son;
Breathe him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known;
O render me thy child, that I
May Father, Abba Father, cry!

2. O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
Yea make my soul his lov'd abode,
The temple of th' in-dwelling God.

3. Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again;
Come and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
Grant me a sense that I'm forgiv'n,
A pledge that I'm an heir of heav'n.

4. Grant me th' indisputable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine!
That pow'rful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God!

201.

(T. 14.)

1. Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Giv'n to us from above,
Both by the Father and the Son,
Thou God of peace and love.

2. Thou art the only Comforter
In all our soul's distress;
Thou showest us our unbelief,
And Christ's redeeming grace.

3. Thou dost thy sanctifying gifts
Unto the church impart;
Writing God's holy precious law
On each believer's heart.

4. Thy holy unction pow'r affords
The gospel to proclaim:
By thee enabled, we set forth
Salvation in Christ's name.

5. Assist and strengthen us, O Lord!
Thou know'st we all are frail:
Grant, neither satan, world, nor flesh,
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

6. Good Lord, our only Comforter!
Assist us all, we pray,
That we may not confounded be
At the last judgment-day.

7. Cause all disharmony and strife
In Christendom to cease:
And give to all the flocks of Christ
Love, union, truth, and peace.

202.*

(T. 203.)

1. Come, Holy Ghost! come, Lord our God!
And shed thy heav'nly gifts abroad
On us, and unto ev'ry heart
True faith and fervent love impart.
O Lord, who by thy heav'nly light
Hast call'd thy church from sinful night,
Out of all nations, tribes and places;
To thee we render thanks and praises.
Hallelujah! :||:

2. Thou Light divine! most gracious Lord!
Revive us by thy holy word,
And teach thy flock in truth to call
On God, the Father of us all:
From all strange doctrines us preserve.
No other masters may we serve,
But Christ, who is our only Saviour.
In him we will confide for ever.
Hallelujah! :||:

3. O Holy Ghost! kind Comforter!
Help us, with watchfulness and pray'r,
'Midst various trials thee t' obey,
And never from the truth to stray:
O Lord, by thy almighty grace,
Prepare us so to run our race,

That we, by thy illumination,
May gain heav'n's glorious habitation.
Hallelujah! :||:

203 *

(T. 22.)

1. O Comforter, God Holy Ghost!
Thou heav'nly gifts on us bestow'st;
The Pledge of our salvation art,
And bear'st thy witness in our heart.

2. The sheep of Jesus, which were lost,
Thou'st call'd, and teachest them to trust
For help, forgiveness, peace and grace,
In him, the Lord our Righteousness.

3. Thy unction freely dost impart
To ev'ry poor and contrite heart,
Which Jesus as its Saviour knows,
And genuine faith by actions shows.

4. The feeble souls thou dost sustain,
Anointest all the witness train;
Thou keep'st believers in the faith,
And art their guide in life and death.

5. Who can thy operations trace,
Thy kindness, patience, truth and grace,
Which on God's children thou bestow'st,
O Comforter, God Holy Ghost?

204.

(T. 583.)

1. O Holy Ghost, within my soul repeat
Those blessings, which once made this day so great;
Breathe thou upon me with that heav'nly wind,
Which may refresh and purify my mind.

2. Kindle within me, and preserve that fire,
Which may with holy love my breast inspire,
And with an active zeal my mind inflame
To do thy will, to glorify thy name.

3. Furnish me richly both with gifts and grace
To fit me for the duties of my place:
So open thou my lips, my heart so raise,
That both my heart and lips may give thee praise.

4. As in thy temple, keep thou residence
Within my soul, and never part from thence,
Until I'm fitted and prepar'd by thee
Life to exchange for immortality.

205.*

(T. 58.)

1. GOD Holy Ghost, in mercy us preserve,
That we from Jesu's doctrine never swerve,
Guide us, till to finish our race permitted,
To Jesu's presence we shall be admitted,
Have mercy, Lord!

2. O grant us thy divine, thy saving light,
That we may understand Christ's mind aright,
That we may in Jesus abide for ever,
Who gain'd a place in heav'n for each believer,
Have mercy, Lord!

3. Thou Source of love, God Holy Ghost, inspire
Our lifeless souls with love's celestial fire:
May we, as Christ's members, be join'd together
In unity, and truly love each other,
Have mercy, Lord!

4. O thou, our highest comfort in all need,
Grant that we neither shame nor death may dread,
Should we even suffer hard persecution,
O give us grace to stand without confusion.
Have mercy, Lord!

206.

(T. 582.)

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-ceasing love.

3. Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our stubborn hearts reveal
The hidden love of God.

4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

5. If thou, O Comforter!
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience and the law!

6. No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.

7. Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

207.

(T. 580.)

1. DEscend from heav'n, celestial Dove,
With flames of Jesu's dying love
Our lifeless hearts inspire.
Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heav'nly heat,
And set our panting souls on fire.

2. Breathe on these bones so dry and dead,
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad.
Point out the place, where grace abounds:
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

3. Convince us that the Lamb was slain
For us, and to our minds explain
The myst'ry of the cross.
Let us our dear Redeemer see,
And serve and love him fervently;
This be our gain, else all things loss.

208.

(T. 14.)

1. COme, Holy Spirit, on us breathe,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle our love, confirm our faith,
Warm these cold hearts of ours.

2. Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.

3. Thou art the Earnest of his love,
The Pledge of joys to come:
O lead us, that we may above
Obtain our lasting home.

209.

(T. 14.)

1. O Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Descending from above,
Thou fill'st the soul, through Jesu's blood,
With faith, and hope, and love.

2. Thou comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and grief oppress'd.
Thou to the dead dost life impart,
And to the weary, rest.

3. Thy sweet communion charms the soul:
And gives true peace and joy,
Which satan's pow'r can ne'er control,
Nor all his wiles destroy.

4. Let no false comfort lift us up;
To confidence that's vain:
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
Who love the Lamb once slain.

5. Breathe comfort, where distress abounds,
O make our conscience clean.
And heal, with balm from Jesu's wounds,
The fest'ring sores of sin.

6. Vanquish our lusts; our pride remove;
Take out the heart of stone;
Show us the Father's boundless love,
And merits of the Son.

7. The Father sent the Son to die;
The willing Son obey'd;
The witness thou, to ratify
The purchase Christ hath made.

210.*

(T. 22.)

1. TO thee God Holy Ghost we pray,
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,
That thou those gifts on us bestow,
Which from our Saviour's merits flow.

2. Thou gracious Teacher, thee we praise
For thy instruction, pow'r and grace,
To love the Father, who doth own
Us as his children in the Son.

3. Thee of ourselves we could not know,
Till thou, O Lord, didst clearly show
The sin of unbelief to us,
And enmity to Jesu's cross.

4. When this we felt to be our case,
Then Jesu's blood and righteousness
Unto our hearts thou didst reveal,
Imparting thus thy pard'ning seal.

5. Most gracious Comforter, we pray,
O lead us further every day!
Thy unction to us all impart,
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

6. Till we in heav'n shall take our seat,
Instruct us often to repeat:
"Abba, our Father!" and to be
With Christ, in union constantly.

211.*

(T. 58.)

1. THOU Comforter and Guide of Jesu's train,
Who dost thyself her ministers ordain,
Look on us in mercy, grant us thy favor,
Our souls and bodies we devote for ever,
O Lord, to thee.

2. Where'er we look around, both far and near,
The pow'r and glory of the Lord appear,
And such flocks of Jesus are multiplying,
Who only wish to live, themselves denying,
Unto thy praise.

3. O thou life-giving Stream! the earth o'erflow,
Whatever would obstruct thy course, break through,
O most gracious Spirit! hear our petition,
Teach all to turn to Jesus with contrition,
Thy office 'tis.

4. We pray thee, fill us all with Jesu's love,
That we may in his service faithful prove:
Teach us all to deem it the greatest favor,
With humble, contrite hearts to serve our Saviour
Till we shall rest.

5. Unto Christ's congregations in each place,
Grant, 'midst all trials, comfort, peace and grace:
O may all believers, in ev'ry station,
Rejoice in Jesus, and in his salvation,
God Holy Ghost!

212.*

(T. 4.)

1. O Spirit of Grace!
Thy kindness we praise,

In ſhowing to us,
That life and ſalvation proceeds from
Chriſt's croſs.

2. In darkneſs we ſtray'd,
Until we were led
By thee, to believe:
That Jeſus, our Saviour, will ſinners
receive.

3. Our hearts thou didſt cheer,
Diſpelling all fear;
We humbly could claim
Salvation and pardon in Jeſu's dear
name.

4. Grant us to obey
Thy teachings, and pay,
O Spirit of love,
Our thanks for thy mercy, which
richly we prove.

5. We wiſh to afford
To Jeſus, our Lord,
For his bitter pain,
Joy, honor and glory, 'midſt his cho-
ſen train.

6. O therefore impart
Thyſelf to each heart,
That thus we may ſhow,
In all our behaviour, that Jeſus we
know.

7. Grant us to increaſe
In knowledge and grace,
Rejoicing by faith
In Jeſu's atonement, wrought out by
his death.

213.*

(T. 58.)

1. GOD, Holy Spirit, be for ever
bleſt,
That thou to us Chriſt's death doſt
manifeſt,
And of him the Fountain, whence
flows ſalvation,
Doſt ſo diſtinctly give us information,
And light impart.

2. Thanks for revealing to us the
Lamb ſlain,
And that his precious blood were ſhed
in vain,
Had to ſanctify us ought elſe availed,
And could our ſouls have otherwiſe
been healed,
Than by his ſtripes.

3. Chriſt's meritorious ſuff'rings are
the ſum,
And ſole foundation of true Chriſten-
dom,
We enjoy, through mercy, thoſe
comforts bleſſed,
Of which, through thee, believers
are poſſeſſed,
While here on earth.

4. The blood of Chriſt alone can joy
impart,
Can heal, revive and cheer the con-
trite heart;
Therefore ſhow ſtill clearer to us his
merit,
And lead us daily more, God holy
Spirit,
Into all truth.

5. Of Chriſt we'll gladly teſtify each
hour,
Until his kingdom ſhall appear with
pow'r,
Then 'twill be ſeen clearly, how thou
haſt trained
His followers for him, when they've
attained
To bliſs complete.

6. Be thou extoll'd for thy great
faithfulneſs,
Bleſt Comforter, vouchſafe us all that
grace,
To improve thy patience, from ſin
protect us,
And in the narrow way to life direct
us,
Thou heav'nly Guide!

XIII. Of God's Call of Grace to the unconverted Sinner.

214.*

(T. 582.)

1. "COME to me," says the Lord,
"All ye, who are oppress'd,
"Weary and heavy-laden souls,
"And I will give you rest.
2. "Whoe'er to me will come,
"And th' offer'd grace receive,
"Him I in no wise will cast out,
"He shall be mine and live."

215.

(T. 591.)

1. SInner, hear thy Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He hath seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry.
He hath pardon to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.
2. Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face.
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Hath shed his precious blood?
3. Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds!
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!
See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wond'rous virtue flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.
4. Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord hath sworn,
He delights not in thy death;
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.
5. Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs his throne surround.
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found.
Yield not then to unbelief;
While he says: "There yet is room."
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

216.*

(T. 205.)

1. SInners! come, the Saviour see,
Hands, feet, side and temples view;
See him bleeding on the tree,
See his heart is broke for you!
View awhile, then haste away,
Find a thousand more, and say:
Come, ye sinners, come with me,
View him bleeding on the tree.
2. Who would still such mercy grieve?
Sinners! hear instruction mild,
Doubt no more, but now believe,
Each become a simple child;
Artful doubts and reas'nings be
Nail'd with Jesus to the tree;
Mourning souls, who simple are,
Surely shall the blessing share.
3. Through his poverty the poor
May eternal riches gain;
Open'd is heav'n's mercy-door,
None that comes, need come in vain.
Here now freely take who will,
Each poor sinner take his fill;
Rich in grace hereby commence,
Blush no more for indigence.
4. They who search their hearts with care,
And the blame their own confess,
In the Lamb's redemption share,
To his wounds have free access.
Those, who deem'd themselves the chief
Of all sinners, and receive
Full forgiveness, peace and rest,
Pard'ning grace can relish best.

5. Cover'd with a holy ſhame,
Pardon'd ſinners they remain:
Yet their freedom they proclaim,
Their adoption they maintain.
Soon as we begin to ceaſe
Truſting in our righteouſneſs,
Ceaſes the tormenting ſtrife,
All within is peace and life.

217.*

(T. 217.)

1. MY Saviour ſinners doth receive,
Whom, with ſin's galling load oppreſſed,
No man nor angel can relieve,
Who're without hope to be redreſſed;
Who lothe the world and all its ways,
Dread wrath divine, and mourn for grace;
On whom the law pronounces ſentence,
Who're doom'd to hell in their own conſcience,
Such wretched ſinners find reprieve,
Since Jeſus ſinners doth receive.

2. The fondeſt mother cannot have
Towards her darling ſuch affection,
As Jeſus ſhow'd, vile man to ſave,
His love exceedeth our conception.
He left his throne and bleſt abode,
To bear the ſinner's heavy load.
Since he now, through his death and ſuff'ring,
Hath made an all-ſufficient off'ring,
Our debt is paid, and we may live,
Since Jeſus ſinners doth receive.

3. Now is his ſympathizing heart
A refuge for the moſt diſtreſſed;
He freely pardon will impart;
By him their debt is quite eraſed.
His blood, like th' ocean without ground,
Their ſins hath ſwallow'd up and drown'd.
The Holy Ghoſt to them is given,
Who leads them in the path to heaven;
And prompts them always to believe,
That Jeſus ſinners doth receive.

4. By God the Father they're eſteem'd,
When thus preſented by our Saviour,
Heal'd by his wounds, from ſin redeem'd,
They prove the Father's love and favor,
Who owns them as his ſons and heirs,
And all he hath their own declares.
Eternal life they now inherit,
Procur'd for them by Jeſu's merit;
He dwells in them, in him they live,
Since Jeſus ſinners doth receive.

5. Could all his loving heart but ſee,
And know his bowels of compaſſion
To ſinners, ſtraying careleſſly,
Or ſuch, as mourning, ſeek ſalvation.
Him, when on earth 'midſt ſinners trace;
Zaccheus taſtes his ſaving grace.
He comforts Magd'len in affliction,
Regards her tears and deep conviction;
Her ſins, though many, he forgives;
My Saviour ſinners poor receives.

6. Behold how he with Peter dealt,
Though deep his fall, he ſhow'd him favor.
Not only when on earth he dwelt
Was he a ſin-forgiving Saviour;
No, he is ſtill the very ſame,
Juſt, good and merciful his name;
As he was in humiliation,
So is he ſtill in exaltation.
Repenting ſouls, you may believe,
Our Saviour ſinners doth receive.

7. Come, ſinners, come, though vile and baſe;
Returning prodigals he meeteth;
He freely offers them his grace,
Them with a pard'ning kiſs he greeteth.
Why wilt thou ſtand in thy own way?
Why, wilfully, be ſatan's prey?
Wilt thou ſin's drudge remain for for ever,
Though he appear'd thee to deliver?
Do not delay, ſin's ſervice leave,
Since Jeſus ſinners will receive.

8. Come, ye that heavy laden are,
Come weary, void of self-assistance;
Though doubting, ready to despair;
Come but to him without resistance.
Behold his heart, with love replete,
Full of desire the worst to meet;
Long hath he sought for you, though wretched,
You to embrace, his arms outstretched:
O then but come, believe and live;
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

9. Don't say: "I've been a wretch too base,
"Too oft his goodness I have slighted,
"Too often spurned at his grace,
"I, who was gen'rously invited."
Is your repentance now sincere?
Your sorrow genuine? Do not fear,
His pow'r and mercy are unbounded;
None, trusting him, was e'er confounded.
He saves, whom nothing can relieve,
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

10. Perhaps, "'Tis time enough," you'll say,
"God, who is gracious beyond measure,
"The door of grace won't shut to-day;
"I'll first enjoy some carnal pleasure."
No, God forbid! do not despise
Grace, that's now offer'd, if you're wise.
Who slights to-day the invitation,
May ever miss of his salvation.
Come now to Jesus, come and live;
To-day he sinners doth receive.

11. Draw me, a sinner, unto thee,
Thou sinner's Friend, thou gracious Saviour;
Grant I, and all, may ardently
Desire thy pardon, grace and favor.
When sin assails, and gives us smart,
Show us thy wounded loving heart;
May none, who feels sin's condemnation,
Neglect thy gen'rous invitation,
But all experience and believe
That Jesus sinners doth receive!

218.

(T. 22.)

1. COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest.
Not one of you need stay behind,
His gospel calleth to mankind.

2. Come all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye wand'rers, who are seeking rest.
The poor, the maim'd, the halt and blind,
With Christ a hearty welcome find.

3. The message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

4. His love is mighty to compel;
His conqu'ring love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's almighty pow'r,
And strive against your God no more.

5. See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

6. This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day:
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him, who dy'd for all.

219.

(T. 106.)

1. YE sinners, in the gospel trace
The Friend and Saviour of mankind;
Not one of all th' apostate race,
But may in him salvation find.
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
His life and death—that God is love!

2. Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away.
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He dwells within a house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God, is man with men.

3. Behold our God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home:

He all day long ſpreads out his hands,
Come, weary ſouls, to Jeſus come.
Though ye be e'er ſo much oppreſt,
Believe, and he will give you reſt.

4. Ah, do not of his goodneſs doubt,
His ſaving grace for all is free;
He ſaith, "I ne'er will caſt him out,
"Who as a ſinner comes to me;
"I can to none myſelf deny:"
Come, ſinners, come; why will ye die?

220.*

(T. 1.)

1. TEACH us, O Lord, thy croſs's myſtery,
And grant us docile hearts to learn of thee.

2. Thou'rt ſtill as full of love to fallen man,
As when for our redemption thou waſt ſlain.

3. "I thirſt," thou didſt upon the croſs exclaim,
And on thy throne, thy thirſt is ſtill the ſame:

4. Not for the blood of foes, who ſcorn thy love,
But that they may thy pard'ning mercy prove.

5. Thou tak'ſt no pleaſure in the ſinner's death,
But calleſt him to come and live by faith.

6. Thy meſſengers of peace thou ſendſt abroad,
Beſeeching men: "Be reconcil'd to God.

7. "Believe, thou mourning ſinner, that for thee
"The Lord did penance on the croſs's tree,

8. "And thereby triumph'd over ſin and hell,
"And gain'd for thee a right in heav'n to dwell.

9. "And though unborn, though not in perſon there,
"Yet in that act of grace thou hadſt a ſhare.

10. "Therefore muſt ſin lie vanquiſh'd at thy feet,
"Through Jeſus thou ſhalt conſtant victʼry meet."

11. Might all the pow'r of his atonement prove,
And truly know our Saviour's dying love.

12. How pleaſing 'tis a new-born ſoul to view!
How doth its happineſs our own renew!

221.

(T. 585.)

1. COME, ye ſinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore,
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2. Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jeſus Chriſt and buy.

3. Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream:
All the fitneſs he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker proſtrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies:
"It is finiſh'd!"
Sinner, will not this ſuffice?

5. Lo! th' incarnate God aſcended
Pleads the merit of his blood;

Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other truſt intrude.
None but Jeſus
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

6. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb,
While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the ſame.

222.

(T. 205.)

1. SINNERS, hear the joyful news,
God, your Maker, is your friend:
Think not, that his wrath purſues,
That his curſes you attend.
"As I live," Jehovah ſaith,
"I do not deſire your death,
"Rather, rather would I ſee
"Each poor ſinner turn to me."

2. O then turn to him and live,
Turn to him with all your woe.
He is ready to forgive,
Ready, bleſſings to beſtow.
Outſtretch'd ſee his arms of love,
Haſte his tender heart to prove,
Haſte, ye ſinners, you will find
Jeſus caſteth none behind.

223.

(T. 106.)

1. WHERE ſhall my wand'ring ſoul begin?
O how ſhall I to heav'n aſpire?
A ſlave redeem'd from death and ſin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire:
How ſhall I equal triumphs raiſe,
And ſing my great Deliv'rer's praiſe?

2. O how ſhall I the goodneſs tell,
Father, which thou to me haſt ſhow'd,
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
Should be a happy child of God!
Should know, ſhould feel my ſins forgiv'n,
And that I am an heir of heav'n!

3. Outcaſts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
He ſpreads his arms t'embrace you all,
Repenting ſinners he receives.
No need of him the righteous have,
He came the loſt to ſeek and ſave.

4. Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath ſin's pond'rous weight;
He calls you now, invites you home!
Come, quickly, ere it be too late.
Tho' foes proteſt, and friends repine,
He dy'd for crimes like yours and mine.

5. For you the healing current flow'd
From the Redeemer's wounded ſide;
Languiſh'd for you th' eternal God,
For you the Prince of glory dy'd.
Believe, your ſins are all forgiv'n;
Only believe, and yours is heav'n.

224.

(T. 11.)

1. NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſu's name;
Ye, who Jeſu's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2. Ye, who ſee the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to heav'n ye onwards move,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

3. Mourning ſouls, dry up your tears;
Baniſh all your guilty fears;
Jeſus will your guilt remove,
Prompted by redeeming love.

4. Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin;
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop and taſte redeeming love.

5. Welcome all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome all to Jeſus Chriſt,
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6. He ſubdu'd th' infernal pow'rs;
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their curſed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7. Sing, ye ranſom'd, to his praiſe,
Tune your ſongs to grateful lays;
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

225.*

(T. 97.)

SInners, your Maker is your Friend,
O therefore to his call attend.
"Sure as I live," to you he ſaith:
"I ne'er deſire the ſinner's death,
"But that repenting he may turn tome,
"And live for ever." Lord, we come to thee.

XIV. Of Repentance unto Life.

226.*

(T. 132.)

1. LORD Jeſus Chriſt, my ſov'reign Good,
Thou Fountain of ſalvation!
Behold how ſin's moſt dreadful load
Fills me with condemnation.
My ſins, indeed, are numberleſs;
O Lord, regard my deep diſtreſs,
Relieve my guilty conſcience.

2. In pity look upon my need,
Remove thou my oppreſſion;
Since thou haſt ſuffer'd in my ſtead,
And paid for my tranſgreſſion;
That I mayn't yield to dark deſpair,
Nor live in conſtant dread and fear
Of death and condemnation.

3. When I review my miſ-ſpent days
I feel a heavy burthen,
Reflecting on my treſpaſſes
I ſcarce could hope for pardon;
But ſhould be hopeleſs and forlorn,
Uncertain where for help to turn,
If I had not thy promiſe.

4. But thy reviving goſpel-word,
Which leads me to ſalvation,
Doth joy unſpeakable afford,
And lailing conſolation.
For there I read, thou'lt not diſdain
A broken heart, replete with pain,
That turns to thee, O Jeſus.

5. Me, heavy-laden ſinner, hear,
Who make 'fore thee confeſſion;
To my complaints now lend an ear,
Regard my ſupplication.
My longing is: O waſh me clean
From ev'ry ſpot and ſtain of ſin,
Like David or Manaſſeh.

6. Lord, I approach thy mercy-ſeat,
And pray thee to forgive me;
With contrite heart I thee intreat,
Show pity and receive me.
Caſt all my ſins and treſpaſſes
Into the ocean of thy grace,
And them no more remember.

7. O, for thy name's ſake, let me prove
Thy mercy, gracious Saviour:
Theyoke,which galls me,ſoon remove,
Reſtore me to thy favor.
Thy love ſhed in my heart abroad,
That I may live to thee, my God,
And yield thee true obedience.

8. Thy joyful Spirit give me pow'r,
Thy ſtripes heal my diſeaſes,
Apply thy blood this very hour
To ſave me, deareſt Jeſus;
Then to thy promis'd reſt me bring,
That with the ranſom'd I may ſing
Thy praiſe above for ever.

227.

(T. 582.)

1. O Lord, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
How can I venture to draw nigh
With ſuch a load of ſin?

2. Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in ev'ry part,
What evils do I see!

3. If I attempt to pray,
And lisp thy holy name,
My thoughts are hurry'd soon away,
I know not where I am.

4. If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
It is to me a sealed book,
I no relief can find.

5. Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain,
Without desire, or love, or fear,
I like a stone remain.

6. Myself can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine:
How hateful must it then appear
To those pure eyes of thine!

7. And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope, that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

8. That blood, which thou hast spilt,
That grace, which is thy own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone.

9. Low at thy feet I bow,
O pity and forgive:
Here will I lie and wait, till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

228.*

(T. 123.)

1. O LORD, afford me light,
I'm straying still in darkness,
And know myself not right.
This I perceive, alas!
Though I'm not what I was,
Yet what I ought to be
I find not yet in me.

2. I know 'tis not the same
To be a real Christian,
Or only one in name:
To him alone is due
That name, who doth subdue
His lust, through Jesu's pow'r,
And lives to self no more.

3. Ah, my defect lies here—
My love to thee, my Saviour,
Is not as yet sincere;
Hence grief doth me corrode,
I'm to myself a load,
I'm not inclin'd to part
With things, that cause me smart.

4. Resolve, my stubborn breast!
I must sincerely venture,
Else I shall find no rest.
If I but bid adieu
To ev'ry fleshly view,
And cleave to Christ alone,
The work at once is done.

5. Vile worm! shouldst thou refuse
To Christ to be devoted,
Who dy'd upon the cross
To save thee by his death,
Who gave thee life and breath;
Who Christ hath for his friend,
His bliss will never end.

6. The language of true faith
Is this: "Lord, my Redeemer,
"O, by thy blood and death,
"Be thou my help and shield,
"To thee myself I yield.
"I'm thine, and thine I'll be
"To all eternity.

7. "Do what thou wilt with me,
"If I am but prepared
"A vessel fit for thee;
"To live unto thy praise,
"Cloath'd in thy righteousness,
"And sanctify'd by grace,
"Then happy is my case."

229.

(T. 11.)

1. HEAR, O Jesus, my complaints,
Known to thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

2. Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim:
With an eye of love look down,
Help, Lord, help me very soon.

3. Break, O break this heart of ſtone;
Form it for thy uſe alone;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

4. This be my ſupport in need,
That thou didſt ſo freely bleed:
Hence my joys and hopes ariſe
From thy bloody ſacrifice.

5. This confirms me, when I'm weak,
Comforts me, when I am ſick,
Gives me courage, when I faint,
Well ſupplies my ev'ry want.

6. Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exerciſe thy Shepherd's care;
Guard my weakneſs by thy grace,
Let me feel a conſtant peace.

230.

(T. 96.)

1. THE Lord deſcended from above,
Our loſs of Eden to retrieve:
Great God of univerſal love,
If all the world in thee may live,
In me a quick'ning ſpirit be,
And witneſs thou haſt dy'd for me.

2. Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
By all thy pain and agony,
Thy bloody ſweat, thy grief and ſhame,
Thy croſs and paſſion on the tree,
Thy meritorious death, I pray,
Take all, take all my ſins away.

3. I'll be like Magd'len at thy feet,
And humbly bathe them with my tears;
The hiſt'ry of thy love repeat
In ev'ry drooping ſinner's ears;
That all may hear the joyful ſound,
That I, ev'n I, have mercy found.

4. O let thy love my heart conſtrain,
Thy love for ev'ry ſinner free,
That ev'ry fallen ſoul of man
May taſte the grace beſtow'd on me,
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy ſov'reign, everlaſting love.

231.*

(T. 132.)

1. OUT of the deep I cry to thee,
My God, with hearts contrition,
Bow down thine ear in grace to me,
And hear thou my petition;
For if in judgment thou wilt try
Man's ſin, and deep iniquity,
Ah, who can ſtand before thee?

2. T' obtain remiſſion of our ſin,
No work of ours availeth;
We're helpleſs, guilty and unclean,
Unleſs God's grace prevaileth;
We're midſt our faireſt actions loſt,
And none 'fore him of ought can boaſt,
We live alone, through mercy.

3. Therefore my hope is in God's grace,
And not in my own merit;
On him my confidence I'll place,
Inſtructed by his Spirit.
His precious word hath promis'd me,
That he'll my joy and comfort be;
Thereon is my reliance.

4. Tho' ſin with us doth much abound,
Yet grace ſtill more aboundeth:
Sufficient help in him is found,
Where ſin moſt deeply woundeth.
He the good Shepherd is indeed,
Who his loſt ſheep doth ſeek and lead
With tender love and pity.

232.

(T. 14.)

1. THE miſt before my eyes remov'd
With wonder ſtruck I ſee,
Dear Lord, the black, the num'rous crimes,
By which I've grieved thee.

2. Theſe were the unrelenting foes,
Which made thee groan and cry;
Which made thee ſhed thy precious blood,
And bow thine head, and die.

3. Thy love hath thaw'd my frozen heart,
And caus'd my tears to flow;
I now abhor that monſter ſin,
And ſaid he is my foe.

4. I trust my guilt was done away
By my incarnate God,
Who felt, t' atone for man's offence,
The sin-avenging rod.

233.

(T. 205.)

1. LONG I strove my God to love,
Long I strove his laws to keep,
Fain would fix my thoughts above,
Faintly hop'd I was his sheep:
But my striving all prov'd vain,
Still I found my heart in pain,
Yet ne'er all my vileness saw,
Till declar'd accurs'd by law.

2. Then with sense of guilt oppress'd,
All my soul was sunk in fear,
Pain and anguish fill'd my breast;
Then did Jesus Christ appear.
Not with vengeance in his eyes,
No, but as a sacrifice
Acceptable unto God,
Glorious off'ring, precious blood!

3. He was offer'd on the tree,
Jesus the unspotted Lamb:
Worthy truth, great mystery!
By his blood salvation came.
By his stripes my wounds are heal'd,
By his death, God's love reveal'd;
We, once strangers far from God,
Are brought nigh by Jesu's blood.

234.

(T. 14.)

1. THE Lord first empties whom he fills,
Casts down whom he would raise;
He quickens, when the letter kills,
Exalting thus his praise.

2. All fears and terrors, when he smiles,
At once must disappear;
The bruis'd and wounded heart he heals,
And feeds with heav'nly cheer.

3. When he applies his healing blood
Unto a sin-sick soul;
This balsam pow'rful, precious, good,
Ne'er fails to make her whole.

4. Salvation from his pierced heart,
Broke forth like pent-up fire;
Now freely he'll to each impart,
Nor pay nor price require.

5. He freely laid his majesty,
And all his glory by,
That our wants, thro' his poverty,
He richly might supply.

6 He's full of grace and truth indeed,
Of peace, of life and light.
To all, that helpless sinners need,
He gives thy soul a right.

7. Tho' heav'n's his throne, he came from thence
To seek and save the lost;
Whate'er might be the vast expence,
His love would bear the cost.

8. On us he spent his life and blood,
Our losses to retrieve:
Mankind's redemption now holds good
For sinners, who believe.

235.*

(T. 75.)

1. O Whither shall I fly?
Depress'd with misery.
Who is it that can ease me,
Or from my sins release me?
Man's help I vain have proved,
Sin's load remains unmoved.

2. O Jesus, Source of grace!
I seek thy loving face,
Upon thy invitation,
With deep humiliation.
O let thy blood me cover,
And wash my soul all over.

3. I thy unworthy child,
Corrupt throughout and spoil'd,
Beseech thee to relieve me,
And graciously forgive me
My sins, which much abounded,
And have my soul confounded.

4. Through thy so spotless blood,
That precious healing flood,
Purge off all sin and sadness,
And fill my heart with gladness;
Lord, hear thou my confession,
And blot out my transgression.

5. Thou ſhalt my comfort be,
Since thou haſt dy'd for me:
I am by thee acquitted
From all I e'er committed;
My ſins by thee were carry'd,
And in thy tomb interred.

6. I know my poverty;
But ne'ertheleſs for me
Are all good gifts procured,
Since Jeſus death endured:
Thus ſtrengthen'd I may baniſh
All fears, my foes muſt vaniſh.

7. Chriſt, thy atoning blood,
The ſinner's higheſt good,
Is pow'rful to deliver,
And free the ſoul for ever,
From all claim of the devil,
And cleanſe us from all evil.

8. Lord Jeſus Chriſt! in thee
I truſt eternally:
I know I ſhall not periſh,
But in thy kingdom flouriſh;
For ſince thou'ſt death ſuſtained,
Life is for me obtained.

9. Lord, ſtrengthen thou my heart,
To me ſuch grace impart,
That nought, which may await me,
From thee may ſeparate me;
Let me, with thee, my Saviour,
United be for ever.

236.*

(T. 66.)

1. BE not diſmay'd–in time of need,
Thy Saviour knows thy irkſome ſituation,
His heart is mild,–with pity fill'd,
Can't ſee thy grief without commiſſeration.

2. To Chriſt draw nigh,—for help apply,
He will pour out on thee the oil of gladneſs;
He feels and knows–thy griefs and woes,
Will turn to joy and comfort all thy ſadneſs.

237.*

(T. 36.)

1. LORD Jeſus Chriſt, if thou wert not my Saviour,
Were not thy blood ſtill pleading in my favor,
Where ſhould I, pooreſt among all the needy,
Find ſuccour ready?

2. What ſhould I do, who am ſo vile by nature,
Did I not know thy love to ev'ry creature?
But thou my Refuge art, my Conſolation,
And whole Salvation.

238.*

(T. 14.)

1. IN thee, O Chriſt, is all my hope,
My comfort's all in thee,
Whilſt I'm aſſur'd thy mercy's nigh,
And that thou ſtand'ſt by me.

2. Me, nor the ſaints on earth can help,
Nor angels near thy throne;
To thee I run, thy help to find,
In thee I truſt alone.

3. I feel the load of ſin ſo vaſt,
It ſinks me to the grave:
But let thy blood waſh out my ſins,
Since me thou cam'ſt to ſave.

4. Cloath'd in thy righteouſneſs divine
O may I ſee thy face,
Receive the promiſe from above,
That I'm reſtor'd by grace.

5. On me, thyhelpleſs worm, O Lord,
A living faith beſtow;
That I thy mercy, truth and love,
May by experience know.

239.

(T. 11.)

1. OPEN'D fount on Calvary!
Wounded, lo I fly to thee;
In thy blood, my bath I've found,
This alone can heal my wound.

2. Streams to quench my tort'ring thirſt
From the rock of ages burſt:
Blood ſo precious, ſhed for me,
Thirſty, lo, I fly to thee.

3. Bleſs my ſoul, this ſacred flood,
Jeſus ſhed for thee his blood;
Execrable wretch, for thee
Bleeding hung he on the tree.

4. Hearts of ſtone! relent and ſee
Jeſus hanging on the tree:
See a ſpear transfix his ſide,
Thankful view the crimſon tide.

5. Will ye then ſo hard remain?
Shall he ſhed his blood in vain?
Quickly to your God apply,
He'll no needful good deny.

6. Sweetly thus he calls, "Who will
"Come to me, and drink his fill.
"Come, ye ſinners, drink, and live;
"Freely take, I freely give."

7. Lord, who would not fly to thee?
Who not viſit Calvary?
Chief of bleſſings, good divine,
Be for ever, ever mine.

XV. OF FAITH.

240.

(T. 22.)

1. FAITH comes by hearing God's record
Concerning Jeſus Chriſt the Lord;
The happy means, which heav'n hath bleſt
To bring us to the goſpel-reſt.

2. The joyful ſound is news of grace,
Redemption of a fallen race,
Thro' Jeſu's righteouſneſs divine,
Which bright from faith to faith doth ſhine.

3. The promiſe of immortal bliſs
We have in Chriſt our Righteouſneſs;
By this our righteouſneſs is bought,
Faith pleads that right, but buys it not.

4. True faith receives the offer'd good,
And promiſe ſeal'd with Jeſu's blood.
Faith gives no title to the bliſs,
But takes the Saviour's righteouſneſs.

5. In the Redeemer, as my Head,
The cov'nant is eſtabliſhed:
In him the promiſes are Yea,
In him Amen, and not in me.

241.

(T. 14.)

1. HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded ſouls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are ſuch.

2. Our faith is feeble, we confeſs,
We faintly truſt thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the leſs?
Be that far from thee, Lord.

3. Remember him, who once apply'd
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe, with tears, he cry'd,
"O help my unbelief."

4. She too, who touch'd thee in the preſs,
And healing virtue ſtole,
Was anſwer'd: "Daughter, go in peace,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5. Conceal'd amidſt the gath'ring throng,
She would have ſhunn'd thine eyes;
And if her faith was firm and ſtrong,
Strong were her doubts likewiſe.

6. Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch thee, if we may;
Oh ſend us not deſpairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

242.

(T. 14.)

1. MISTAKEN ſouls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boaſt

Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2. Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living Head.

3. 'Tis faith, that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4. 'Tis faith, that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5. True faith obeys its Author's will,
As well as trusts his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6. When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7. His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus, and his salvation came
By water and by blood.

243.*

(T. 96.)

1. NOW I have found the ground, wherein,
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
Ev'n Christ, who to atone for sin,
Was as a spotless victim slain,
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

2. O Lord, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thoughts surpasses far;
Thou show'st maternal tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Thy heart o'er sinners can't but break,
Whether thy grace they slight or take,

3. God in man's death takes no delight,
Each soul may grace and life obtain,
In him, who left his glory bright,
Took flesh, liv'd, dy'd, and rose again:
And now he knocks times numberless
At our heart's door, and offers grace.

4. O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee:
Cover'd is my unrighteousness;
From condemnation now I'm free:
Since Jesu's blood, thro' earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy cries.

5. With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest.
Hither, when sin assails, I flee,
And lean by faith on Jesu's breast.
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,
For mercy I can freely share.

6. Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead;
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies,
Jesus, thy mercy never dies.

7. Fix'd on this ground may I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

244.*

(T. 183.)

1. O Jesus, 'fore whose radiation,
The seraphim must cover'd stand,
When, in their awful ministration,
They wait for thy supreme command:
How can the body's eyes, dim-sighted,
Endure thy glorious light to see,
When by sin's gloomy misery,
And shadows dull, they are benighted.

2. Yet let by faith my penetration
Reach ev'n within the sanctuary;
Thy mercy be my consolation,
May this uphold and strengthen me.
Reach unto me thy sceptre gracious,
Who low, like Esther, 'fore thee bow,
And fain my thankfulness would show,
Say, "I will be to thee propitious."

3. O Jesus, show thy great compassion
Unto the soul that pants for thee;
Hear thou my humble supplication,
My God, be merciful to me:
I know thou art with pity filled
To sinners who thy mercy crave,
Thy blood was shed our souls to save,
Thereby thou hast our pardon sealed.

4. I recommend myself for ever
To thee, with filial confidence;
I pray: O Lord, regard in favor
My tears, and humble penitence;
I through thy death am justified,
No condemnation is in me;
And if I'm reconcil'd to thee,
I shall remain to thee allied.

5. O let thy Spirit still attend me,
Nor from my soul withdraw his light,
Protect, and graciously defend me,
And order all my steps aright;
That I may, without variation,
In true obedience walk thy ways,
And, while I run this mortal race,
Suit to thy will my conversation.

6. Give me the armor of the Spirit,
Support me with thy pow'rful aid,
Then bold in faith, I need not fear it,
When hostile pow'rs would me invade.
Thus will thy kingdom, mighty Saviour,
In which true righteousness is seen,
And grace and truth forever reign,
Be further'd by my poor endeavor.

7. O yes, above all else I'll love thee;
My heart, tho' worthless, be thine own;
Could infinite compassion move thee
To leave for me thy heav'nly throne?
Then let my heart be dedicated
To thee, and fix thy residence
Therein, until I'm called hence,
And to eternal bliss translated.

8. Lord, whilst my faith to thee ascendeth,
O may thy grace descend to me;
Thou art my joy which never endeth,
I pray replenish me with thee.
I'll fear, respect, and love thee longer
Than while my heart its pulse repeats,
For when no more it throbs and beats,
My love's flame shall break forth still stronger.

245.

(T. 14.)

1. HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail!
Thou Author of our faith,
The Finisher of all our hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

2. Hail, First and Last, thou great I AM!
In whom we live and move;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.

3. O let that faith, which thou hast taught,
Be treasur'd in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4. Then shall we go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From one degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

246*.

(T. 37.)

1. THough ev'ry child of God
Is a new creature,
Yet do they feel the load
Of sinful nature;
Which, if by faith we cleave
To Christ our Saviour,
Can, though it cause us grief,
Condemn us never.

2. He's merciful and kind
Past all expression,
If we are but inclin'd
To make confession
Of all our sinfulness,
His great compassion
Prompts him to grant us peace,
And consolation.

3. He grants us, for our tears,
His oil of gladness,
Delivers, heals and cheers,
Dispels our sadness,

Nay, though our bodies die,
His resurrection
Proves they shall certainly
Rise to perfection.

4. My portion is the Lord,
I seek his favor;
And in his name and word
Confide for ever.
Nought in the world to me
Can yield such pleasure,
As to be found in thee,
O Christ, my Treasure.

5. Therefore I'll humbly cleave
To my Creator,
Who, that my soul might live,
Assum'd my nature;
Redeem'd me by his blood,
And bitter passion;
Thanks to the Lamb of God
For my salvation.

247.*

(T. 583.)

1. O What a depth of love and boundless grace
The gospel light to sinful men displays,
When Christ himself to us doth manifest,
And we in him find comfort, peace and rest.

2. When in the soul this blessed truth resounds,
That in Christ's suff'rings life and grace abounds;
O, how doth this refresh the fainting heart,
And bid all anxious doubts and fears depart.

3. For such poor creatures, who of nought can boast,
Who think they're irrecoverably lost,
Who groan beneath sin's heavy galling load,
The Lamb of God hath shed his precious blood.

4. Virtue goes forth from him, he gives us grace
With confidence his Father to address,
And then we boldly may to all declare,
That we, thro' faith in Christ, God's children are.

248.*

(T. 11.)

1. LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thy communion live,
Cry by day and night to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

2. Fix, O fix our wav'ring mind,
To thy cross our spirits bind:
Gladly now we would be clean;
Cleanse our hearts from ev'ry sin.

3. Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4. Sinners who in thee believe,
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pard'ning grace.

5. When thy glorious light we see,
Jesus, we're athirst for thee;
When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
We're enkindled by thy love.

6. Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine;
Never-ceasing praise be giv'n
Unto thee in earth and heav'n.

249.

(T. 96.)

1. FROM life and grace, this we are bold
Before an erring world t' assert,
Nothing one moment doth withhold
A man, but his unwilling heart:
In our dear Lord there's no delay,
Fix'd is his will, and plain his way.

2. Should any soul of serious frame,
That long hath seem'd to seek his face,
His tedious tasks and trials name,
Preparatory steps of grace;
We say, "No, Christ requires them not,
"And this fine web a false heart wrought."

3. Should any think, he's ſo hemm'd in
With ſin, as to be paſt relief,
Alas! he knows not, that no ſin
Binds down his ſoul, but unbelief:
If to the croſs we lift our eye,
Then ſin and ſatan ſoon muſt fly.

4. Ready our Saviour is indeed,
His glorious work in all to do;
To ev'ry one it muſt be ſaid:
"Thou hadſt been happy long ago,
"Hadſt thou in faith caſt all thy care
"On Jeſus Chriſt, who heareth pray'r."

250.*

(T. 184.)

1. WHEN riſing winds, and rain deſcending,
A near approaching ſtorm declare,
With ſpeed their little wings extending,
The birds to hollow trees repair;
Thus I, in faith, with ſin oppreſſed,
My refuge take, O Chriſt, to thee,
Thy wounds, my hiding-place moſt bleſſed,
From ev'ry evil ſhelter me.

251.

(T. 22.)

1. BY various maxims, forms and rules,
That paſs for wiſdom in the ſchools,
I ſtrove my paſſion to reſtrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2. But ſince my Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one;
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view,
This ſtrength ſupplies, and motives too.

3. I ſee him lead a ſuff'ring life,
Patient, amidſt reproach and ſtrife;
And from his pattern courage take
To bear and ſuffer for his ſake.

4. Upon the croſs I ſee him bleed,
And by the ſight from guilt am freed;
This ſight deſtroys the life of ſin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5. To look to Jeſus as he roſe
Confirms my faith, diſarms my foes;
Satan I ſhame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6. Exalted on his glorious throne,
I ſee him make my cauſe his own;
Then all my anxious cares ſubſide,
For Jeſus lives, and will provide.

7. I ſee him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conq'ror's crown;
If preſs'd with griefs and cares before,
My ſoul revives, nor aſks for more.

8. By faith I ſee the hour at hand
When in his preſence I ſhall ſtand;
Then it will be my endleſs bliſs,
To ſee him where, and as he is.

XVI. Of the FORGIVENESS of SINS.

252.*

(T. 590.)

1. GRACE! grace! O that's a welcome ſound!
A joyful ſound to all,
Who've clearly ſeen, and deeply felt
The mis'ry of the fall:
Who've rightly known the wretched ſtate
Of ſinners void of grace,
Ere Chriſt ſelects them to enjoy
In heav'nly realms a place.

2. Grace! how exceeding great to thoſe
Who're weeping in deſpair;
Sunk and diſtreſt, they truly know
How vile and weak they are!
Yet grace, free grace, moſt ſweetly calls,
"Directly come, who will,
"Juſt as you are, for Chriſt receives
"Poor helpleſs ſinners ſtill."

3. All we, who now are his, were firſt
Deeply convinc'd of ſin;
Each felt the plague of his own heart
The leproſy within.

Then life and righteouſneſs divine,
Through faith, to us were giv'n;
Thus we a happy people are,
Joint-heirs with Chriſt of heav'n.

4. Now, deareſt Lord, we inly pray,
That in thy ſervice we
May active, true and faithful prove,
Deriving ſtrength from thee:
O may we ſtill in thee abide;
For babes we are moſt weak,
Poor ſinners ſtill, who without thee,
Can nought think, act, or ſpeak.

5. We thirſt, O Lord; give us this day,
To taſte more of this grace,
More of that ſtream, which from the rock,
Flow'd through the wilderneſs.
'Tis grace alone that feeds our ſouls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And O! that nothing but thy grace
May rule us evermore!

253.*
(T. 58.)

1. THE more forgiveneſs thou doſt afford,
The more thou'rt loved, moſt gracious Lord:
All of us are ſinners, in a large meaſure,
Therefore, O grant us the grace and pleaſure
To love thee much.

2. How merciful art thou, O God of love!
How doth each needy ſoul thy comforts prove!
Who to thee can render due compenſation?
In heav'n and earth thy mercy and compaſſion
Unequal'd are.

254.*
(T. 97.)

1. JESUS, our glorious Head and Lord,
In whom we truſt with one accord,
The worth of thy electing grace,
May we in thy atonement trace;
As our kind Shepherd feed us conſtantly,
And may we as thy ſheep be own'd by thee.

2. The doctrine of Chriſt's blood and death,
Imparting life to us through faith,
A myſt'ry is, which is reveal'd
To babes, but from the wiſe conceal'd;
And thereby Jeſu's flock on earth is known;
Of this the ranſom'd ſing before God's throne.

3. While human nature doth exiſt,
While Jeſus reigns as Lord and Chriſt,
So long of the whole goſpel this
From firſt to laſt the ſubſtance is;
This all who're taught of God can teſtify:
(Tho' ſome God's pow'r and wiſdom would deny).

4. Should any from his infancy
Unblameable and virtuous be,
And ſcarcely ever have been try'd
By any av'rice, luſt, or pride,
And therefore think, "I am a child of God,"
He's deaf and blind, and quite miſtakes the road.

5. All thoſe who thro' a beam of light
Can ſee and own they are not right,
But enter on a legal ſtrife,
Amend their former courſe of life,
And toil and labor hard from day to day,
Such alſo miſs to happineſs the way.

6. But ſinners who, with pungent ſmart,
Bewail the vileneſs of their heart,
Mourning, becauſe of unbelief,
Of ſinners deem themſelves the chief,
Deſpairing of their ſelf-made righteouſneſs,
They may depend on Jeſu's ſaving grace.

7. To them he ſays, "Ariſe and live,
"I freely all thy ſins forgive,
"I have redeem'd thee, thou art mine,
"Thyſelf in faith to me reſign;

"Obey my voice, and walk in all my ways,
"I'll grant to thee in heav'nly realms a place."

8. His Holy Spirit we receive,
And on our Saviour's word believe;
We truſt in his atoning death,
As the foundation of our faith,
And in his robe of righteouſneſs array'd,
We're midſt his choſen richly comforted.

9. The humble ſinner's ſhame we feel,
And pow'r divine to do God's will,
Theſe are combin'd in ev'ry heart
That in Chriſt's merits hath a part;
No more, for want of ſtrength, good motions die,
Since Jeſus gives us conſtant victory.

10. We reſt in Chriſt, and yet deſire,
Becauſe his love our hearts doth fire,
To ſerve his cauſe with all our might,
And deem our Saviour's burthen light;
Don't we ſucceed, we think ourſelves to blame,
And if we do, we praiſe his holy name.

11. Should ſelf-complacency take place,
When we review our faithfulneſs,
We're ſoon with inward ſhame bow'd down,
Forget ourſelves, and freely own
That Jeſus works in us whate'er is good,
And thank him for the pow'r he hath beſtow'd.

12. Grace is the only wiſh and pray'r,
Of all thoſe who God's children are,
They meditate by night and day,
How they their tribute juſt may pay,
To Jeſus, who redeem'd us by his death;
And grace unmerited ſupports their faith.

255.*

(T. 234.)

1. BEFORE converſion of the heart,
Man is a ſpoil'd and wretched creature,
We are corrupt in ev'ry part,
Children of wrath, and dead by nature;
But ſince God ſent his only Son,
That we thro' him might live forever,
And when our fall we freely own,
We may find pardon, peace and favor,
It follows that Chriſt is
Our only righteouſneſs;
We all are under condemnation
Until we humbly claim
Forgiveneſs in his name,
On him relying for ſalvation.

2. Th' almighty Word, the Son of God
Our feeble fleſh and blood aſſumed,
Bore wrath divine, and felt the rod
For ſinners to deſtruction doomed;
By ſhedding thus his precious blood,
He for the ſins of all atoned:
Thoſe who receive him are to God
Brought nigh, and as his children owned.
Since on th' accurſed croſs
He bled and dy'd for us;
Whoever freely makes confeſſion
Of all his ſins and crimes,
Turning to him betimes,
Obtains eternal conſolation.

3. Thanks be to thee, thou ſlaughter'd Lamb,
For thy eternal love and favor,
We, ſinful worms, with humble ſhame
Acknowledge thee our only Saviour;
For us thy ſoul was ſore diſmay'd,
For us thy body was tormented,
For us thou bow'dſt thy ſacred head,
Thus by thy death death's power ended:
Now fix our hearts and eyes
On this thy ſacrifice;
O, that we may forget it never!
But be it always clear,
God did in Chriſt appear,
From judgment us to free for ever.

256.

(T. 96.)

1. LOrd, might my heart this very hour
Be filled with thy grace and love,

Such heav'nly comfort, joy, and pow'r,
I humbly beg this day to prove:
Grant that I ever may remain
Faithful, till laſting bliſs I gain.

2. O thou who pardon canſt impart,
Thy pard'ning grace I wiſh to feel;
Give life unto my lifeleſs heart,
And my diſeaſes kindly heal:
Hear, Jeſus, hear my feeble moan,
And me as thine in mercy own.

3. Vain are all other helps beſide,
Such favors only from thee flow;
Other phyſicians have I try'd,
Yet only worſe and worſe I grow:
Give me by faith on thee to lean,
And ſay unto me, "Be thou clean."

257.

(T. 14.)

1. IN evil long I took delight
Unaw'd by ſhame or fear,
Till a new object ſtruck my ſight,
And ſtopp'd my wild career.

2. I ſaw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his croſs I ſtood.

3. Sure, never, till my lateſt breath,
Can I forget that look;
It ſeem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he ſpoke.

4. My conſcience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in deſpair;
I ſaw my ſins his blood had ſpilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5. Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where ſhall my trembling ſoul be hid?
For I the Lord have ſlain.

6. A ſecond look he gave, which ſaid,
"I freely all forgive;
"This blood is for thy ranſom paid,
"I die, that thou may'ſt live."

7. Thus, while his death my ſin diſplays,
In all its blackeſt hue;
(Such is the myſtery of grace)
It ſeals my pardon too.

8. With pleaſing grief and mournful joy,
My ſpirit now is fill'd,
That I ſhould ſuch a life deſtroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

258.

(T. 22.)

1. THE one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary choſe with all her heart,
I would purſue with heart and mind,
And ſeek unweary'd till I find.

2. But O, I'm blind and ignorant,
The Spirit of the Lord I want,
To guide me in the narrow road
That leads to happineſs and God.

3. My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may underſtand aright
The glorious goſpel-myſtery,
Which ſhows the way to heav'n and thee,

4. Hidden in Chriſt the treaſure lies,
That goodly pearl of ſo great price;
No other way but Chriſt there is
To endleſs happineſs and bliſs.

5. O Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord and God,
Who haſt redeem'd me by thy blood;
By faith unite my heart to thee,
That we may never parted be.

259.

(T. 96.)

1. O Can it be, that I ſhould gain
An int'reſt in the Saviour's blood?
Dy'd he for me, who caus'd his pain?
For me, to make my peace with God?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Jeſus deign'd to die for me?

2. 'Tis myſt'ry all; th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his vaſt deſign?
In vain the higheſt ſeraph tries
To ſound the depths of love divine:
When this became my only plea
He freely pardon'd ſinful me.

3. He left his Father's throne above,
(So free, ſo infinite his grace;)
Compell'd by everlaſting love,
He bled for Adam's helpleſs race;
'Tis mercy all, immenſe and free,
I know that Jeſus ſaved me.

4. Long my impriſon'd ſpirit lay
Faſt bound in ſin and nature's night,
His eyes diffus'd a quick'ning ray.
I 'woke, the dungeon flam'd with light,
My chains fell off immediately,
I roſe, went forth, my heart was free.

5. No condemnation now I dread,
Jeſus and all in him is mine:
Alive in him, my living Head,
And cloath'd in righteouſneſs divine,
Now humbly I approach the throne,
And claim the crown thro' Chriſt my own.

260*

(T. 14.)

1. WHAT joy or honor could we have,
We all unclean and baſe,
If not the holy Lamb of God
Our joy and honor was.

2. Of nothing we have ever done,
To boaſt can we deſire,
When he to judge us ſhall appear,
Whoſe eyes are flames of fire.

3. None is ſo holy, pure and juſt,
So perfected in love,
That his beſt plea, or ſelf-defence,
Of any weight could prove.

4. Nor is there any other way
Into the holy place,
But Chriſt who took away our ſins,
His blood and righteouſneſs.

5. To him poor ſinners may appeal
With all their miſery,
The angels joy to ſee them come,
Chriſt calleth, "Come to me."

6. Happy the ſouls who contrite are,
Them Jeſus doth invite,
And gives to everlaſting bliſs
A never failing right.

7. Tho' comforted they ſtill diſtruſt
Their own untoward heart,
And wonder that the Lord to them
Such mercy could impart.

8. To world and ſin they bid adieu,
His pardon daily prove,
Deſiring larger draughts to drink
Of Jeſu's dying love.

9. When thus the bleſſings of his blood
And merits we enjoy,
Yea, from the fulneſs of his grace,
Take daily freſh ſupply;

10. Then we with pity look on thoſe
Who ſtill in darkneſs are,
Inviting them to turn to Chriſt,
And in his mercy ſhare.

11. For we, thro' grace, are taught to think
Each ſinner that we ſee,
May pardon, thro' Chriſt's precious blood,
Obtain, as well as we.

12. For Jeſu's pardon, love and grace,
Produce a humble ſhame,
And prompts our hearts with thankfulneſs,
His goodneſs to proclaim.

261*.

(T. 22.)

1. THE Saviour's blood and righteouſneſs,
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
Thus well array'd, I need not fear,
When in his preſence I appear.

2. The holy, ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
Who freely gave his life and blood,
For all my num'rous ſins t'atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

3. In him I truſt for evermore,
He has expung'd the dreadful ſcore
Of all my guilt: which done away,
I need not fear the judgment day.

4. Therefore my Saviour's blood and death
Is here the ſubſtance of my faith;
And ſhall remain, when called hence,
My only hope and confidence.

5. For should I e'er so faithful prove,
And serve the Lord with zeal and love,
And spend my life for him I serve,
Nor e'er from his commandments swerve;

6. Yet when my Saviour I shall see,
This, this shall prove my only plea:
"Accept a sinner, void of good,
"Whom thou'lt redeemed by thy blood."

7. Thus Abraham was sav'd by grace,
Believing in Christ's righteousness;
And all the num'rous ransom'd host
Make Jesu's blood their only boast.

8. They sing: "All glory doth pertain
"Unto the Lamb, for he was slain;
"And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
"And made us kings and priests to God."

9. Whilst in the body I remain,
This doctrine only, I'll maintain;
And both in word and deed proclaim
The pow'r of Jesu's saving name.

10. I'll praise him to eternity,
Since he vouchsaf'd a man to be,
And made himself a sacrifice,
Paying for all a ransom price.

11. O King of glory, Christ the Lord!
God's only Son; eternal Word!
Might all the world thy mercy prove,
Believe thy pow'r, and taste thy love.

12. Thy incarnation, wounds and death,
My hope remain while here I breathe,
Till I shall see thee face to face,
Adorned with thy righteousness.

XVII. Of the Surrender of the Heart to Jesus.

262.*

(T. 376.)

1. "MY son, give me thy heart:" thus saith the Lord,
"Give me thy heart, and listen to my word,
"Observe my ways,
"Walk in the path of grace,
"In following my direction
"I'll grant thee my protection."

2. 'Tis only this which Christ of us desires,
He to promote our welfare this requires,
How blest are they
Who Jesu's voice obey,
And give their hearts for ever
To him our God and Saviour.

263.*

(T. 582.)

1. UNTO the Lamb of God,
Who to retrieve my loss,
Became a man and dy'd for me,
Upon th' accursed cross.
Unto the Prince of life,
Who felt such racking pain,
While he the vengeance due to me
Did willingly sustain.

2. To him I wholly give
Myself this day anew,
As his reward so dearly gain'd,
His spoil and purchase due;
That with me he may do
What's pleasing in his sight,
And from me take whate'er him grieves,
Whate'er he thinks not right.

3. How very weak I am,
My Saviour well can see,
And how exceeding short I fall,
Of what I ought to be:
Compassionate High-priest,
To thee I must appeal;
My numberless infirmities
O kindly haste to heal!

4. In thy most precious blood,
Which from thy open'd veins,
To heal my soul in plenty flow'd,
Thou washest out my stains.

It is thy daily care,
Thy helpless sheep to feed;
To purify their spotted souls,
And gently them to lead.

5. Redeemer of my soul!
Whene'er thereon I think,
How thy compassion, love and grace,
From sin and hell's dark brink
Have sav'd and rescu'd me,
And how thy cleansing blood,
Apply'd unto my heart by faith,
Hath brought me nigh to God.

6. I in the dust adore,
Amaz'd at grace so free,
Bestow'd on such a wretched worm,
And ask, "How can it be,
"That sinners base and vile
"Should be so greatly lov'd,
"Who cost thee so much pain and
"grief,
"And so ungrateful prov'd?"

7. Me thy all-seeing eye
Hath kept with watchful care,
Thy great compassion never fail'd,
Thou heardst my needy pray'r,
This makes me firmly trust
Thou'lt lead me further still;
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Sion's Hill.

8. Dear Saviour I resign
My worthless heart to thee,
Whether I'm cheerful, or distress'd,
I only thine will be:
My only aim is this
(O may I it fulfil!)
Thee to exalt with all my strength,
To view thee only still.

264.

(T. 582.)

1. My Jesus, thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me;
O dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to thee.
Thou call'st all, O Lord,
To come to thee, and live;
I therefore come with all my sins,
I know thou canst forgive.

2. My Saviour, Lord and God!
I long to see thy face,
To know thee more and more by faith,
I pray thee, give me grace:
And when this life shall cease,
O may I evermore,
With all the ransom'd saints in heav'n,
Thee thankfully adore.

265.

(T. 590.)

Present your bodies to the Lord,
A living sacrifice,
A holy off'ring unto him,
And pleasing in his eyes.
This is a service which ye owe,
And reasonably due:
For ye are not your own, ye know,
But Christ hath purchas'd you.

266.*

(T. 22.)

1. O God of mercy, grace and love,
Thy yearning bowels did thee move
To call me from death's gloomy night
Into thy own amazing light.

2. Yes, I was wholly dead in sin,
Wholly corrupt and spoil'd within,
The carnal mind still bore the sway,
And hurried me a slave away.

3. It caus'd thee pain, O Son of God,
To see the purchase of thy blood,
So deeply sunk in misery,
And 'twas thy aim to set me free.

4. Thou hast me drawn with cords of love,
Till thou at last didst conqu'ror prove,
Till sin's strong pow'r thou hadst suppress't,
And till my weary soul had rest.

5. Now thro' thy wounds my soul hath found
Peace, righteousness and solid ground,
I've now obtained, thro' thy grace,
Amongst thy ransom'd flock a place.

6. I thee adore, my gracious King,
And joyful hallelujahs sing,

My eyes with grateful tears o'erflow,
For all the mercies thou doſt ſhow.

7. Guide me throughout my future race,
And let me live unto thy praiſe,
In life and death, O may I be
Devoted wholly unto thee.

267.*

(T. 376.)

1. O Take my heart, and whatſoe'er is mine,
Beloved Jeſus, I'll be only thine,
To thee I'll live,
And ſoul and body give,
My words and whole behavior
Be rul'd by thee for ever.

2. But, O my Jeſus, give thyſelf to me,
And dwell within my heart continually:
O Lord remain
My joy 'midſt grief and pain:
From thee my ſoul's beloved
May I ne'er be removed.

268.*

(T. 168.)

1. O! at laſt I've found my Saviour
Who laid down his life for me:
He (O undeſerved favor)
Own'd me as his property:
Conſcious of my imperfection,
I'll rely on his direction:
I will nothing know beſide
Jeſus and him crucify'd.

2. Others may ſeek ſatisfaction
In this poor world's vanity;
Mean while ſhall my heart's affection
On my Saviour fixed be,
On his meritorious ſuff'ring
And ſin-expiating off'ring:
To the world I bid adieu,
Chriſt alone I have in view.

3. Jeſus cur'd my ſoul's infection
By his ſuff'rings, ſtripes and wounds:
O moſt powerful reflection!
Hence my ev'ry good redounds;
Thro' his death and holy merit
I ſhall heav'nly joys inherit,
I believe this heartily:
He ſaves freely thee and me.

4. Jeſus yields me delectation,
When I'm weak he ſtrengthens me,
Sweetens all my tribulation,
And ſupports me conſtantly.
His atoning death and paſſion
Are the cauſe of my ſalvation,
Therefore Chriſt ſhall ne'er depart
From my ſight and from my heart.

5. O! I'm loſt in deepeſt wonder,
To think, he ſhall ſoon appear
To receive me gladly yonder,
And wipe off my ev'ry tear:
Then my grateful ſongs and praiſes
Will reſound in heav'nly places,
Here by faith to him I'll cleave,
Jeſus will I never leave.

269.*

(T. 96.)

1. O God! whoſe love (immenſe in height,
In depth unfathom'd) no man knows;
Grant unto me thy ſaving light,
Inly I ſigh for thy repoſe:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At reſt, till it finds reſt in thee.

2. Is there a thing beneath the ſun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah! tear it thence, and be alone,
The ſpring of ev'ry motion there:
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repoſe in thee.

3. O take all ſelf from me, that I
No more, but CHRIST in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Let not one darling luſt ſurvive:
O may my heart to thee aſpire,
And nought on earth but thee deſire.

4. Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that humbly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul, and ſay,
"I am thy life, thy GOD, thy all!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love, be all my choice.

270.*

(T. 96.)

1. JESUS, thy light again I view,
Again thy loving kindness prove,
And all within me pants, anew
T' enjoy thy all reviving love:
Again my thoughts to thee aspire
In fervent flames of strong desire.

2. But O! what off'ring shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My soul and body now receive
A holy, living, sacrifice.
'Tis all I have to offer thee,
O take me as thy property.

3. O may I never from thee stray,
Or be again subdu'd by sin,
Guide me, my life, my truth, my way,
Thy blood preserve my garment clean,
O let thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be and glorious dress.

4. Send down thy likeness from above,
Thine image, Lord, on me impress:
Till me with wisdom, patience, love,
With purity and lowliness.
These precious gifts on me bestow,
That I may in thy knowledge grow.

5. O Lord, be thou my shield and light,
Since I am call'd by thy great name:
In thee my wand'ring thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim.
Thy grace attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

271.

(T. 22.)

1. WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of God!
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2. Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3. How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring!
Make slaves the part'ners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!

4. Ah, LORD! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5. First-born of many brethren, thou;
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

272.

(T. 74.)

1. O Lord in me fulfil
Whatever is thy will,
To thee I now resign
Myself, and all that's mine,
Since I rely in faith
On thy atoning death.

2. Each day unto my heart
New life and grace impart,
For without fresh supply
I languish, droop, and die;
Continually I've need
By faith on thee to feed.

273*.

(T. 11.)

1. GRant, most gracious Lamb of God,
Who hast bought me with thy blood,
That my soul and body be
Quite devoted unto thee.

2. Jesus hear my fervent cry!
My whole nature sanctify;
Root out all that is unclean,
Tho' it cause me pungent pain.

3. Gracious Lord! I wish alone
Thine to be, yea, quite thine own,
And to all eternity,
To remain thy property.

XVIII. Of COMMUNION with CHRIST.

274.*

(T. 132.)

1. JEsus thou art my heart's delight,
My joy and my salvation,
Thy presence yields me day and night
Abundant consolation;
Thee I desire to love and praise,
Since thy great love, and boundless grace
Are ev'ry thing unto me.

2. Thou art the truth, in thee I've found
All that which is essential,
Without thee, all is empty sound,
In thee is strength substantial:
O truth, set me at liberty,*
That I depend on none but thee,
By whom I can be healed.

3. Thou art my life, thy pow'r divine
Shall influence ev'ry motion,
O may thy Spirit me incline
To true, unfeign'd devotion:
Thus I eternal life shall gain,
And, till my latest breath remain
A member of thy body.

4. Lord Jesus, thou my Shepherd art,
Who dy'dst for my transgression;
When lost, I caus'd thee grief and smart,
When found, joy past expression:
Ah! best of Shepherds, ever keep
Thy poor, thy little helpless sheep,
Protect it from all danger.

5. Thou art my faithful Friend in need,
And callest me thy brother,
Thy faithfulness and love exceed
That of the fondest mother:
Thou'rt my Physician when I'm sick,
My strength'ning Cordial when I'm weak,
My Refuge in all trouble.

6. O Lord, how very short I fall,
When on thy praise I enter,
Thou art, indeed, my All in All,
In thee my wishes centre:
What'er I want, thou art to me,
O let my heart incessantly
Be by thy love inspired.

* John viii. 32.

275.*

(T. 159.)

1. 'TIS the most blest and needful part
To have in Christ a share,
And to commit our way and heart
Unto his faithful care;
This done, our steps are safe and sure,
Our hearts desires are render'd pure,
And nought can pluck us from his hand,
Which leads us to the end.

2. Nought in this world affords true rest,
But Christ's atoning blood,
That purges sin and guilt away,
And reconciles to God:
Hence flows that tender love to him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
And Christ our Saviour doth appear
Daily to us more dear.

276.*

(T. 230.)

BE our comfort which ne'er faileth,
When any trial us assaileth,
Or when we're needlessly distress'd.
Jesus show on each occasion
That thou'rt our strength and our salvation,
Our shield, our hiding-place and rest.
O may we constantly
Look up by faith to thee,
Who redeem'd us,
And daily prove
That thou art love,
Till we shall be with thee above,

277.

(T. 14.)

1. JEsus, my Saviour, full of grace,
Be thou my heart's delight,
Remain my fav'rite theme always,
My joy by day and night.

2. Hungry and thirsty after thee,
May I be found each hour.
Humble in heart, and constantly
Supported by thy pow'r.

3. May thy blest Spirit to my heart,
Throughout my future race,
True faith and constancy impart
To live unto thy praise.

4. The myst'ry of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me:
Till I shall once in heav'n above,
For ever dwell with thee.

278.*

(T. 58.)

1. WHAT peace divine, what perfect happiness
Our Saviour's presence to our hearts conveys;
Unto us poor sinners, thereby is given
A blessed antepast of bliss in heaven,
And lasting joy.

2. Altho', dear Jesus, we can't see thy face,
We richly may enjoy thy love and grace,
Since thou hast pronounced those souls thrice blessed,
Who, tho' they do not see thee, are possessed
Of faith in thee.

3. Were we but all desirous day and night,
Thee to enjoy, O what supreme delight
Would both soul and body taste in thy favor,
We then with all our heart could say, dear Saviour,
Who is like thee?

4. Long suff'ring, merciful, and kind to be,
Forgiving daily and abundantly,
To heal, cheer, and comfort, and show'r thy blessing
On us with looks thy tender love expressing
Is thy delight.

5. Gracious Redeemer, grant to us whilst here,
Of thy salvation constantly to share,
May our souls and senses, without cessation,
Prompted by love and need, for consolation
Unto thee look.

6. Thus in communion may we live with thee,
Happy, like children, till thy face we see;
Though whilst here we tarry, we're often grieved,
May we apply to thee and be relieved
In all distress.

279.

(T. 146.)

O What is Christ to me,
Who hath for my diseases,
Found out a remedy,
And every grief appeases;
My ever faithful Friend,
My Confident most true,
On whom I can depend,
In joy and sorrow too.

280.

(T. 580.)

1. O Jesus, everlasting God,
Who hast for sinners shed thy blood
Upon mount Calvary;
There finish'd was redemption's toil,
Mankind became thy happy spoil:
All pow'r and glory be to thee.

2. Fain would I think upon thy pain,
Would find therein my life and gain,
And firmly fix my heart,

Upon thy wounds and dying love ;
Nor evermore from thee remove,
Till from this world I shall depart.

3. The more through grace myself I know,
The more inclin'd I am to bow,
In faith beneath thy cross,
And trust in thy atoning blood,
Looking to thee for ev'ry good,
Yea, count all earthly gain but loss.

281.

(T. 14.)

1. 'TIS heav'n itself on earth to see
Thy face, my gracious Lord ;
The noblest, most substantial joys
Thy cheering smiles afford.

2. Thou say'st, dear Jesus, all thy saints,
Who love thy face to see,
Shall have, whilst in this vale of tears,
Kind visits oft from thee.

3. O let my soul with thee converse,
Who art my chief delight ;
For the whole world can't ease my heart,
If banish'd from thy sight.

282*.

(T. 228.)

1. HOW bright appears the morning Star,
With grace and truth beyond compare,
The royal root of Jesse ;
O David's Son, of Jacob's line !
My soul's belov'd, and King benign,
Thou'rt come from heav'n to bless me.
Precious, gracious,
Fair and glorious, e'er victorious,
Is my Saviour,
Nought but he can please me ever.

2. From God descends a beam of joy
When thou, with thy most friendly eye,
Behold'st thy needy creature :
Immanuel ! my sov'reign good,
Thy word, thy Spirit, flesh and blood
Renew my very nature.
Grant me, richly,
Through thy merit to inherit
Thy salvation;
Jesus hear my supplication.

3. Thou, Father, from eternity
In mercy wast inclin'd to me,
Through Christ thy well-beloved :
I as a member of his bride,
In him, my Jesus, can confide,
Whose love remains unmoved.
O I have joy,
That in heaven, with thanksgiving,
I my Saviour
Shall adore and praise for ever.

4. How doth my needy soul rejoice,
That Christ whom I so highly prize,
Is Lord of light and glory.
At last he'll bring me to that place,
Where all the wonders of his grace
Shall lie disclos'd before me,
Amen ! Amen !
Come, Lord Jesus, come release us,
O come speedy,
Lord, to meet thee, make us ready.

283.*

(T. 68.)

1. BLISS beyond compare,
Which in Christ I share,
He's my only joy and treasure,
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,
When in Christ I share
Bliss beyond compare.

2. Jesus, thou'rt my joy,
Therefore blest am I :
O thy mercy is unbounded,
All my hope on thee is grounded;
Jesus, thou'rt my joy,
Therefore blest am I.

3. When the Lord appears,
This my spirit cheers:
When his love to me revealing,
He, the Sun of grace, with healing
In his beams appears,
This my spirit cheers.

4. Then all grief is drown'd,
Pure delight is found,

Joy divine which never fadeth,
Which no sorrow e'er invadeth,
Ev'ry grief is drown'd
Where such bliss is found.

284.*

(T. 4.)

1. LORD Jesus, my pray'r
Is whilst I am here,
In union to be
With thee and thy people, inseparably.

2. Concern'd for more grace,
And true happiness,
Intent evermore,
'Fore thee to be contrite, and lowly, and poor.

3. O were my whole mind
And spirit inclin'd
To show forth thy praise,
To serve thee with gladness and walk in thy ways.

4. 'Tis true that I love,
But yet not enough,
I'm not so on fire
As t' yield satisfaction to my just desire.

5. John's portion so blest
To lean on thy breast,
Be mine, till with thee,
When time is no more I for ever shall be.

285.

(T. 96.)

1. THOU hidden source of calm repose!
Thou all-sufficient love divine!
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, for thou art mine:
Thou art my fortress, strength, and tow'r,
My trust and portion evermore.

2. Jesus, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The balm to heal my broken heart,
In storms my peace, in loss my gain;
My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory, and my crown.

3. In want, my plentiful supply,
In weakness, my almighty pow'r:
In bonds, my perfect liberty,
My refuge in temptation's hour;
My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
My Life in death, my All in All.

286.

(T. 580.)

1. O That we could for ever sit
With Mary, at our Saviour's feet,
Be this our happy choice!
Our only care, delight, and bliss,
Our joy, our heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's cheering voice.

2. His love alone may we require,
Nought else on earth beneath desire,
Nought else in heav'n above:
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O LORD! thy grace to know,
Give us to feel thy precious love.

287.*

(T. 244.)

THough we can't see our Saviour
With these our mortal eyes,
Our faith, which tastes his favor,
The want of sight supplies:
Our hearts can feel him near,
So that we're very clear
His presence is as certain
As if we saw him here.

288.

(T. 22.)

1. 'TIS through the grace thou dost bestow,
O Lord, that I thy goodness know;
Grant that I in humility
For evermore may cleave to thee.

2. The privilege to be with Christ
In union, can't enough be priz'd;
Since I'm the purchase of his blood,
Grant me this privilege, O God!

289.*

(T. 36.)

1. O Let thy countenance, moſt loving Saviour,
Shine on me day and night, and let me ever
Have of thy preſence, and thy gracious dealing
A tender feeling.
2. That ſoul and body on thy merit feeding
May daily be from grace to grace proceeding,
With thee at peace, in tend'reſt love's communion,
And perfect union.

290.*

(T. 79.)

CAN any contemplation
E'er vie with that ſenſation,
O Chriſt, that we're thine own?
That our names on the pages
Are written, where the wages
For thy ſoul's travail are put down?

291.*

(T. 206.)

MY King benign!
I'd fain be thine;
Not any thing,
No ſmalleſt hankering,
Cauſe me, whilſt here I ſtay,
My deareſt Lord, from thee
To ſtray;
No, may each breath
Exalt thy death,
And ſing thy praiſe
For thy unbounded grace.

XIX. Of the Happineſs of Children of God.

292.*

(T. 114.)

1. JESUS, my King, thy kind and gracious ſceptre
Aſſuageth all the grief that burdens me,
When I, with all my heart, apply to thee,
Then is thy peaceful Spirit my preceptor;
Thy gracious look ſo warms and melts my heart,
That fear and reſtleſſneſs muſt ſoon depart.
2. The gifts of Chriſt are ſo ineſtimable
That all the world their equal can't afford;
What are the treaſures which the worldlings hoard?
To comfort weary ſouls they are not able:
But Jeſus can, and doth abundantly;
All earthly joys will fail, but never he.
3. How highly bleſt, how happy is the ſpirit
Which, weary of ſelf-working, inly mourns,
And unto him for aid and ſuccour turns;
The humble ev'ry good from him inherit,
Unto the troubled ſoul he giveth eaſe,
Reſtoring to the wounded conſcience peace.
4. That which the law could have imparted never
Is then produc'd alone by Jeſu's grace,
This is the ſource of genuine holineſs,
This changeth and reforms our whole behavior;
From ſtrength to ſtrength, from grace to grace led on,
We ſafe proceed until our race is run.

5. O may I look to Chriſt without ceſſation,
Come viſit me, thou Day-ſpring from on high,
That in thy light, the light I may eſpy,
On grace depending as my ſole foundation;
O may no fault be e'er ſo great in me,
As to obſtruct the love that beams from thee.

6. Lord Jeſus, thou art my ſoul's Conſolation,
My Life, my Joy, my everlaſting Peace,
My heav'nly Food, my perfect Righteouſneſs,
My Rock, my Fortreſs, Refuge and Salvation,
And ſince in thee all happineſs I find,
There's nothing elſe that ſatisfies my mind.

293 *

(T. 115.)

1. HOW great the bliſs to be a ſheep of Jeſus,
And to be guided by his ſhepherd's ſtaff;
Earth's greateſt honors are, howe'er they pleaſe us,
To this compar'd, but vain and empty chaff:
Yea, what this world can never give,
May, thro' the Shepherd's grace, each needy ſheep receive.

2. Here is a paſture rich and never failing,
Here living waters in abundance flow,
None can conceive the grace 'mongſt thoſe prevailing,
Who Jeſu's ſhepherd's voice obey and know;
He baniſheth all fear and ſtrife,
And leads them gently on to everlaſting life.

3. Whoe'er would ſpend his days in laſting pleaſure,
Muſt come to Chriſt, and join his flock with ſpeed;
Here is a feaſt prepar'd, rich beyond meaſure,
The world meanwhile on empty huſks muſt feed:
Thoſe ſheep may ſhare in ev'ry good,
Whoſe Shepherd doth poſſeſs the treaſuries of God.

294.*

(T. 11.)

1. O Thoſe ſouls are highly bleſt,
Who of Jeſu's grace poſſeſs'd,
Cleave to him by living faith,
Till they ſhall reſign their breath.

2. Such with him in union ſhare
Happineſs beyond compare,
Since on him their hopes they build,
He is their Reward and Shield.

3. If in him they truſt indeed,
Though all earthly joys be fled,
He'll abide their conſtant Friend,
And protect them to the end.

4. Should their faith and courage fail;
If to Jeſus they appeal,
He aſſures them of his love,
Will their Strength in weakneſs prove.

5. They who ſimply to him cleave,
From his fulneſs grace receive;
And throughout their mortal days,
Their ſole buſ'neſs is his praiſe.

6. Jeſus wipes away their tears,
And alleviates all their cares;
They in truth, with heart and voice,
Can for evermore rejoice.

295.*

(T. 218.)

1. HOW bleſt am I, moſt gracious Saviour,
When filled with thy ſacred love!
With grief oppreſs'd, I ſeek thy favor,
And thy reviving bounty prove;
The diſmal clouds of night muſt vaniſh,
When joys divine my heart repleniſh,
When I recline upon thy breaſt,
Ah, then I find on earth my heaven;
Such comforts to all thoſe are given,
That ſeek in thee their peace and reſt.

2. If my ſin's burden would oppreſs me,
Or legal thunders me affright,
Or fear of death and hell diſtreſs me,
By faith, to thee I take my flight;
In thee I always find protection
'Gainſt ſatan's darts and ſin's infection,
Thou art my Shield and Hiding-place;
Tho' foes ſhould join in combination,
Who ſhall condemn? thou'rt my ſalvation,
My confidence is in thy grace.

3. If thou thro' thorny paths wilt lead me,
I'll ſimply truſt in thee, O Lord,
The clouds at thy command muſt feed me,
And rocks muſt drink to me afford:
In thy kind leadings acquieſcing,
I'm ſure to meet with nought but bleſſing,
If I have thee, it doth ſuffice;
I know that ſouls to bliſs created,
Who ſhall to glory be tranſlated,
Muſt humbled be before they riſe.

4. Friend of my ſoul, O how contented
Am I, when leaning upon thee,
By ſin I am no more tormented,
Since thou doſt aid and comfort me;
O may the heart-reviving feeling
I have of thy moſt gracious dealing,
A foretaſte yield of joys above;
I ſcorn, vain world, thy adulation,
For Jeſus is my delectation,
And I'm an object of his love.

296.*

(T. 4.)

1. MY Jeſus, I trace
The offers of grace
Thou'ſt tender'd to me,
Thy drawing of love from my firſt infancy.

2. I now wiſh to be
Devoted to thee,
Who for me haſt dy'd,
Grant that I may ſerve thee, and in thee abide.

297.

(T. 14.)

1. AMazing grace! (how ſweet the ſound!)
That ſav'd a wretch like me;
I once was loſt, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I ſee.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I firſt believ'd.

3. Through many dangers, toils and ſnares,
I am already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me ſafe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4. The Lord hath promis'd good to me,
His word my hope ſecures;
He will my Shield and Portion be
As long as life endures.

5. Yes, when this fleſh and heart ſhall fail,
And mortal life ſhall ceaſe,
I ſhall poſſeſs within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

298.

(T. 68.)

WITH his gentle crook,
To the cleareſt brook,
Jeſus me his ſheep is leading,
And to paſtures where I'm feeding
Safe, and without fear,
Through his Shepherd's care.

299.*

(T. 83.)

SING, be glad, ye happy ſheep!
For your Shepherd will for ever
You his flock in ſafety keep;
You're the objects of his favor:
Only faſt unto him cleave,
You he'll ne'er forſake nor leave.

300.*

(T. 185.)

1. THE unbounded love of my Creator
Heart-felt gratitude doth claim;

Why did Chriſt appear in human nature?
'Twas for me he man became;
Whilſt the whole world's Saviour I confeſs him,
As my own Redeemer oft I trace him,
And his merits I apply
To myſelf eſpecially.

2. When with him, my Lord, in cloſeſt union,
I can all beſides forget;
In his fellowſhip and bleſt communion,
I heav'n's bliſs anticipate;
By his preſence he diſpels all ſadneſs,
Filling my poor ſoul with joy and gladneſs,
Though I often am to blame,
Yet his love is ſtill the ſame.

3. And when I purſue this meditation,
That the all-creating Word
Hath, by his humanity and paſſion,
To God's image man reſtor'd;
I regard my body as Chriſt's temple,
'Tis my aim to follow his example,
And my veſſel, through his grace,
In due honor to poſſeſs.

301.

(T. 132.)

1. O If the Lamb had not been ſlain,
To ſave us from perdition,
And everlaſting life to gain,
What had been our condition?
But ſince poor ſinners favor'd are
To have a friend ſo very dear,
We cannot but be happy.

2. With all our errors and miſtakes
He bears, and loves us dearly;
A contrite ſoul he ne'er forſakes,
That acteth but ſincerely.
When the whole heart to him is giv'n
We've here an antepaſt of heav'n,
In fellowſhip with Jeſus.

3. When we have fail'd, and deeply mourn
That we've the Spirit grieved,
And to our Lord for comfort turn,
We quickly are relieved:
Whene'er we ſay, with humble ſhame,
"Lord Jeſus, I have been to blame,"
He anſwers, "Thou'rt forgiven."

4. As pardon'd ſinners we rejoice,
With Jeſu's congregation;
Above all other things we prize
His bitter death and paſſion,
His wounds, his tears, and bloody ſweat,
We bear in mind, and can't forget
His unexampled mercy.

302.

(T. 590.)

1. JESUS, whoſe hands once pierc'd with nails
Were ſtretch'd upon the wood,
Out of whoſe wounds, in plenteous ſtreams,
Flow'd the atoning blood:
How ſafely walks a weary child
Who hath thee for his guide;
Let unbelief ſay what it will,
This truth can't be deny'd.

2. The more the Lamb of God we view
The more we walk in light;
His gracious preſence doth diſpel
Sin's dark and diſmal night:
The cheering beams which Chriſt, the Sun
Of righteouſneſs, diſplays,
Enkindle each cold, lifeleſs heart,
And love unfeigned raiſe.

3. Is there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as ſtone,
That warms a heart as cold as ice?
'Tis Jeſu's blood alone:
This precious balm can truly cheer
And heal the wounded ſoul;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This ſtream of life makes whole!

303.*

(T. 582.)

1. JESUS, thou haſt reveal'd
Thyſelf to my poor heart,
And manifeſted to my ſoul
Thy wounds and bitter ſmart;

Thy name and croſs alone
Can comfort to me yield,
Since I thereby, as thy reward,
To God am reconcil'd.

2. My ſoul, though deeply bow'd,
Is cheered by thy grace,
Since I no more need toil and ſtrive
In ſearch of happineſs,
But am aſſur'd that thou
Haſt all my ſins forgiv'n,
And by thy painful death for me
Procured life and heav'n.

3. Thou who didſt love me firſt,
Teach me to truſt in thee
Unſhaken, till I thee above
Shall praiſe eternally:
Ev'n here thou art my ſong,
Thy grace doth richly claim
That thy church-militant on earth
Give glory to thy name.

4. Unfeigned thanks receive,
For thy unbounded grace,
From us, who in thy name believe,
And wiſh to walk thy ways,
And who are bound to thee,
Becauſe thou us haſt gain'd,
And for us, by thy precious blood,
Eternal bliſs obtain'd.

5. The merits of thy death
Each day to us apply,
And grant that to the throne of grace
We boldly may draw nigh,
That we may mercy find,
And help in time of need,
Thus ſhall we, by thy Spirit led,
From grace to grace proceed.

6. Thy croſs and ſaving name
We freely will confeſs,
Thy goſpel we will ſpread on earth,
And ſound thy matchleſs praiſe;
To all mankind point out
Thee, our incarnate God,
Who haſt redeem'd us from the fall
By thy atoning blood.

304.*

(T. 228.)

O How enraptur'd is my heart,
That in my Jeſus I have part,
He is my only Treaſure!
May I for evermore abide
A member of his choſen bride,
And live unto his pleaſure;
O I have joy,
At the favor
That my Saviour
Here already
Join'd me to the church, his body.

305.

(T. 58.)

1. O Lamb of God, who waſt for ſinners ſlain
That they might pardon, life, and bliſs obtain,
Give me a deep feeling of thy ſalvation,
And in my heart O fix thy habitation
For evermore.

2. Thou know'ſt my inmoſt ſoul, I've nought to boaſt,
And without thee ſhould be for ever loſt;
When I am neglectful thou doſt reprove me,
But I'm well aſſured that thou doſt love me,
For thou forgiv'ſt.

3. How glad am I that thou ſo gracious art,
That thou doſt bleſs my baſe and worthleſs heart,
And canſt with ſuch patience bear my behavior,
O waſt thou not exactly ſuch a Saviour
What ſhould I do?

306.*

(T. 97.)

MY all things more than earth or ſky,
My Friend, on whom I can rely,
My white and ruddy Bridegroom dear,
My Paſchal Lamb from year to year,
My Love, my Rock, my Polar-ſtar, my Guide,
Thou art my All, and ever ſhalt abide.

XX. Of the following Jesus, and bearing his Reproach.

307.*
(T. 16.)

1. CROSS, reproach and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

2. The reproach of Christ is glorious,
Those who here his burden bear
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal glory share.

3. Christ our ever-blessed Saviour,
Bore for us reproach and shame,
Now as conq'ror lives for ever,
And we conquer in his name.

4. Bear then the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith;
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

5. Bonds, and stripes, and tribulation
Are our honorable crowns;
Shame is our glorification,
And the dungeons are as thrones.

308.
(T. 243.)

1. AMidst tribulation,
We'll follow our Saviour,
Whose name and profession
We'll honor for ever,
His shame we'll bear, and gladly share.

2. We in ev'ry nation
Will boldly confess him,
Make known his salvation,
Yea serve him and bless him,
And him adore, for evermore.

3. Our Lord contradiction
Of sinners endured,
Him, midst all affliction,
We follow, assured,
That we at last with him shall rest.

309.
(T. 22.)

1. IF father, mother, children, wife,
Houses, or lands, or ought in life,
Delude thy heart, that thou desist
From faith and love to Jesus Christ:

2. His words with due attention hear:
"My cross whoever will not bear,
"And all forsake to follow me,
"He cannot my disciple be."

3. First let us duly count the cost,
And then in Jesus place our trust,
If we on him alone depend,
He'll midst all trials prove our friend.

4. If once the plough in hand we take,
Preserve us, Lord, from looking back:
O let us, through thy aiding grace,
Pursue our course with steadiness.

5. On those, O Lord, who faithful prove
To death, and show their faith by love,
Thou wilt bestow a heav'nly crown,
And place as thine, around thy throne.

310.*
(T. 90.)

1. "MY yoke," saith Christ, "upon you take,
"Serve me, amidst oppression,
"The world, and all its joys forsake,
"And shun no tribulation:
"Come follow me, and humbly bear
"My cross, and in my suff'rings share."

2. Then let us follow Christ the Lord,
Both soul and body off'ring,
Be cheerfully, with one accord,
Partakers of his suff'ring;
For those who show true faithfulness
Shall gain a rich reward of grace.

311.*
(T. 11.)

1. HOLY Lamb and Prince of peace,
Hear my soul implore thy grace,
Let me, through thy pow'r divine,
In thy lamb-like meekness shine.

2. Grant that faithfully I may
As a lamb thy voice obey,

Valiant, steadfast, may my love
In the hardest trials prove.

3. Keep thou me, a feeble child,
Sober, watchful, undefil'd,
That where'er thy steps I see
Simply I may follow thee.

4. Thou the great victorious Lamb,
Who all hosts of hell o'ercame,
Grant, that by thy blood I may
Conq'ror be till thy great day.

5. When thou shalt on Sion stand,
May I be at thy right hand;
Clothed in the glorious dress
Of thy spotless righteousness.

312.

(T. 26.)

1. THOU meek and patient Lamb of God,
Who can by faith thy sufferings see,
And not devote himself to thee,
His life, and ev'ry drop of blood?

2. Thy dying love doth justly claim
That I should live unto thy praise,
Yea, gladly share in thy disgrace,
And suffer freely for thy name.

313.*

(T. 230.)

1. JEsus, Lord most great and glorious,
Reward and Crown of the victorious,
Restorer of lost paradise:
'Fore thee, God of our salvation,
We here appear with supplication,
And send to thee our fervent cries:
O Lord, our Righteousness,
'Tis thy delight to bless,
We desire it;
Come then, for we belong to thee,
And bless us inexpressibly.

2. O thou well-spring of salvation!
We thee intreat to form and fashion
Us all according to thy mind.
We, by nature spoil'd and marred,
Are from that happy life debarred,
Which in thy fellowship we find:
By thy almighty pow'r
Support us evermore,
Thou Life's fountain,
Without thy aid we can't proceed,
Be thou our help in time of need.

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit,
They shall the realm of heav'n inherit,
Partaking undeserved bliss;
Whilst all those who place reliance
On their own works, and bid defiance
To grace, will of salvation miss.
O may we all of thee
Learn true humility,
Lowly Jesus,
May we despise all earthly joys
For thee, the Pearl of greatest Price.

4. They that mourn, blest is their station,
They find abundant consolation,
Since Jesus first that path did tread;
He prevailed, while he suffer'd,
And now to us that cup is offer'd,
By which himself was perfected.
We can, in no respect,
Here constant joy expect,
Here is weeping;
At the Lamb's feast is perfect rest,
Here, is a vale of tears at best.

5. Blessed are the meek in spirit,
"They shall," saith Christ, "the earth inherit;"
Tho' here their glory don't appear,
Yet they, by their conversation,
Afford a striking demonstration,
That they in Christ true riches share.
And as the Lamb of God
The greatest meekness show'd,
So his members
His path pursue, and as 'tis due,
Show in their conduct meekness too.

6. Blessed, who without cessation,
Hunger and thirst for that salvation,
Which flows from Christ's pure righteousness;
They are fill'd and satisfied,
With richest dainties they're supplied,
Who long and pant for saving grace.
Christ's body and his blood
Proves their life-giving food,
Thereby nourish'd,
From year to year they thrive and bear
Fruits, that to him well-pleasing are

7. All the merciful are blessed,
For they, when in their turn distressed,
Shall mercy share most certainly.
*Water to the poor afforded
Is as an act of love recorded,
And is rewarded gen'rously.
Who to the indigent
Doth prove beneficent,
He is blessed,
But wo to them who scorn the same,
For God remembers not their name.

8. All the pure in heart are blessed,
Of joys unspeakable possessed,
They shall behold their God in peace.
Those who faithful have remained
To Jesus, and preserv'd unstained
The garment of his righteousness;
They once will have the grace,
To see him face to face:
I intreat thee;
Impart to me that purity,
Dear Jesus, which I trace in thee.

9. They're the objects of God's favor
Who always faithfully endeavor,
Peace 'mongst their neighbors to maintain;
As his children them he owneth,
He with success their labor crowneth,
Such souls the choicest blessings gain.
Love is the character
Of each true follower
Of our Saviour;
May he thro' grace make us always
Intent upon promoting peace.

10. Blest are they who suffer gladly
For doing good, and living godly,
Who Jesus for their pattern take:
Yea, who bear their cross with meekness,
Suff'ring with patience 'midst all weakness,
And freely all for him forsake;
For Jesu's help and love
Their consolation prove;
Those who freely
For him will bear reproach, while here,
At last shall in his glory share.

11. Blest are they who are despised,
In scornful manner stigmatized,
And for their Saviour's sake defam'd;
As the bride deems it an honor
To take the bridegroom's name upon her,
Should we of Jesus be asham'd?
Far, far be this from us,
Welcome reproach and cross;
We are christians,
Who follow thee, Lord, cheerfully,
Through honor, and through infamy.

12. Gracious Lord, who by thy passion,
And bitter death, gain'dst our salvation,
O may we all thy name confess:
Jesus, may we be united
To thee, who hast us all invited
To share eternal happiness.
Constrain us by thy love,
In all we do to prove
Faithful foll'wers,
Dear Lord, of thee; and grant that we
May ever love thee ardently.

* Matt. x. 42.

314.*

(T. 83.)

1. JESUS Christ, thou leading Star,
Thy great name we praise and hallow;
From believers be it far,
Any other guide to follow:
Though we vile and helpless are,
We're the objects of thy care.

2. Christians are not here below
To enjoy earth's transient treasure,
After Christ they're call'd to go,
His reproach they count a pleasure.
Under manifold distress,
Thro' the narrow gate they press.

315.*

(T. 26.)

1. LORD Jesus, 'tis with us thy aim,
That soul and body should be thine,
O take our hearts, and us incline
To be devoted to thy name.

2. What love can be compar'd with thine?
Who hath to us so just a claim
As thou, who didst our souls redeem,
And for us have thy throne [illegible]

3. Go, all ye wife, without control
Your empty notions ſtill purſue;
Chriſt Jeſus only I've in view,
This pow'rful magnet draws my ſoul.

4. A ſubject I of Chriſt my King,
And tho' I'm helpleſs, poor, and mean,
Yet all around me ſhall ſee plain,
My Saviour is my ev'ry thing.

5. Thee I adore, moſt gracious Lord,
Grant that my walk in truth may be
At all times pleaſing unto thee,
According to thy holy word.

6. My King, thy noble ſtatutes write
Upon the table of my heart,
Thy grace and truth to me impart,
And let thy law be my delight.

316.*

(T. 54.)

1. THE ſuff'rings of this life's ſhort day
Can't be compar'd with that diſplay
Of glory, which God's heirs ſhall prove,
When they who Jeſus truly love
Will ſhine above.

2. Therefore we'll follow willingly
Our Saviour in adverſity;
Then, after having ſuffer'd here,
We ſhall in heav'n his glory ſhare,
Beyond compare.

317.*

(T. 164.)

HOW great at laſt my joy will be,
If I have faithful proved
To Chriſt, and 'midſt adverſity,
Till my laſt breath him loved.
Thoſe who reproach here bear,
In heav'n a crown ſhall wear,
Who follow Chriſt are truly bleſt,
For they with him ſhall ever reſt.

XXI. Of the Love of JESUS.

318.*

(T. 96.)

1. MY Saviour, thou thy love to me
In want, in pain, in ſhame, haſt ſhow'd;
For me thou on th' accurſed tree
Haſt poured forth thy precious blood.
Thy death upon my heart impreſs,
That nought may it from thence eraſe.

2. O that my heart, which open ſtands,
May catch each drop, that tort'ring pain,
Arm'd by my ſins, wrung from thy hands,
Thy feet, thy head, thy ev'ry vein.
That ſtill my breaſt may heave with ſighs,
Still tears of love o'erflow mine eyes:

3. O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, nor ever reſt,
Till ſweetly thou haſt pour'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breaſt.
O may I now and ever be
One ſpirit, deareſt Lord, with thee.

4. What in thy love poſſeſs I not?
My Star by night, my Sun by day;
My Spring of life, when parch'd with drought,
My Wine to cheer, my Bread to ſtay,
My Strength, my Shield, my ſafe Abode,
My Robe before the throne of God.

5. From all eternity with love,
Unchangeably thou haſt me view'd;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me purſu'd:
Ever with me may they abide,
And cloſe me in on ev'ry ſide.

6. In ſuff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakneſs be thy love my pow'r,
And when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And ſave me, who for me haſt dy'd,

319.*

(T. 132.)

1. THE Lord my Shepherd is and Guide,
Who kindly doth direct me;
For all my wants he will provide,
From dangers he'll protect me.
He leads me to a pasture-ground,
Where the refreshing grass is found,
The words of his salvation.

2. He leads my soul to living springs,
Where sweetly I'm refreshed;
His Spirit joy and comfort brings
To me, when I'm abashed;
He leads me in that blessed way
Of his commandments, day by day,
To his name's praise and glory.

3. A table for me he prepares,
My soul enjoys his favor;
And thus secur'd, no en'my dares
My God and me to sever:
His Holy Spirit cheers my heart,
And changeth ev'ry grief and smart
To joys unutterable.

4. His goodness and his mercies all
Will follow me for ever,
And I'll maintain my proper call,
To cleave to my dear Saviour
And to his congregation here,
And when call'd home, I shall live there,
With Christ, my soul's Redeemer.

320 *

(T. 97.)

1. WHOM, dear Redeemer, dost thou love?
What doth thy highest pleasure prove?
Whom dost thou favor, cheer, and bless,
And call to endless happiness?
Thou that art holy, great, unchangeable,
The mighty God, yet our Immanuel?

2. The answer humble thanks doth claim,
And fills our souls with inward shame:
"I love thee, sinner, come to me,
"I will receive thee graciously;
"Tho' thou be sinful, ready to despair,
"Thou shalt my pardon, help, and glory share."

3. What wonder in the soul takes place,
When we survey thy boundless grace!
To know our own depraved heart,
And thy great name, and what thou art,
And yet to find thee still so gracious prove;
This makes us sink abas'd for shame and love.

4. We all know who, and what we are,
And all with one consent declare,
That we no good in us could find
To move thee, Lord, to be so kind:
Yet many here with inward rapture feel
Thy Spirit's unction, and assuring seal.

5. O ground us deeper still in thee,
And let us thy true foll'wers be;
And when of thee we testify,
Fill thou our souls with inward joy:
May thy bless Spirit all our souls inspire,
And set each cold and lifeless heart on fire.

6. Our souls and bodies, Lord, prepare,
That we rich fruit for thee may bear,
Grant we may live unto thy praise,
And serve thy cause with faithfulness,
Since grace and truth is our heart's wish and aim,
O glorify in us thy saving name.

321.*

(T. 97.)

1. THOU God of love, thou sinners' Friend,
Thy mercy who can comprehend?
Who ever can presume to say,
He lov'd, ere thou hadst shown the way?
Thou, who hast lov'd us from eternity,
Dost raise within us genuine love to thee.

2. Such unexampled, boundless grace,
Doth fill our hearts with deep amaze,

That God, who earth and heaven made,
Should be in human flesh array'd,
Thereby to save lost man from death and hell
Who did so basely 'gainst his Lord rebel.

3. Thy love, which always is the same,
Can ev'n the coldest hearts inflame,
Yea, they must feel a kindling ray,
Dissolve in tears and melt away;
Thy bounty, Lord, is such an endless store,
Man's reason here must silently adore.

4. However weak and helpless we,
However pow'rful sin may be,
Thou art our strength in ev'ry case;
Thro' thy support and aiding grace
We firmly trust that we shall conqu'rors prove,
Since thou dost give us vict'ry from above.

5. Lo, we fall down, with filial fear,
Conscious that thou art present here,
We humbly laud thy saving name,
We sink, abas'd with humble shame,
Almighty God, before thy glorious throne;
And thee our only Lord and Saviour own.

6. Reach out thy sceptre, King of love,
Let us thy royal favor prove,
Who, conscious of our indigence,
Approach thy throne with confidence,
O teach our lips to praise, our hearts to glow,
Our eyes with grateful tears to overflow.

322.

(T. 14.)

1. BEhold the love which God bestow'd,
For tho' our Saviour knew
That our release would cost his blood,
His help he not withdrew.

2. He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
The gifts his gracious hand bestows,
Have cost him many a groan.

3. Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers CALVARY,
Nor doth his death forget.

4. Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesu's dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

5. Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

323.

(T. 96.)

1. JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Sov'reign Creator, Lord of all,
Since I in thee salvation find,
Before thy cross I humbly fall:
My Lord, my God, my soul's desire,
With sacred flames my heart inspire.

2. How could'st thou love such worms as we?
Why didst thou look upon our race?
Why didst thou die upon the tree?
What caus'd all this but boundless grace?
'Twas, gracious Lord, thy matchless love
Which thee to save our souls did move.

3. O let thy pity thee constrain,
Freely to pardon all our sin;
May all of us be born again,
Thy glorious image in us shine:
Lift up thy bright and cheering face,
And let us know thy saving grace.

4. Be thou our strength, be thou our song;
Be our exceeding great reward:
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Rejoice and triumph in the Lord;
Jesus, our boast shall be of thee,
In time, and in eternity.

324.*

(T. 22.)

1. WHilſt here on earth we run our race,
We Jeſu's love and kindneſs trace;
Our faults are more than we can tell,
Yet did his mercy never fail.

2. When we like wand'ring ſheep had ſtray'd,
His boundleſs goodneſs he diſplay'd;
He ſought us, worthleſs as we are,
And took us in his tender care.

3. Such is our Saviour's faithfulneſs,
That we to thank him ne'er ſhould ceaſe:
O might it in us all be ſeen,
That in his blood we're waſhed clean.

4. Th' impreſſion of Chriſt's bitter death,
Preſerves and doth increaſe our faith:
O when the ſlaughter'd Lamb appears,
We can't withhold our grateful tears.

5. We therefore wiſh moſt ardently,
Lord Jeſus to be one with thee,
Viſit us often with thy grace,
Till we behold thee face to face.

325.*

(T. 580.)

1. GRacious Redeemer, who for us
Didſt die upon th' accurſed croſs,
To ſave our ſouls from death:
We humbly at thy feet fall down,
And thee thy body's Saviour own,
On whom we firmly truſt by faith.

2. Weak, helpleſs babes, 'tis true we are,
Poor ſinners, but redeem'd and clear.
The virtue of that blood,
Which did for all our ſins atone,
We've all experienc'd, and have known
From thence the quick'ning pow'r of God.

3. Therefore we nothing can reply,
But humbly at thy feet we lie,
Aſtoniſh'd at ſuch grace,
That vile and wretched as we are,
Such undeſerved love we ſhare;
To thee is due eternal praiſe.

4. When we ſuch boundleſs love ſurvey,
Our hearts like wax then melt away,
Our eyes with tears o'erflow,
We are determin'd nought beſide
To know, but Jeſus crucify'd,
And him to follow here below.

326.*

(T. 580.)

1. CHriſt, my Redeemer, Lord and God,
How came I, ſinner void of good
To that bleſt company
Of ranſom'd ſouls, who are in faith
United, grounded on thy death,
Why didſt thou fix thy choice on me?

2. When I to thee for ſuccor cry'd,
Thy bounty all my wants ſupply'd,
I brought to thee a heart,
So cold, that it ſeem'd ſcarcely fit
A ſpark of love divine t'admit,
But now 'tis kindled by thy ſmart.

3. Tho' I to mercy had no right,
Yet I found favor in thy ſight,
Like Magd'len at thy feet;
So that I now, ſupremely bleſt,
In thee have found true peace and reſt,
Yea happineſs, and joy complete.

327.*

(T. 590.)

O Lord accept my worthleſs heart,
And keep it ever thine,
Since thou for me, a ſinful worm,
Haſt ſhed thy blood divine,
Therewith to ſave my guilty ſoul
From endleſs pain and woe:
What deareſt friend in all the world
Could greater kindneſs ſhow?

328.

(T. 14.)

1. MY bleſſed Saviour, is thy love
So bounteous, great and free?

Behold I give my sinful heart,
My life, my all to thee.

2. No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die:
Thou for thy enemies wast slain,
What love with thine can vie?

3. Tho in the very form of God,
With heav'nly glory crown'd,
Thou would'st partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.

4. O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The mem'ry of thy love:
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odor prove.

329.

(T. 14.)

1. COme, Holy Ghost, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2. The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3. Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

4. God's only Son, (stupendous grace!)
Forsook his throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5. Th' Almighty former of the skies,
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6. O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

7. On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

330.*

(T. 36.)

1. THY thoughts of peace o'er me, my gracious Saviour,
Thy mercy, love, and patience, which ne'er waver,
They are my comfort, prompt me to prostration,
And adoration.

2. I am the chief of sinners, yea, the poorest
Of those, whom of thy favor thou assurest,
Thy goodness shown to me can't be expressed,
Or duly praised.

3. Hadst thou not sought me first, and follow'd ever,
I had not come to thee nor known thy favor.
When thou hadst found me, then with arms of mercy
Thou didst embrace me.

4. I thank thee with sincerest heart's affection,
That thou, according to thy grace election
Hast brought me to thy blood bought congregation,
Seal'd my salvation.

331.

(T. 582.)

1. JESUS thy love exceeds
The love of earthly friends;
Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,
Is firm, and never ends.

2. Lord, from thy pierced side,
A vital stream did flow;
By which from sin we're purify'd,
And sav'd from endless woe.

3. Through faith in thee to God,
We have a free access,
Thou hast procur'd us, by thy blood,
Eternal happiness.

332.*
(T. 37.)

LORD, had I of thy love
Such a fruition,
As to forget all elſe
In that condition,
Still would my love fall ſhort
Of thy great mercies,
Nor can eternity
Sing all thy praiſes.

333.*
(T. 56.)

THou, O Jeſus, :||: art a gracious Lord,
Ever faithful, :||: keeping to thy word,
None can be ſo full of grief,
But he ſoon may find relief,
By the comfort :||: thy kind looks afford.

334.*
(T. 14.)

1. THY mercies and thy faithfulneſs,
Dear Lord, are daily new,
But who can tell them to thy praiſe,
Upon a cloſe review?

2. Could I exalt thee worthily,
For thy unbounded grace,
Diſplay'd in various ways to me,
My lauds would never ceaſe.

XXII. Of Thankfulneſs for the Incarnation and Death of JESUS.

335.*
(T. 119.)

1. THANKS and praiſe :||:
Jeſus, unto thee are due,
O accept our adoration
For the bleſſings which accrue
From thy human life and paſſion,
May our hearts and lips with one accord
Praiſe thee Lord. :||:

2. For thy death :||:
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,
That our lives and whole demeanor
Praiſe thee, yea each drop of blood
Be devoted to thy honor,
And our ſouls uninterruptedly
Cleave to thee. :||:

3. Ah, remain, :||:
Ah, remain our all in one,
Take us under thy protection,
May we all abide thine own,
Foll'wing always thy direction,
In our hearts O ſhed thy love abroad,
Lamb of God. :||:

336.*
(T. 228.)

SING Halleſujah, honor, praiſe,
Your grateful lauds to Jeſus raiſe
O favor'd congregation!
For he became a ſacrifice,
And paid in blood our ranſom price,
Procuring our ſalvation.
Holy, happy
Is our union and communion
With our Saviour,
Bleſſed be his name for ever.

337*.
(T. 97.)

1. THanks to the Man of Sorrows be,
To Jeſus Chriſt who ſet us free
From ſin and death, when on the croſs
He ſuffer'd to retrieve our loſs,
Had he not ſhed his blood our debt to pay,
We ſtill had been the devil's wretched prey.

2. O had not Jesu's blood been shed,
Life would a burden be indeed,
The earth too narrow we should find,
No ray of hope could cheer our mind;
But now on earth we may enjoy his grace,
And humbly hope in heav'n to see his face.

3. Up, brethren, we to all the earth
Our Lord's atonement will set forth,
We'll love our Master unto death,
And humbly cleave to him by faith.
Lord Jesus be thou prais'd eternally,
If there no Jesus were, what should we be?

338.
(T. 205.)

1. WE adore—thee evermore,
Jesus, for thy boundless grace,
For thy cross—whereby for us
Thou hast gain'd true happiness,
For thy death which sets us free
From sin's cruel slavery,
For thy all-atoning blood,
Which hath brought us nigh to God.

2. What can we—now give to thee
For thy unexampled love,
We're unclean—and full of sin,
Till thou dost our guilt remove.
All that's good in us, we own,
Is not ours, but thine alone.
Unto us belongeth shame;
But all glory to thy name.

3. Thro' thy grace,—may we always
Put our trust in thee by faith,
And rely—eternally
On thy meritorious death:
Fill our hearts with constant peace,
Till in thee we end our race,
And shall thee for evermore,
Midst the ransom'd hosts adore.

339.*
(T. 14.)

1. O Jesus, for thy matchless love,
Accept our warmest praise;
Since thou didst leave thy throne above,
To save a sinful race.

2. Thanks for thy suff'rings, tears, and cries,
And groans in thy distress;
The source of never fading joys,
And endless happiness.

3. Thanks for thy thirst, O Prince of peace,
When hanging on the tree,
What a divine refreshment this,
To souls athirst for thee!

4. Thanks for thy last heart-piercing cry,
And meritorious death:
Grant we may all on thee rely,
And live a life of faith.

340.*
(T. 205.)

LAmb of God,—thy precious blood,
Healing wounds, and bitter death,
Be our trust,—our only boast,
May we look to thee in faith;
Thy once marred countenance
Comfort to our hearts dispense,
By thy anguish, stripes and pain
May we life and strength obtain.

341.
(T. 14.)

1. TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2. His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3. He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this!

4. Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
The Saviour dy'd for me.

5. O may the sweet the blissful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

342.*

(T. 146.)

LORD Jeſus, who for me
Haſt endleſs bliſs obtained,
And as thy property
My ſoul by blood regained;
Accept a weeping eye,
A warm and grateful heart,
Though a thank-offering poor,
Yet take it in good part.

343.

(T. 166.)

1. WHAT praiſe unto the Lamb is due!
How ſhould our ſpirits all take fire,
When we his boundleſs love review,
And ſee him in his blood expire:
Who can deſcribe how much he lov'd,
Or paint that ſtrong and fervent zeal,
With which his tender heart was mov'd,
When he ſuſtain'd the pangs of hell.

2. None knows what pain he underwent,
When from the croſs he cry'd aloud,
"Why, why," (His heart with anguiſh rent)
"Forſak'ſt thou me, my God, my God?"
Thus did he mournfully complain,
In that ſo dark and doleful hour;
When he was in th' extreme of pain,
And hell exerted all its pow'r.

3. The burden's great, yet can't he reſt,
Till all the curſe from man's remov'd,
Though ſo intolerably preſt,
Yet to the laſt he faithful prov'd:
Reſolv'd to make loſt man his ſpoil,
He ſeems before the foe to yield,
And ſuffers all, endures the toil,
Till by his death he wins the field.

4. While others make the law their aim,
Thence count their gain, thence mourn their loſs,
We'll know, and ſeek no other name,
Than Jeſus bleeding on the croſs;
Jeſus, the mourning ſinner's feaſt,
Jeſus the ſinner's only good;
He longs to give, we long to taſte,
Our meat and drink his fleſh and blood.

5. Moſt gracious Lord, thy dying love
Alone can melt the ſtubborn heart,
Alone can unbelief remove,
And ſolid happineſs impart.
Thou canſt each reas'ning thought control,
Pardon each unadviſed ſtep,
Renew and purify the whole,
And in its proper order keep.

6. In lively colors, Jeſus, draw
Thy bleeding wounds within my breaſt;
And make thy dying love my law,
Till ſin is wholly diſpoſſeſt:
By this alone we wiſh to live,
Nor from the law ſeek eaſe again;
For if thy blood can't victʼry give,
Legal attempts will all prove vain.

344.

(T. 16.)

1. SWEET the moments, rich in bleſſing,
Which before the croſs I ſpend,
Life and health and peace poſſeſſing
From the ſinner's dying friend.

2. Here I'll ſit for ever viewing
Mercy's ſtreams, in ſtreams of blood;
Precious drops! my ſoul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3. Truly bleſſed is this ſtation,
Low before his croſs to lie;
While I ſee divine compaſſion,
Floating in his languid eye.

4. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the croſs I gaze;
Love I much? I've more forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Conſtant ſtill in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5. May I ſtill enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jeſus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himſelf more deeply know.

345.*

(T. 590.)

1. WHAT is it, wounded Lamb of God,
That ſtrikes ſo ſenſibly?
'Tis when I view the fervent love,
That urg'd thee on to die:
And how from thy moſt precious blood,
So freely ſhed for me,
Flows all my happineſs in time,
And in eternity.

2. This grace, as long as life ſhall laſt,
I humbly will proclaim;
I, who a mean and worthleſs wretch,
Who duſt and aſhes am,
'Tis deeply rooted in my heart,
Eras'd it ne'er ſhall be,
That by thy meritorious death,
Thou haſt redeemed me.

3. Thy mercy may I ne'er forget,
While here below I ſtay:
I'm loſt in wonder and amaze,
When I thy goodneſs weigh,
That I, poor ſinner, am become
A child of thine, through grace,
And being thine, a joyful heir
Of ceaſeleſs happineſs.

4. With contrite tears I thee adore,
And thank for mercy free,
I'll in my walk ſhow forth thy praiſe,
Ev'n in my ſmall degree:
If thou ſupport me with thy aid,
As my moſt gracious Lord,
Then the poor ſervice which I yield,
Will joy to thee afford.

5. If my frail nature chance to ſlip,
Beyond the proper bounds,
Thou know'ſt, O Lord, what pain it gives,
How grievouſly it wounds;
With eager haſte I therefore fly,
And ſafely wiſh to hide,
Within thy wounds O God my rock,
And in thoſe clefts t'abide.

6. O thou, who to redeem my ſoul,
Didſt on the croſs expire,
Grant I may love thee in return,
Be this my fix'd deſire:
Henceforth no more to cheriſh ſelf,
But to thy praiſe to live,
Who lovedſt me and out of love,
Thyſelf for me didſt give.

7. Thy ſuff'rings then, and bitter death,
My heart ſhall e'er retain,
And earneſtly I'll ſhun what gives
Both thee and me ſuch pain:
For nothing now which this vain world
Can offer or deviſe,
Can yield me any further joy,
Nought but my ranſom price.

8. For ever then remain engrav'd,
Deep in my heart's receſs;
Thee whom we wiſh to love in truth,
O may our mouths confeſs:
Grant that each ſheep of all thy fold,
Thy ſeal impreſs'd may bear,
Until thou at the judgment-day,
In glory ſhalt appear.

346.*

(T. 15.)

1. THY blood hath me a ſinner bought,
And won me to thee, Saviour,
Elſe had I never on thee thought,
Nor come to thee for ever.

2. Though I'm a ſinful creature ſtill,
I have a full exemption
From ſerving ſin, ſince thou didſt quell,
Its pow'r by thy redemption.

3. I feel how much in debt I am,
This makes me oft aſhamed,
Yet as thy purchaſe, ſlaughter'd Lamb,
I am, through grace, eſteemed.

4. O let me thee behold in faith,
As thou for me waſt wounded,
And truſt in thy atoning death,
Whereon my bliſs is grounded.

5. Thy mercy ne'er from me remove,
But under thy direction,
Let me experience while I live
On earth, thy kind protection.

6. May this each day be my employ,
The fruits of thy bleſt paſſion
Still more completely to enjoy,
And taſte thy great ſalvation.

7. Till I ſhall once behold thy face,
In endleſs bliſs and glory,
And for the wonders of thy grace,
With humble thanks adore thee.

347.

(T. 167.)

1. SING with humble hearts your praiſes,
For our Saviour's boundleſs grace,
Pay due homage to Chriſt Jeſus,
Come with thanks before his face:
Praiſe him for his death and bleeding,
All our happineſs lies there:
Praiſe him for his gracious leading,
For his faithful Shepherd's care.

2. Thou to purchaſe our ſalvation
Didſt aſſume humanity,
Jeſus, for thy bitter paſſion
May we ever thankful be,
Fill'd with awe and humbly bowing,
At thy feet we proſtrate fall,
Gratefully this truth avowing,
That thou art our All in All.

348.*

(T. 580.)

JESUS, thyſelf to us reveal,
Grant that we may not only feel
Some dawnings of thy grace,
But in communion with thee live,
And daily from thy death derive
The needful ſtrength to run our race.

349.*

(T. 121.)

1. O Lord, thy church which now
Sits at thy footſtool low,
Adores and praiſes thee,
The worth ſhe well doth know,
Of thy election free,
Placing in thy grace
All her happineſs.

2. We in thy ways proceed,
Refreſh'd and comforted,
With us in mercy bear,
And daily forward lead
Thy flock with tender care,
Yea, at every ſtep,
Us preſerve and keep.

3. O Lamb, for ſinners ſlain,
For evermore remain,
Unto thy foll'wers nigh;
Let us thy aim attain,
Daily thy grace enjoy,
Never from us move,
Keep us in thy love.

350*.

(T. 146.)

1. WE ſinners void of good,
Defil'd by ſin and ſtained,
Yet bought with Jeſu's blood,
Who our ſalvation gained,
As helpleſs, vile and poor,
Appear before his face,
And thankfully adore
Him for our lot of grace.

2. When we thy mercy weigh,
How nails and ſcourges tore thee;
Our debt immenſe to pay,
We melt in tears before thee,
Thy pain, thy ſtripes and wounds,
Thy death, thou ſlaughter'd Lamb,
Wherein our bliſs abounds,
Our grateful praiſes claim.

3. Eternal thanks be thine,
Author of our ſalvation,
Thou didſt our hearts incline,
T' accept thy invitation,
We are thy property,
O may we thine abide,
This is our only plea,
That thou for us haſt dy'd.

351.*

(T. 68.)

THY form on the croſs,
Ne'er grow ſtale to us,

From the bleſſings thou didſt merit,
Nothing e'er divert our ſpirit;
With thy blood bedew
All we think or do.

352.*
(T. 151.)

BEHOLD, my ſoul, thy Saviour
Gives up his life and blood,
Thee to reſtore to favor,
And reconcile to God;
Thy ev'ry pain he eaſes,
In him thou find'ſt relief,
Riſe, then, and ſing his praiſes,
Who turns to joy thy grief.

353.*
(T. 244.)

REdeemed congregation,
Extol with one accord
The God of your ſalvation,
Sing praiſes to the Lord,
For us he man became,
And ſtill abides the ſame,
To make us all one ſpirit
With him, is his bleſt aim.

354.*
(T. 230.)

LORD, my matchleſs Friend and Brother,
Thy praiſes from each day to th' other
I'll ſing whilſt I have breath in me,
God as man to us related,
That grateful ſenſe thou haſt created,
To praiſe excites me pow'rfully;
Riſe ſpirit of gladneſs riſe,
Exalt his ſacrifice.
Hallelujah,
In higheſt ſtrain
To the Lamb ſlain,
Let heav'n and earth reply, Amen.

355.*
(T. 14.)

1. TH' impreſſion of what Chriſt my Friend
Hath done for worthleſs me,
When he his life and blood did ſpend,
Attend me conſtantly.

2. O may I humbly onward move,
While dying here I ſtay,
And Jeſus, whom my ſoul doth love,
Prepare me for his day.

356.*
(T. 79.)

ETernity's expanſions,
Time's numberleſs dimenſions
In ſpirit I have trac'd:
But nothing hath ſo ſtruck me,
As when God's ſpirit took me
To GOLGOTHA: O, God be prais'd!

357.
(T. 14.)

1. HOW can I view the ſlaughter'd Lamb,
And all his ſuff'rings trace,
And not ſink down with humble ſhame,
And give him thanks and praiſe.

2. This, Lord, I do, with many tears,
And quite aſtoniſh'd own,
Thy ſtripes, and ſhame, and griefs, and pray'rs,
Made me thy pardon'd ſon.

3. Still be thy wounds to me more dear,
More precious ev'ry day.
Till I at thy pierc'd feet appear,
Dreſt in thy bright array.

358.*
(T. 16.)

1. NEedy ſouls, who fly for healing
Ev'ry hour to Jeſu's wounds,
And retain a grateful feeling
Of the grace which there abounds.

2. Looking daily to our Saviour,
And embracing him by faith,
Truſting to his boundleſs favor,
And the merits of his death.

3. They, if aſk'd, can make confeſſion,
"In myſelf I'm very poor,
"But my Saviour's birth and paſſion
"Prove to me the richeſt ſtore."

259.

(T. 341.)

1. 'TIS done, my God hath dy'd,
My love is crucify'd.
Break, this ſtony heart of mine,
Pour my eyes a ceaſeleſs flood,
Feel, my ſoul, the pangs divine,
Catch, my heart, the iſſuing blood!

2. To love thee is my wiſh,
I only live for this:
With thy love my heart inſpire,
There, by faith, for ever dwell;
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

3. Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy ſaints below:
Swells my ſoul to compaſs thee,
Gaſps in thee to live and move,
Fill'd with all the deity.
All immerſt, and loſt in love!

4. He bore the curſe of all,
A ſpotleſs criminal:
Burden'd with our crimes and guilt,
Blacken'd with imputed ſin,
Man to ſave his blood he ſpilt,
Dy'd, to make the ſinner clean.

5. Join earth and heav'n to bleſs
The Lord our righteouſneſs!
Sinn'd we ALL, and dy'd in One;
Juſt in One we ALL are made,
Chriſt the law fulfill'd alone,
Dy'd for all, for all obey'd.

6. In him complete I ſhine,
His death, his life is mine:
Fully am I juſtify'd,
Free from ſin, and more than free;
Guiltleſs, ſince for me he dy'd,
Righteous, ſince he liv'd for me!

7. Jeſus! to thee I bow,
Approach thee humbly now.
O the depths of love divine!
Who thy wiſdom's ſtores can tell?
Knowledge infinite is thine,
All thy ways unſearchable.

360.*

(T. 151.)

1. HOW is my ſoul delighted,
Though ſhame o'erſpreads my face,
When I by faith excited,
The Lamb of God can trace,
In all his bitter paſſion,
Till dying on the tree,
To bear my condemnation,
And life to gain for me.

2 I ſee him in the garden
Shed floods of bitter tears,
Sinking beneath the burden,
I hear his anxious pray'rs,
I ſee him pine and languiſh,
As on the ground he lay,
Till, through his pores in anguiſh,
The blood ſweat forc'd its way.

3. I fully am aſſured
My Saviour loveth me,
By what he hath endured:
For, his great agony,
His back, plough'd o'er with furrows,
His ſide, pierc'd with a ſpear,
And unexampled ſorrows,
His boundleſs love declare.

4. My fav'rite theme is Jeſus,
All elſe I count but loſs,
His love all thought ſurpaſſes!
From Jeſus on the croſs,
All hope and conſolation,
I freely can derive;
Was he not my ſalvation,
I could not bear to live.

5. What undeſerved favor
Hath Jeſus to me ſhown!
Might I recline for ever
Upon his breaſt, like John:
In my forlorn condition,
Me Jeſus did receive,
He reſcu'd from perdition
My ſoul, and bade me live.

6. Thou God of my ſalvation,
In whom I truſt by faith,
Who haſt for my tranſgreſſion
Lain in the duſt of death,
I place upon thy merit,
While here, my confidence,

And will commend my ſpirit
To thee, when I go hence.

361.

(T. 206.)

1. FULL to my view,
In bloody hue,
The Lamb of God
Stretch'd out upon the wood,
With wounds, and ſtripes, and ſcars appears,
The nails and ſpear–his body tear,
And open wide
The fountain in his ſide.

2. His matchleſs worth
None can ſet forth,
Or duly praiſe
His mercy, love and grace,
For me, he did ſuſtain that pain,
That fi'ry wrath,–which caus'd his death,
When on the tree
His blood was ſhed for me.

3. By his blood ſhed,
The Lamb hath paid
My ranſom price,
Offer'd a ſacrifice
Well pleaſing unto God, his blood
For me avail'd,–and never fail'd
To give me peace
And ſolid happineſs.

4. His faithful pray'rs,
His bitter tears,
His bloody ſweat,
And all his torments great,
His ſtripes and ev'ry wound, abound
With life and grace,–yea laſting bliſs.
From Golgotha
My ſoul would never ſtray.

362.

(T. 159.)

1. I'M overcome with humble ſhame,
And bluſhes fill my face,
When I behold the ſuff'ring Lamb,
And when my faith can trace
How Jeſus paid my ranſom price,
And gave himſelf a ſacrifice;
My gracious Saviour, near to thee
I ever wiſh to be.

2. 'Tis here with happy John I view,
His body, mark'd with ſcars,
Like Mary, I his feet bedew
With floods of ſinner tears;
I'm ſtruck with this moſt charming ſight
The Lamb of God is my delight,
The glory of the Trinity
In him I clearly ſee.

3. Free from the noiſy, buſy crowd,
Here would I ever ſtay,
And live in union with my God,
With Jeſus night and day:
Yea, ſing of his unbounded love,
Till to his preſence I remove,
And there, in higher notes of praiſe,
My Hallelujahs raiſe.

XXIII. Of Love to JESUS.

363.*

(T. 96.)

1. THEE will I love, my ſtrength and tow'r,
My ſoul with love to thee inſpire,
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
Thou art alone my ſoul's deſire;
Thee will I love, my King and God,
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

2. Ah, why did I ſo late thee know,
Thou faireſt of the ſons of men!
Ah, why did I no ſooner go
To thee, who canſt relieve my pain!
Aſham'd I ſigh and inly mourn,
That I ſo late to thee did turn.

3. Give to my eyes repenting tears,
Give to my heart chaſte, hallow'd fire;

Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love, that all heav'n's host inspires:
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

364.*
(T. 251.)

1. JESUS, my highest treasure,
In thy communion blest,
I find unsullied pleasure,
True happiness and rest.
Myself as an oblation
I have to thee assign'd,
Because thou through thy passion,
Hast heal'd my sin-sick mind.

2. O joy, all joys exceeding,
Thou Bread most heavenly,
When I on thee am feeding,
Thou dost me satisfy
With marrow and with fatness,
With comfort, joy and peace,
And fill'st my heart with gladness,
Assuaging my distress.

3. Let me perceive thy friendly,
Thy cheering countenance,
Spread through my heart its kindly
Enliv'ning influence.
Without thee, gracious Saviour,
To live is nought but pain;
T' enjoy thy love and favor
Is happiness and gain.

4. Earth's glory to inherit
Is not what I desire:
My heav'nly minded spirit
Glows with a nobler fire,
Where Christ himself appeareth
In brightest majesty,
And for his own prepareth
A place, I long to be.

365.*
(T. 97.)

1. 'TIS evident that Jesus loves,
His death for us this fully proves;
He loves the church, his flock of grace,
He also loves the sinner's race.
He loves the little ones, he loveth me,
Who nought deserv'd, but endless misery.

2. O may I in his love be blest,
Like John, reclining on his breast,
And oft, like humble Magdalen,
Adore the Friend of sinful men,
With longing heart attending at his feet,
Till with a gracious look from him I meet.

3. I'll weep whene'er he's not to me
What a most cordial friend can be;
Do I not always feel him nigh,
And his reviving grace enjoy,
Do I not in his sweet communion live,
Nought else to my poor soul can comfort give.

366.*
(T. 58.)

THose who're devoted to our dear Lord,
Believing in his most precious word,
Foll'wing the example
Of Christ, their Saviour,
In all their words, actions, and behavior,
Show love to him.

367.*
(T. 167.)

1. O, could we but love that Saviour,
Who loves us so ardently,
As we ought, our souls would ever
Full of joy and comfort be!
If we by his love excited,
Could ourselves and all forget,
Then, with Jesus Christ united,
We should heav'n anticipate!

2. Did but Jesu's love and merit
Fill our hearts both night and day,
And the unction of his Spirit,
All our thoughts and actions sway;
O might all of us be ready,
Cheerfully to testify
How our spirit, soul and body,
Do in God our Saviour joy.

368.*

(T. 232.)

1. ALL my desires are fix'd on thee,
Lord Jesus, thou art more to me
Than ev'ry earthly treasure;
Were heav'n itself without thee, Lord,
What could all heav'nly bliss afford,
To yield me solid pleasure?
Did I not feel that thou art near,
Whene'er I mourn, my heart to cheer,
Nought in this world could comfort me;
My wishes centre all in thee,
Lord Jesus Christ!
If thou art gone, :||:
My ev'ry comfort is withdrawn!

2. With my whole heart I cleave to thee,
And thou wilt come and dwell with me;
This is my consolation!
In joy and pain my soul depends
On thee with humble confidence,
Thou Rock of my salvation!
Thou shalt remain my portion blest,
My all, by word and deed confest;
Till these mine eyes behold thy face;
May that be soon my happy case,
For this I wait!
Lord Jesus come :||:
And take my longing spirit home.

369.*

(T. 200.)

1. O Christ, my only life and light,
Whose loving condescension
Refresheth me by day and night,
Beyond my comprehension:
Lord, grant me to return thy love,
With grateful heart's devotion,
That my notion
Of mercy may improve
With ev'ry thought and motion.

2. Let nothing dwell within my heart,
But thy great love and favor:
May this engage my soul to part
With ev'ry sinful favor.
Remove my mind from great and small,
Which breeds the least division,
Or collision
'Twixt me, and God my All,
Who sav'd me from perdition.

3. How blest, how excellent and kind,
Is thy great love and merit.
Were this but fixt within my mind,
What could disturb my spirit?
O may no thought arise in me,
No object move my senses,
No pretences,
T'obstruct my love to thee;
Thus heav'n on earth commences.

4. O that I were still more possess'd
Of this great, sov'reign blessing;
O that my cold and lifeless breast
Might glow with love unceasing.
Grant I may watch both day and night
To keep this heav'nly treasure
From the seizure
Of satan's secret spite,
Who seeks our woe with pleasure.

5. Thou cam'st in love to my relief,
Bar'st sin's due pain and torment,
Hung'st on the cross just like a thief,
Or murd'rer, without garment,
Scorn'd, spit upon, and sore distrest:
O let thy suff'rings enter
To the centre
Of this my stubborn breast,
To melt and make it tender.

6. The blood, which thou didst shed for me,
Is precious, pure and holy;
But this my heart, that swerves from thee,
Is flint-like harden'd folly:
Lord! may the virtue of thy blood
Sink deep into the nature
Of thy creature,
And its kind influence spread
Thro' ev'ry vein and feature.

7. O that my heart with eagerness
Would open wide and gather
Each drop of blood, my sins did press
From thee, my Mediator!
O were mine eyes a well of tears,
To weep for thee, my Saviour,
May I ever,
Freed from all needless fears,
Enjoy thy love and favor.

8. O that I with a babe's desire
Came running, weeping, stretching,
So long, till love's celestial fire
My longing soul were catching:
O might thy heart unite with mine
In gentle condescension,
And the tension
Of this thy grace divine
Admit of no declension.

9. My comfort, jewel, life and light,
My sov'reign good and portion!
O may I know thy love aright,
I'm thine with all devotion.
Without thy love there's nought but gall,
Nought else yields satisfaction,
But distraction,
Nought else I joy can call,
Nought else gives me refection.

10. Thy love, my Saviour, all supplies,
That to my soul is wanting,
'Tis the true light unto mine eyes,
My cordial, when I'm fainting:
My bread and wine, my costly dress,
My joy and delectation,
My salvation,
My comfort in distress,
My refuge 'midst oppression.

11. My dearest Lord, shouldst thou remove,
Nought else could yield me pleasure;
Should'st thou withdraw thy precious love,
I lose my only treasure.
Thee may I seek and entertain,
With inward joy receive thee,
Never leave thee,
And ne'er henceforth again
Unfaithful prove and grieve thee.

12. Thy love hath always been the same
And ever did pursue me,
Before I knew thy saving name,
In mercy thou didst view me.
O let thy love, almighty Lord,
Continue to direct me,
And protect me,
Yea help to me afford,
'Gainst all that would obstruct me.

13. Thy love uphold me, when distrest,
Give strength, when I am feeble,
And when this mortal period's past,
Thou, who to save art able,
Support, and strengthen my weak faith;
Apply thy pow'rful merit
To my spirit,
That I may after death,
Eternal joy inherit.

370.
(T. 14.)

1. TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God!
And fix and root me in the grace
So dearly bought with blood.

2. O tell me often of each wound,
Of every grief and pain;
And let my heart with joy confess,
From hence comes all my gain.

3. For this, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss;
And ev'ry name, and ev'ry thing,
Compar'd with thee, but dross.

4. Engrave this deeply in my heart,
With an eternal pen,
That I may in my small degree,
Return thy love again.

5. But who can pay that mighty debt,
Or equal love like thine?
My stubborn, cold, and lifeless heart,
To thankfulness incline.

371.*
(T. 228.)

WHat causes me to mourn, is this,
My warmest love not equal is
To my heart's inclination.
The more I love, the more I feel
I should far better love thee still,
Thou God of my salvation.
Grant me daily
More to savor of thy favor,
Grace and blessing;
Thus my love will be increasing.

372.*
(T. 156.)

1. JESUS is my light most fair,
Jesus yields me solid pleasure;

In his love I have a share,
This I count my highest treasure:
He alone is my delight,
He my soul hath captivated,
With his love I'm penetrated;
He hath overcome me quite.

2. Round my Jesus I will cling,
Him I seek with love most tender;
And accurs'd be ev'ry thing,
Which my seeking him would hinder.
Tell me nought of worldly fame,
Tell me nought of earthly pleasure,
Would you please in any measure,
Tell me of his lovely name.

3. But himself I must behold,
To him I will make confession:
My defects are manifold,
But I trust to his compassion.
For I cannot, will not rest,
Till I've found my dearest Saviour,
Till t'embrace him I've the favor,
Till he grants me my request.

4. Jesus, Jesus, thou my rest,
Jesus, Jesus, let me find thee;
Jesus, take me to thy breast,
With thy cords of love now bind me.
Thou'rt the object of my mind,
I am quite by thee inflamed;
Ev'ry good that can be named,
Ev'ry bliss in thee I find.

5. May I of thy chosen bride
Be a member chaste and holy,
Let me quite in thee confide,
Cleave to thee and love thee solely:
Jesus, Jesus, me receive;
Thine alone I will be called,
And what'er hath me inthralled,
Let no longer me enslave.

6. Thou in grace hast look'd on me,
And with precious gifts hast blessed;
Yet content I cannot be,
Till I am of thee possessed.
Jesus, now upon me shine,
Jesus, be my sun resplendent,
Jesus, be my joy transcendent,
Jesus, Jesus, be thou mine.

373.*
(T. 39.)

1. I'LL glory in nothing, but only in Jesus,
As wounded and bruised, from sin to release us:
For he is my refuge, to him I'll cleave solely,
Thus can I, like Enoch, in this world live holy.

2. What though the world foameth and rageth with fury,
I in my dear crucify'd Jesus will glory:
Besides him my Saviour, I'll know nothing ever,
From whom neither trials, nor death me shall sever.

3. My Saviour takes notice of hearts for him pining,
He soothes their distress who on him are reclining,
All this I've experienc'd, I therefore will hold him,
I never will leave him, but closely infold him.

4. My Jesus is always desirous to meet me,
Abounding in love, and in mercy to greet me.
I'll love him 'bove all things, for he is my treasure,
I'll humbly adore him and serve him with pleasure.

5. My heart's fix'd on Jesus, whose love is so tender,
My life and my all unto him I surrender:
He shall be the object of all my desire,
Till once from the world I in peace shall retire.

374.*
(T. 232.)

JESUS, I love thee, fervently!
As thou upon th' accursed tree
Wast slain for my transgression.
I'm glad, and grateful tears bedew
My cheeks, when I in spirit view
Thy death and bitter passion!

This is the impulſe, Lord, that I
In truth can love thee heartily,
My love to thee thou knoweſt beſt,
But yet defective 'tis confeſt,
Thou higheſt Good,
Thy precious blood,
That cleanſing flood,
Claims that my love more ardent glow'd.

375.*
(T. 45.)

1. WHAT ſplendid rays of truth and grace,
All other lights excelling,
I perceive, when Jeſus Chriſt
Makes my heart his dwelling!

2. He bleſſeth me ſo ſenſibly,
That ſpirit, ſoul and body,
Can in him, my Saviour joy,
Though quite poor and needy.

3. His looks of grace inſure always
To me my heav'nly calling.
Am I weak, his hand preſerves
Me his child from falling.

4. My earneſt pray'r, whilſt abſent here,
From him, my ſoul's Beloved,
Is, that my heart's confidence
In him be unmoved.

5. Could I with him ſpend all my time,
In conſtant love's fruition,
Infinitely happy then
Would be my condition.

6. Whene'er I mourn and humbly turn
For comfort to my Jeſus,
I have never failing proofs
That he's near and gracious.

7. He, who always our Saviour's face
Seeks upon each occaſion,
Never fails to be refreſh'd
With his conſolation.

376.*
(T. 15.)

1. GRacious Redeemer thou haſt me
To come to thee invited,
Thy love, to love thee ardently
Hath my cold heart excited.

2. Thy croſs, thy ſhame, thy pangs, thy ſmart,
Thy wounds, and bitter paſſion,
Both melt and captivate my heart,
And prompt my adoration.

3. The fire divine that burns within,
Is that divine impreſſion,
That thou didſt ſuffer for my ſin,
And die for my tranſgreſſion.

377.*
(T. 11.)

1. DEareſt Jeſus, come to me,
And abide eternally;
Friend of needy ſinners come,
Fill and make my heart thy home.

2. Oftentimes for thee I ſigh,
Nothing elſe can give me joy:
This is ſtill my cry to thee,
Deareſt Jeſus come to me.

3. Should I in earth's pleaſures roll,
None could ſatisfy my ſoul;
Thee, O Jeſus! I adore,
Thou'rt my pleaſure evermore.

4. Son of God, my deareſt Lord,
Thou'rt my ſhield, and great reward;
Thee I take in quite alone,
Thee I call beloved one.

378.*
(T. 83.)

1. JESUS will I never leave,
Whilſt I breathe and have my ſenſes;
From his merits I receive
Pardon for my paſt offences:
All the powers of my mind,
To my Saviour are reſign'd.

2. Earth or heav'n can't ſatisfy
One deſire, which God inſpireth,
Only Jeſus can ſupply
What my needy heart requireth;
He all loſſes can retrieve,
Him I'll therefore never leave.

3. I'll with Jeſus never part,
He's my only delectation,
And affords unto my heart
Never ceaſing conſolation.
All that can true pleaſure prove,
I enjoy in Jeſu's love.

4. He is mine, and I am his,
Join'd with him in close communion,
And his bitter passion is
The foundation of this union,
Full of hopes, which never yield,
Firm on him, my Rock, I build.

5. O the happy hours I spend
With him in blest conversation;
He's my near and faithful Friend,
Full of grace, peace, and salvation.
Yea, the look at Jesu's wounds
With delight and joy abounds.

6. With my Jesus I will stay,
He my soul preserves and feedeth;
He, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Me to living waters leadeth:
Blessed, who can say with me,
Christ, I'll never part from thee.

379.*

(T. 22.)

1. DEAR Jesus, when I think on thee,
My heart for joy doth leap in me;
Thy blest remembrance yields delight,
Till faith is changed into sight.

2. When thou art near, I must confess,
I feel a bliss I can't express:
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can cloy,
Fountain of bliss, and source of joy.

3. O let me ever share thy grace,
Still taste thy love, and view thy face,
Still let my tongue resound thy name,
And Jesus be my constant theme.

4. Thy love and mercies all exceed;
The more I on these dainties feed,
The more my eager soul is bent
To live but in that element.

5. Blest'd Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

380.*

(T. 232.)

1. THEE, Lord, I love with sacred awe,
Thy gracious presence ne'er withdraw
From me, thy feeble creature.
The world is tasteless unto me,
I find no comfort but in thee,
And in thy loving nature:
Nay, when the strings of life are broke,
Thou shalt remain my lasting rock,
Thou art my comfort and my all,
Whose blood redeem'd me from the fall;
Lord Jesus Christ, :||: thy saving name
Preserve me from eternal shame.

2. All is thy gift that's counted mine,
My soul and body, Lord, are thine,
With all this life's enjoyment.
Of this O grant me such a sense,
That unto others to dispense
Thy gifts be my employment.
Preserve me from delusion free;
Destroy the devil's tyranny;
In all afflictions bear me up
With christian courage, faith, and hope.
O Jesus Christ, :||: my sov'reign Lord,
In all distress thy help afford.

3. Lord, let thy blest angelic bands
Convey my soul into thy hands,
When soul and body sever;
My body, though reduc'd to dust,
Thou wilt (O Lord, I firmly trust)
Once raise to live for ever.
Then I shall see thee face to face,
In everlasting joy and peace,
And sing with all the saints above
The wonders of redeeming love.
O Christ, my Lord, :||: I'll thee adore
Here, and above for evermore.

XXIV. Of brotherly Love and Union of Spirit.

381.

(T. 11.)

1. THEY, who Jesu's foll'wers are,
And enjoy his shepherd's care,
By a mutual, hearty love
Their belief in Jesus prove.

2. From their being join'd in one,
By the faith of God's dear Son,
Boundless blessings they receive,
And to Christ desire to live.

3. None in his own wisdom trusts,
None of his attainments boasts,
Each his brother doth esteem,
And himself the meanest deem.

4. They're delighted, when they all
With one voice on Jesus call;
And when fitly, without strife,
Each his duty doth in life.

5. Meek they are to all mankind,
To good offices inclin'd,
Ready, when revil'd, to bless,
Studious of the public peace.

6. Tender pity, love sincere
To their enemies they bear,
And, as Christ affords them light,
Order all their steps aright.

7. Jesus, all our souls inspire,
Fill us with love's sacred fire,
Thus will all in us perceive
That we in thy name believe.

8. May it to the world appear,
That we thy disciples are,
By our loving mutually,
By our being one in thee.

382.

(T. 14.)

1. O Let thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus, thou God of love,
The bond of peace may we maintain;
All discord far remove.

2. Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Write thou indelibly thy law;
Let love pervade our hearts.

3. Who would not now pursue the way
Where Jesu's footsteps shine?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine?

4. United firmly by thy grace,
We shall thy foll'wers prove;
The frowning world must then confess:
"See how these christians love."

383.*

(T. 22.)

1. TH' enjoyment of Christ's flesh and blood,
Which is on earth our highest good,
His members closely should unite,
And them to mutual love excite.

2. Love he most strongly did enforce
Just ere he finished his course;
For love most fervently he pray'd,
Before in death he bow'd his head.

3. O that the Lord could quite fulfil
In us his testament and will;
To love each other we desire;
Come, sacred love, our hearts inspire.

4. We'll join together, heart and hand,
To walk towards the promis'd land;
For his appearance may with care
Each member day and night prepare.

5. Till we the Lord our righteousness
Shall see in glory face to face;
Till we shall see the Lamb once slain,
O may we one in him remain.

384.

(T. 159.)

WE in one covenant are join'd,
And one in Jesus are;
With voices, and with hearts combin'd
His praise we will declare:
In doctrine and in practice one,
We'll love and serve the Lord alone;
With one accord sound forth his praise,
Till we shall see his face.

385.*

(T. 583.)

1. HOW good and pleasant is it to behold
The favor'd sheep of our good Shepherd's fold,
In love, and harmony, and knowledge grow,
And all to share each other's weal and woe:

2. In faith and love each other edify,
Serve Jesus Christ, and on his word rely.
Out of his fulness peace for such abounds,
He kindly them protects, and heals their wounds.

3. The word of God, like plenteous rain descends,
Abundant fruit and blessing it attends;
And thus besprinkled with his precious blood,
He is their Life, their Food, their highest Good.

4. By faith in Jesus, who for sinners dy'd,
From sin and guilt they're cleans'd and sanctify'd.
God dwelleth in their midst; the Spirit's light
Instructs them how to love each other right.

5. If cordial love they in their actions show,
The God of peace rich blessings will bestow.
O Lord, grant to thy church, for Jesu's sake,
Thy peace, and bless whate'er we undertake.

386.

(T. 14.)

1. TAKE heed, that ye like-minded be,
In mutual love combin'd;
Having the self-same amity,
And unity of mind.

2. Let nothing out of strife be done,
Or in vain glory wrought;
But others to himself each one
Prefer in his own thought.

3. And look not, ev'ry one of you,
On his own things alone;
But on the things of others too,
To comfort ev'ry one.

4. Ah, teach us all thy holy will,
Most gracious Lord, that we
May love, with unremitting zeal,
Each other heartily.

387.*

(T. 14.)

1. HOW pleasant is love's harmony,
When brethren truly dwell
Together in heart's unity,
And cordial friendship feel.

2. Lord Jesus, who that very night
Ere thou didst bleed and die,
With thy disciples warmly urg'd
Love's ever sacred tie.

3. Remind thy little flock, too apt
Among themselves to jar,
That all thy members' unity
Was ev'n thy dying care.

388.

(T. 165.)

1. JESUS, grant me to inherit,
Strengthen'd by thy aiding grace,
Thro' the guidance of thy Spirit,
All the fruits of righteousness.
Grant me true humility,
Faith and zeal to live for thee;
To mankind, O make me gracious,
To my friends and foes propitious.

2. Give me grace in all conditions
Firmly to adhere to thee,
And, 'midst all the exhibitions
Of thy boundless love to me,
To let my poor neighbors share
In my plenty and my pray'r:
By thy love to me imparted
Make me always tender hearted.

389.*

(T. 167.)

1. FLOCK of Jesus be united,
Covenant anew with him,
By his love divine excited,
Praise and serve his holy name:
O that nothing whatsoever
May relax this blessed tie;
In thy love, most gracious Saviour,
Grant us all stability.

2. With love's ardor to be fired,
Be our aim continually,
So that, should it be required,
For the brethren we could die:
O what boundless love did Jesus
To his enemies display!
May his holy pattern teach us,
How that love should bear the sway.

3. O that we, his steps to follow,
'Midst affliction, scorn and spite,
And his sacred name to hallow,
Did each other more excite;
Ev'ry one stir up his brother
To keep Jesus still in view,
Thus encouraging each other
His example to pursue.

4. Thus the souls he join'd together
Will, according to his pray'r,
Be accepted of his Father,
And his kind protection share:
Lord, as thou'rt with him united,
Grant we likewise one may be,
And, by genuine love excited,
Serve each other willingly.

390.

(T. 11.)

1. JESUS, we look up to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Thou, who art the Prince of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

2. By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove:
Lord, us all in thee unite,
To enjoy thy saving light.

3. Make us all one heart and mind,
Courteous, merciful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
As thou wast, most gracious Lord.

4. Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
In our conduct patterns be
Of unfeign'd humility.

391.*

(T. 155.)

1. NEVER yet hath in this world
Love that highest prize obtained,
Though unfeigned,
That it could compared be,
Reas'nably,
To that love our blest Creator
Show'd unto his rebel creature,
While as yet his enemy.

2. Ah! behold the Son of God!
Who for those that crucify'd him,
And deny'd him,
('Mongst whom, to my grief and shame,
Stands my name)
Pardon from his Father craveth,
Yea, ev'n his tormentors saveth;
This his love is still the same.

3. For our brethren we should too,
To lay down our lives be willing,
Thus fulfilling
What he of his flock desires,
Yea, requires;
But, with all his flow'ry speeches,
Man in vain this lesson teaches,
Till God's love our souls inspires.

4. Brethren, would you please our Lord,
Copy then, in your behavior,
Him your Saviour,
That you're his, the world will own,
Then alone,
When preferring each his brother,
Ye show love to one another,
Thus you're as his foll'wers known.

5. Yet the warmest mutual love,
That to brethren, by his blessing,
You're possessing,
Doth, at best, but little prove
To that love,
That to save us from damnation,
By becoming our oblation,
Could our God and Saviour move.

392.
(T. 22.)

1. BEHOLD us, Lord, rough ſtones we are,
Yet for thy building us prepare,
Reject not one of us, we pray,
Thy Spirit's voice may we obey.

2. O may thy flock ſtill more increaſe
In mutual love, and perfect peace;
With harmony, and fervent zeal,
Serve thee, and do thy holy will.

3. Lord, grant us a forgiving mind,
To patience and to peace inclin'd,
That we may with each other bear;
To cheriſh love be all our care.

4. Tender compaſſion may we ſhow,
Share in each other's weal and woe,
With thoſe who joyful are, rejoice,
And with the weeping ſympathize.

5. At all times may we ready be,
As far as our ability
Permits us, to relieve the want
Of all the poor and indigent.

6. Yea, this be our concern, to ſeek
In nothing to offend the weak,
But bear with their infirmities,
And thus preſerve the bond of peace.

7. Grant us in meekneſs to reclaim
Thoſe, who have been in ought to blame,
Mindful that we, as well as they,
Are liable from thee to ſtray.

8. May we, tho' gifts be manifold,
As members of one body, hold
One doctrine, and be ever led
By thee, our Maſter, Lord, and Head.

9. O make us quite conform'd to thee,
And grant us true humility,
That we, ſupported by thy grace,
May in our walk ſhow forth thy praiſe.

393.*
(T. 147.)

1. THOU God's moſt holy Lamb,
Chriſt, who our hearts haſt fired
With love, by thee inſpired,
We praiſe thy ſaving name.
Thou giv'ſt us crowns of glory,
Which are not tranſitory,
Thou, who our fleſh and blood
Aſſumedſt, Lamb of God.

2. Thou art the loveliеſt,
Our only joy and treaſure,
Our heart's delight and pleaſure,
As long as love ſhall laſt:
And love ſhall ever flouriſh,
Though all things elſe muſt periſh,
As God himſelf expreſs'd:
Thou art the loveliеſt.

3. How faſt can love-cords bind!
Thou by thy love didſt bind us,
As ſoon as thou didſt find us;
Thou Shepherd, ever kind.
O let us taſte thy favor,
And thy rich bounty ſavor,
We're cloſely to thee join'd,
How faſt can love-cords bind!

4. O boundleſs love and grace!
When we ſhall ſing Chriſt's praiſes
Above, in heav'nly places,
Our voice we'll higher raiſe.
We truſt he'll kindly aid us,
Support, protect, and lead us,
Till we ſhall ſee his face,
O boundleſs love and grace!

5. The elder's holy choir,
Who are in the Lamb's preſence,
And pay him their obeiſance,
Caſt down their crown's attire.
We join their adoration,
And praiſe him with proſtration,
For he is all in all,
'Fore him we humbly fall.

6. Thanks, wiſdom, majeſty,
Glory and domination
Gives him the congregation
For love's bleſt unity.
The Lamb, who did deliver
Our ſouls, be prais'd for ever;
Glory and majeſty
Be his eternally.

XXV. Of Self Knowledge and Sighing for Grace.

394.

(T. 14.)

1. LORD Jesus Christ, who canst alone
Relieve me in distress,
Whose blood did for my sins atone,
And purchas'd pard'ning grace.

2. I once was wholly dead in sin,
And ignorant of thee,
And liv'd contentedly therein,
Nor knew thy love to me.

3. But thine all-seeing eye then view'd,
And mark'd my ev'ry way,
Me still in tender love pursu'd
Who oft from thee did stray.

4. Without thy favor, while I live,
Life but a burthen is,
Nought else can satisfaction give,
Experience shows me this.

5. My faithless heart, O gracious Lord,
Correct with gentle hand;
In ev'ry danger help afford,
Alone I cannot stand.

395.

(T. 96.)

1. AH, Lord, how apt am I to stray
From thee! how prone to lust and pride,
Nature oft strives to bear the sway,
And turn my heart from thee aside;
Yet such vile, wretched sinners are
The objects of thy love and care.

2. Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire,
Bind my affections to thy cross,
Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,
May I count all for thee but loss.
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
And me, tho' poor, in mercy own.

3. O Jesus, wipe away my tears,
And speak the tempest to a calm:
Warm thou my heart, dispel my fears,
Be unto me a healing balm;
The maladies of sin remove,
And fill my soul with heav'nly love.

4. Henceforth I'd serve thee, if thou'lt please
To gird me with thy heav'nly pow'r;
I'd sing the glories of thy grace.
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er.
With hallow'd fire, inspire my tongue,
And love shall be my endless song.

396.

(T. 14.)

1. GRacious Redeemer, Lamb of God,
I thirst alone for thee,
I long t'enjoy thy saving grace,
And taste thy mercy free.

2. For mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask,
This is the total sum:
Mercy, good Lord, is all my suit,
O let thy mercy come.

3. Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, and know each thought;
On me look down, in mercy, Lord,
Whom by thy blood thou'it bought.

4. Haste then, O Lord, to thee I pray,
Impart to me thy grace:
That when this life is fled away,
In heav'n I may have place.

397.

(T. 14.)

1. O Jesus, Jesus, my good Lord,
How wond'rous is thy love,
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove.

2. For O! how faithless is my mind,
How apt to turn aside,
And wander in its own deceits,
Of reasonings and pride!

3. How doth the old corruption strive,
And fight to reign again!
There's surely not a heart like mine,
So wretched, dark and vain.

4. Thou Friend of ſinners, love me ſtill,
The pooreſt and the worſt;
Where ſin abounded, well I know,
Thy grace aboundeth moſt.

5. Yet let me not thy grace abuſe,
And ſin, becauſe thou'rt good;
But let thy love fill me with ſhame,
That I've ſo long withſtood.

6. On me, my King, exert thy pow'r,
Make old things paſs away;
Create all new, draw me to thee,
Still nearer ev'ry day.

7. Thou know'ſt which way to rectify
Each ſtubborn ill within,
And to ſubdue my ev'ry thought,
And conquer all that's ſin.

8. Chaſtiſe me, when I do amiſs,
Let not one thought ariſe,
Which can diſpleaſe thee, gracious Lord,
Of grace ſend freſh ſupplies.

9. Impreſs thy wounds upon my heart,
And all thy bitter pain,
Abide in me for evermore,
And conſtant vict'ry gain.

398*

(T. 30.)

1. O My God, I come oppreſs'd with ſadneſs,
Fill my needy ſoul with joy and gladneſs
In thy ſalvation,
No where elſe I find true conſolation.

2. Faithfully thy Spirit me directed,
But his warning I have oft neglected,
Moſt gracious Saviour,
Pardon and reſtore me to thy favor.

3. I confeſs, O Lord, with deep contrition,
My unfaithfulneſs, hear my petition,
Comfort and bleſs me
With thy gracious preſence now refreſh me.

399*

(T. 4.)

1. WE know that we're poor,
And ſinful all o'er,
In us there's no good,
O cleanſe us, dear Saviour, in thy precious blood.

2. How wond'rous thy love
And mercy doth prove,
That plainly our faith
Diſcerns by thy agony, paſſion and death.

3. Lord Jeſus, receive
The thanks we can give;
O that to thy praiſe,
Each blood drop within us were hallow'd always.

400.

(T. 580.)

1. WHEN, having been with guilt oppreſt,
My wand'ring ſpirit findeth reſt
Through Jeſu's pard'ning grace;
Then I by faith can call him mine,
My needy ſoul doth then incline
To be in Mary's happy place.

2. My pray'r is: "Jeſus, let me hear
"Thy voice which can inſtruct and and cheer
"My poor and worthleſs heart.
"For ſhould I ceaſe thy words t'obey,
"And from thy bleſſed preſence ſtray,
"How ſoon would poor frail nature ſtart."

401.*

(T. 244.)

1. WHEN I am conſcious truly,
Of my great ſinfulneſs,
And that ſo very ſlowly
Towards the mark I preſs;
Then Jeſus comforts me,
Who out of mercy free
Bore all my guilt with patience,
Upon th' accurſed tree.

2. Yea, when I ſee in ſpirit
My Saviour ſhed his blood,
That I might life inherit,
And everlaſting good;
Then I true happineſs
And joy in him poſſeſs,
My eyes with tears run over,
For heart-felt thankfulneſs.

402.*

(T. 97.)

O Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Our souls from mis'ry to regain,
How blest are they, who truly see
Their weakness, and derive from thee
The mercies which thou freely dost
dispense,
And look to thee with filial confidence.

403.*

(T. 155.)

1. I Resign myself to thee,
With me do whate'er thee pleases;
Gracious Jesus,
May I have to thee always
Free access.
Thus in faith and love proceeding,
I on heav'nly joys am feeding,
Till in thee I end my race.

2. Banish from me what's not right,
In thy blood, O cleanse me wholly,
Make me lowly;
From whate'er displeases thee,
Make me free,
And preserve my soul and senses
From all hurtful influences,
Only thine I wish to be.

404.*

(T. 141.)

1. I Am a poor sinner,
This I surely know,
And if my dear Saviour
Did not love me so,
That my soul, his purchase,
He can ne'er forsake,
He ere now had taken
His grace from me back.

2. Now what he is doing
I with joy will view,
For his tender mercies
Are each morning new;
And I trust his promise
He'll fulfil to me,
That 'midst all my weakness,
I his joy shall be.

3. Jesus, when thy blessings
Fill my needy heart,
Fear and anxious doubting
Then from me depart:
Witness true and faithful,
Christ, thy church's head,
All is Yea, and Amen,
What thou'st promised.

405.

(T. 166.)

1. JESUS, fill me with sacred fire,
Inflame my heart with love to thee,
For ever be thou my desire,
Ever be all in all to me.
When I am sore assail'd by pride,
When lust hath shot its filthy dart,
I hasten to thy open side,
Wash in thy blood and cleanse my
heart.

2. To wrath when I begin to yield,
When envy but begins to rise;
I turn to Jesus, and am heal'd,
By viewing him my sacrifice.
When unbelief disturbs my mind,
When doubts and fears o'ercast my
soul,
To him I look by faith, and find,
That by his stripes I am made whole.

406.

(T. 96.)

1. O Jesus, could I always keep
My eye on thee, the living way,
I then, (though once a wand'ring
sheep)
Should no more err, or run astray;
But whereso'er thou goest, I
Should follow thee, not asking why.

2. O that I never might forget,
What thou hast suffer'd for my sake;
To save my soul, and make me meet,
Once of thy glory to partake.
O might I oft in spirit see,
How thou wast crucify'd for me.

3. But, gracious Lord, when I reflect
How oft I've turn'd my eye from
thee;

How treated thee with cold neglect,
And liſten'd to the enemy;
And yet to find thee ſtill the ſame,
This fills my ſoul with humble ſhame.

4. Aſtoniſh'd at thy feet I fall,
Thy love exceeds my higheſt thought:
Henceforth be thou my All in All,
Thou, who with blood my ſoul haſt bought.
May I henceforth more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget thy dying love.

407.

(T. 22.)

1. WHAT pains poor ſouls go through to trace
The way to life and happineſs,
Before 'tis on their minds impreſt,
That Jeſus is their only reſt!

2. By my own ſtrength I can't procure
True reſt, nor even feel I'm poor,
Strive I great comforts to obtain,
Inſtead of joy, I've nought but pain.

3. But when HE ſhows me how I rove,
And court my neighbor's praiſe and love,
How ſelf-will raiſes diſcontent
Againſt my Saviour's government.

4. When ſatan tempts, how ſoon I ſtart,
Paſs by convictions in my heart,
Let my firſt love and zeal abate,
Fall, and my very falls forget.

5. And at the ſame time lets me feel,
That he hath patience with me ſtill,
I ſtand aſham'd before his face,
And humbly thank him for his grace.

6. Complete thy work, my gracious King,
My heart into ſubjection bring,
Deſtroy, I pray, the carnal mind,
And make me quite to thee reſign'd.

408.*

(T. 121.)

1. FOR grace I weep and pant,
'Tis mercy, that I want;
How wretched ſhould I be,
Did I not Jeſus know,
Who to deliver me,
Suffer'd in my ſtead,
In a tomb was laid,
And roſe from the dead.

2. Could even all the love
In heav'nly breaſts above,
Or on the earth below,
At once united prove,
And in one boſom glow;
Jeſu's love outweighs
All in ev'ry caſe,
Yea, ſhall never ceaſe.

3. O my Immanuel,
My wounded ſpirit heal,
I humbly ſeek thy face;
A pungent grief I feel,
That I've abus'd thy grace.
Jeſus pardon me,
That I ſhould to thee
So unfaithful be.

4. O Lord, thy grace impart,
Refreſh and cheer my heart,
Thy pard'ning love diſplay,
For thou my Saviour art;
To me, poor ſinner, ſay:
"Thy reproach is mine,
"All my merit's thine,
"Take my peace divine."

5. I know, that through thy grace,
Thou wilt my guilt eraſe,
And baniſh all my fear;
Thou'lt grant to me thy peace,
And me with patience bear.
On me grace beſtow,
Jeſus, thee to know,
Amen, be it ſo.

409.*

(T. 214.)

THOUGH by nature I'm defiled,
Jeſu's blood hath made me clean;
He my ſin-ſick ſoul hath healed,
And whate'er doth ſtill remain
Of my former ſad condition,
He alleviates when I cry,
Yea, to ſooth my pain is nigh:
Lord remain my kind phyſician,

I, thy patient, then am sure
Thou'lt effect a thorough cure.

410.

(T. 22.)

1. THE more of Jesu's love I see,
The more I know the misery,
The pride and treach'ry of my heart,
By which I cause my Saviour smart.

2. Long this was from my sight conceal'd,
Till by his light it was reveal'd,
Which shows God's love, and Jesu's grace,
And fills my troubled heart with peace.

411.

(T. 22.)

1. LORD Jesus, my most faithful Friend,
Thy aid unto thy child extend
In each temptation's trying hour,
That sin may not thy grace o'erpow'r.

2. That spark enkindled in my heart,
Remain unquench'd, tho' all the art
Of sin and satan be combin'd
To make me leave my matchless Friend;

3. Whose faithfulness so oft I've prov'd,
In countless trials quite unmov'd,
Thy grace alone can me preserve
When my frail heart from thee would swerve.

412.*

(T. 22.)

1. WE feel our shame and great defect,
And did not Jesus us protect,
We should be oft depress'd with fears,
Whilst traversing this vale of tears.

2. But Jesu's blood and death impart
True comfort to the needy heart.
Those who still weak and feeble are,
He leadeth with a shepherd's care.

413.*

(T. 141.)

1. JESU'S love unbounded
None can e'er explain,
Yet, alas, how often
Do we cause him pain!
Ev'n those souls still grieve him,
Who enjoy his grace,
And to him devoted
Should show forth his praise.

2. Lord, thy body's Saviour,
Comfort us anew,
Ah, regard our weeping,
Thy compassion show,
Pardon our transgressions,
Hear our fervent cry,
And our souls and bodies
Heal and sanctify.

3. All our days, O Jesus,
Hallow unto thee,
May our conversation
To thy honor be;
Let us all experience,
To the end of days,
Thy reviving presence
'Midst thy chosen race.

414.*

(T. 79.)

LORD, should'st thou be induced
To ask, how we have used
Thy gifts? and, in that case,
With us in judgment enter,
To plead we could not venture,
For countless are our trespasses.

XXVI. Of SANCTIFICATION.

415.

(T. 22.)

WHatever honors Chriſt the Lord,
What's called virtue in his word,
What's honeſt, lovely, pure and juſt,
By faith in Jeſus is produc'd.

416.

(T. 14.)

1. I Aſk not honor, pomp or praiſe,
By worldly men eſteem'd,
I want from ſin's deceitful ways
To feel my ſoul redeem'd.

2. I want, as faithful chriſtians do,
Dear Lord, to live to thee,
And by my words and walk to ſhow,
That thou haſt dy'd for me.

3. O grant me thro' thy precious blood,
Thy goſpel thus to grace;
Till I, my Saviour, Lord and God!
Shall ſee thee face to face.

417.

(T. 14.)

1. BEſprinkle with thy blood my heart,
O Jeſus, Son of God;
And take away whate'er thy grace
Hath hitherto withſtood.

2. Deaden my nature's active fire,
And end all uſeleſs ſtrife;
That I may henceforth only thirſt
For thee, the Well of life.

3. Here may I ſtay, and drink my fill,
And ne'er from hence depart;
My longing is for evermore:
"Fix at this ſpring my heart."

4. Dear Saviour, thou well know'ſt how oft
I've turn'd away from thee:
O let thy work renew'd to-day
Remain eternally.

418 *

(T. 580.)

JESUS, thou fain would'ſt have us be
In all things more conform'd to thee;
We're fill'd with conſcious ſhame,
And thank thee for thy care and love;
Thy patience, which we richly prove,
Our heart-felt gratitude doth claim.

419.*

(T. 22.)

1. LORD Jeſus, ſanctify thou me,
And make my ſpirit one with thee,
Thy body torn with many a wound
Preſerve my ſoul and body ſound.

2. The blood-ſweat trickling down thy face,
My condemnation doth eraſe,
Thy croſs, thy ſuff'rings, and thy pain
My everlaſting ſtrength remain.

3. The water flowing from thy ſide,
Which by the ſpear was open'd wide,
Shall be my bath; thy precious blood
Cleanſe me, and bring me nigh to God.

4. Dear Jeſus, grant this my requeſt,
Be thou my everlaſting reſt,
Protect me by thy ſaving arm,
Secure my ſoul from ev'ry harm.

5. And when I once this world ſhall leave,
Me in the realms of bliſs receive,
Where, with the ranſom'd ſouls above,
I evermore ſhall praiſe thy love.

420.*

(T. 228.)

O Jeſus, were we thro' thy grace,
In all reſpects form'd to thy praiſe,
Like thee in our behavior;
Did we but wake and ſleep to thee,
Bear pain and ſickneſs patiently,
Truſting in thee for ever.

Where'er we are;
Eating, drinking, walking, thinking,
Praying, praising,
All be unto thee well-pleasing.

421.*

(T. 151.)

WHO thro' Christ's blood remission
Of all his sins hath gain'd;
And without intermission
With Jesus hath remain'd,
Shows in his whole behavior
True christian holiness;
Teach us, most gracious Saviour,
Thus to show forth thy praise.

422.*

(T. 126.)

1. THIS yields true joy and pleasure
To Christ, when with one voice,
His people in their measure
Exalt his sacrifice,
And praise him for the wounds which he
Receiv'd for our redemption
Upon th' accursed tree.

2. Of his complete salvation
I'll witness here below,
And gladly make confession,
Resolv'd nought else to know.
God in his wisdom did ordain,
That poor repenting sinners
His righteousness should gain.

3. No holiness availeth
With God, but this alone;
The Holy Spirit sealeth
This truth, that in the Son
By faith we're freely justify'd,
And gain sanctification,
Because for us he dy'd.

423.*

(T. 58.)

1. THE Lamb of God, who saves us by his death,
Is unto us made holiness by faith;
None besides availeth, since our Creator
Became a man, assuming our frail nature
To ransom us.

2. To Jesus Christ is due eternal praise
For our high calling in these gospel-days;
What divine enjoyment and consolation
Do we not gain from Jesu's incarnation
And bitter death?

3. If we in Jesu's saving name believe,
And pardon of our sins from him receive;
With his blood besprinkled, and cleansed truly,
In soul and body we are render'd holy,
And have his mind.

4. And thus by faith we live, howe'er not we,
But Christ lives in us so effectually,
That by him we always are actuated,
Thus we in him unto good-works created,
Can grow in grace.

424.*

(T. 102.)

1. CHRIST crucify'd, my soul by faith
With thee desires to be united;
For, as the purchase of thy death,
To thy communion I'm invited.
O hear my petition, and let me with thee
Be crucify'd, Jesus, with all that's in me.

2. O that I might still more enjoy
The blessed fruits of all thy passion;
Thy merits to my soul apply,
And let me share thy great salvation;
O hear my petition, &c.

3. As well in joy as in affliction,
Preserve me in thy sacred love;
Deliver me from sin's infection;
Let me in all things conq'ror prove.
O hear my petition, &c.

425.

(T. 583.)

1. LOVE God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind;
To friend and foe be just, and true, and kind.

Obey thy Parent's, and thy Ruler's laws;
Never rebel, but suffer in God's cause.

2. Be meek and patient, humble, sober, chaste;
In these good ways be constant to the last.
And when thou hast done all, then humbly cry:
"An useless, sinful servant, Lord, am I!

3. "My strength and grace come from the Holy Ghost,
"My Saviour's merits are my only boast:
"Lord, whilst I'm here me never helpless leave,
"And when I hence depart, my soul receive."

426.*

(T. 14.)

1. HOW can a sinner here below
Be pleasing unto God?
By his own righteousness?—O no:
Alone through Jesu's blood.

2. If any thing in us appears
Unlike to Jesu's mind,
To own it with repenting tears
Ah, may we be inclin'd.

3. A child of God for ever pants
More like his Lord to be,
Tho' with conviction still he grants,
That none is good, but HE.

4. Oft as in spirit Christ he views
This is his humble cry,
Which he continually renews:
"As thou wast, O were I!

5. "Whate'er is carnal, through thy grace,
"In me be mortify'd;
"Thus cloathed in thy righteousness
"I shall in thee abide."

427.*

(T. 244.)

LORD Jesus, thy atonement
Be all in all to us;
Grant we may ev'ry moment
In spirit view thy cross:
Thus shall we run our race
In truth and holiness;
Be this our fav'rite object,
Till we shall see thy face.

428.

(T. 586.)

HOW could I bear to be partaker
Of sinful frail humanity,
Had not my great almighty Maker
Become a sinless man for me?
But since my God assum'd my nature
I gladly am a human creature;
For now he takes a part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all my smart.

429.*

(T. 11.)

1. JESUS Christ, thou Son of God,
Who assum'dst our flesh and blood,
Who for us hast death endur'd,
And eternal life procur'd:

2. O receive our thanks and praise,
For thy boundless love and grace,
For thy having on the cross
Suffer'd to retrieve our loss.

3. When we see our names enroll'd
'Mongst the sheep of Jesu's fold,
Wond'ring, we ourselves confess
Undeserving of such grace;

4. And when we explore the end,
Why our Lord would condescend
To assume humanity,
Us thereby to sanctify:

5. Then, midst failings numberless,
We rejoice that we are his;
And if we his word obey,
Each of us may cleanse his way.

6. Tho' the outward mark and scar
Of the fall doth still appear,
Yet we're freed from sin's hard yoke,
Since our bonds and chains he broke.

7. Mighty God, we humbly pray,
Carry thy victorious sway
In the flesh to such a length,
That we gain thy godlike strength:

8. Grant that every one in truth
May, in all he ſpeaks or doth,
Give clear evidence thereof,
By obedience, faith, and love.

430 *
(T. 580.)

O Let me always think thou'rt near,
Yea, nearer to me than the air
Which conſtantly I breathe;
That thus, from all I think or do,
To thee may cordial praiſes flow;
For thine I am in life and death.

431.*
(T. 96.)

A Single mind impart to me,
That thus, in all my works and ways,
The love of money I may flee,
And ſhun all worldly-mindedneſs;
Yea, that deſiring thee to pleaſe,
I may in love to thee increaſe.

432.*
(T. 4.)

1. LORD Jeſus, be near
To us who are here;
Unite us in heart:
Dear Lord, come and bleſs us; our brother thou art.

2. Soon make us to be
Well-pleaſing to thee;
'Tis time, and 'tis right,
To bring forth ſome fruit, which may yield thee delight.

433.*
(T. 96.)

THrice happy are the feeble ſouls,
Whoſe ſtrength is only in their God;
Since each the fierceſt pow'rs repells,
By faith in Jeſu's precious blood:
In combat they maintain the field,
Becauſe Jehovah is their ſhield.

XXVII. Of Humility, Simplicity, and Growth in Grace.

434.*
(T. 22.)

1. MEEK, patient Lamb of God, impart
Thy meekneſs to my ſtubborn heart:
Grant me to keep thee full in view,
And thy example to purſue.

2. Thy blood preſerve my garments clean
From ev'ry ſpot and ſtain of ſin:
As a wiſe virgin, to prepare
For meeting thee, be all my care.

3. Beſtow on me a ſimple mind,
To ev'ry hurtful fancy blind;
Thy meekneſs, true ſincerity,
And needful wiſdom, grant to me.

4. Thou holy, ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
My worthleſs heart make thy abode:
O may I in thy image grow,
And honor thee in all I do.

435.
(T. 590.)

1. O LORD, the contrite ſinner's friend,
Moſt wretched ſhould I be,
Did I not know thy precious blood
Was ſhed for worthleſs me.
Nought could conſole me in diſtreſs,
Or give my ſoul relief,
When troubles ſeize my anxious breaſt,
Nought could appeaſe my grief.

2. O give me, Jeſus, give me ſtill
My poverty to know;
Increaſe my faith; may I in grace
And knowledge ever grow:
More clearly to me manifeſt
The myſt'ry of thy croſs;
And for this precious Pearl may I
Count all things elſe but droſs.

436.*

(T. 141.)

GO, ye flatt'ring visions,
Honors, wealth and lusts:
Who, with deep contrition,
In our Saviour trusts,
May, amidst affliction,
Truly cheerful be,
And abound in riches,
Though in poverty.

437.*

(T. 185.)

IN thy love and knowledge, gracious Saviour,
May we more and more abound:
Thy complete atonement shall for ever,
Of our doctrine be the ground.
Grant that all may, (in thy word believing
And to thee, the Vine, as branches cleaving)
Through thy Father's nursing care,
Fruit unto thy honor bear.

438*.

(T. 22.)

1. CHRIST is the vine, we branches are;
Without him, we no fruit can bear:
For of ourselves we cannot thrive,
'Tis he who gives us pow'r and life.

2. Lord, thou'st appointed us, that we
Should bear well pleasing fruit to thee.
O make us fruitful to thy praise;
Preserve us all from barrenness.

439.

(T. 11.)

1. JESUS, who for me hast dy'd,
Grant I may in thee abide;
Set me, Lord, unto thy praise;
Water me with show'rs of grace.

2. Make my heart a garden fair,
Which such pleasant fruit may bear,
As affords true joy to thee,
And thy Father constantly.

3. In thy garden, here below,
Water me, that I may grow;
When all grace to me is giv'n,
Then transplant me into heav'n.

440*

(T. 16.)

1. WHEN simplicity we cherish,
Then the soul is full of light;
But that light will quickly vanish,
When of Jesus we lose sight.

2. He who nought but Christ desireth,
He whom nothing else can cheer,
But the joy which he inspireth,
Lending to his voice an ear;

3. Who sincerely loveth Jesus,
And upon his grace depends,
Who but willeth what him pleases,
Simply foll'wing his commands;

4. Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,
And for him can all things leave,
Yea, in closest union liveth
With our Saviour, Lord, and Chief;

5. Who in Jesus Christ abideth,
And from self-dependence free,
In nought else but him confideth,
Walks in true simplicity.

6. He who is by Christ directed,
And who trusts his Shepherd's care,
He is graciously protected,
And no danger needs to fear.

441.*

(T. 184.)

1. O Blest condition, happy living,
Which true simplicity imparts,
When we to God are wholly given,
And Jesu's mind rules in our hearts.
This ev'ry vain imagination
Casts down and subjects us to grace.
The only ground of our salvation
Is Jesu's blood and righteousness.

2. That which is by the world esteemed,
A single mind counts vanity;

What's innocent by others deemed,
Is shunn'd by true simplicity:
And why? because the things terrestrial
We must forsake through Jesu's grace,
And to obtain the prize celestial
Cast off whate'er impedes our race.

3. The simple heart no care perplexeth,
That robs the world of all content;
Of envy, which so many vexeth,
Simplicity is ignorant;
And carefully preserves its treasure
Unruffled by the worldling's spite;
If others ask to share this pleasure,
Simplicity tastes true delight.

4. O Jesus, God of my salvation,
Thy single mind to me impart;
Root out the world's infatuation,
Tho' it be done with keenest smart:
Thrice happy they who tread unwearied
The path of true simplicity,
They as wise virgins are prepared
To meet the Bridegroom cheerfully.

442.*
(T. 14.)

1. HAPPY the man whose highest good
Is Christ invariably;
He shows his love and gratitude
By true humility.

2. In weakness pow'r divine he gains,
His heart feels peace and rest;
He owns with filial confidence:
"Lord, what thou dost is best.

3. "For thou art gracious, wise and good,
"Thou know'st how help t' afford,
"And time when it should be bestow'd:
"Thy goodness be ador'd."

443.
(T. 14.)

1. BEloved Saviour, Prince of life,
To us thy Spirit give;
We pant to hear that sacred voice
Which bids poor sinners live.

2. Open to us those living springs,
Which from thy wounds do flow:
Dart down thy bright refreshing beams,
To us thy goodness show.

3. 'Tis thy desire to save the lost,
To ease them of their pain;
Therefore we cry to thee, O Christ,
Who for our sins wast slain.

4. O'erstream our souls with thy rich grace,
To us reveal thy will;
O be thou our Immanuel,
Thy work in us fulfil.

444.
(T. 22.)

1. FROM my own works at last I cease,
God only can procure me peace,
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.

2. Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of woe.

3. 'Tis thine alone to change the heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart,
I therefore will my heart resign
To thee, O cleanse and seal it thine.

4. With humble faith on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All;
I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,
"My blood hath wash'd thy sins away."

5. Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And give thyself unto my heart.

445.*
(T. 10.)

1. SHALL we by our behavior
Show that we love our Saviour?
He only can instruct us,
And in the way conduct us.

2. Through his atonement's powers
O may we bloom like flowers,
And thro' his grace and blessing
Bear fruits to him well-pleasing.

446.*

(T. 167.)

AS the branches are connected
With the vine, ev'n so thro' grace,
A close union is effected
'Twixt the Lord our righteousness
And believers, who, tho' feeble,
Of his pow'r and virtue share,
And thereby are render'd able
Pleasing fruit to him to bear.

447.*

(T. 14.)

1. NONE God the Father's favor share,
Or heaven's kingdom win,
But such as little children are,
And as such enter in.

2. The high and mighty ones the Lord
Doth from their seats put down;
But to the poor doth grace afford,
And them with blessings crown.

3. O may I with submissiveness,
Dear Lord, be taught by thee;
To thee obedience show thro' grace,
And learn humility.

4. Jesus, I humbly thee implore,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
That he may teach me evermore,
And guide my steps aright.

5. A lowly mind impart to me,
According to my pray'r;
Since those, who know their poverty,
To the most high are near.

6. Thou, who'rt in heav'n above ador'd,
Dost with the contrite dwell,
Revive the humble by thy word,
The broken-hearted heal.

7. Therefore, my soul, delight no more
In this world's vanity;
Look forward; Jesus hath in store
Unfading joys for thee.

8. Lord Jesus Christ, O may I grow
In knowledge and in grace!
Grant that in me, while here below,
Thy likeness each may trace.

448.*

(T. 583.)

1. THOSE are partakers of our Saviour's grace,
Who, whilst his gifts they share with thankfulness,
Glory in their infirmities, and boast
Of nothing but his grace, wherein they trust.

2. His loving-kindness those shall richly share,
Who at a loss and ready to despair,
Retire in secret, pray him for relief,
And consolation to assuage their grief.

3. To those the Lord will deign his teaching mild,
Who gladly listen to the meanest child,
And from experience cheerfully allow,
That they are learners, and but little know.

449.*

(T. 22.)

1. WHoe'er in Jesus doth believe,
To soaring thoughts no room can give;
The blessed fellowship with Christ,
And nothing else by him is priz'd.

2. Reflecting how our Lord and Head,
When ris'n, his foll'wers visited,
He prays to share that happiness
Which, without sight, we may possess.

3. Communing with the Lamb of God,
With heartfelt gratitude he's bow'd;
And walks in true humility,
As Christ's disciple constantly.

450.*

(T. 22.)

1. MY Saviour, that I without thee
Can nothing do, rejoiceth me:
For all the grace thou dost bestow,
I fain my gratitude would show.

2. Though weak and poor, I am thine own;
All praise is due to thee alone,
That thou, when humbly I appear
'Fore thee, in mercy draweſt near!

3. When pride would ſtir within my breaſt,
I found no happineſs nor reſt;
But, walking in humility,
I've perfect peace and joy in thee.

4. O keep me contrite, low and poor!
Thus ſhall I praiſe thee evermore.
Myſelf thrice bleſſed I can call,
When I am nought, and thou my All.

5. In mercy, Lord, this grace beſtow,
That in thy ſervice I may do,
With gladneſs and a willing mind,
Whatever is for me aſſign'd.

451.*

(T. 580.)

THY law, O Lord, be my delight,
My gracious King, thy ſtatutes write
In my untoward heart;
Thy pow'r divine afford me grace
To love thee and to walk thy ways,
And never from thee to depart.

XXVIII. Of Reſignation, Confidence, and Patience in Tribulation.

452.

(T. 14.)

1. GOD is my Saviour and my Light,
Why ſhould I be diſmay'd?
'Tis he defends my life; of whom
Then need I be afraid?

2. Hear my requeſts, O Lord, and give
An anſwer full of grace:
Thy face thou badſt me ſeek, and I
Reply, "I'll ſeek thy face."

3. Lord, do not in diſpleaſure hide
Thyſelf, nor me reject;
The aid which I have had before,
From thee I ſtill expect.

4. Wait ſtill on God, my ſoul! from him
All needful ſtrength derive:
Though he delay, he will at length
Thy fainting heart revive.

453.*

(T. 208.)

1. JEſus, ſource of gladneſs,
Comfort in all ſadneſs,
Thou canſt end my grief;
I for thee am waiting,
Ardently intreating
Thee for thy relief:
Slaughter'd Lamb,—thy ſaving name
Yields to me far greater pleaſure
Than all worldly treaſure.

2. God is my ſalvation,
Joy and conſolation;
With the world I've done;
To pride's vain pretenſion
I'll pay no attention,
Av'rice I diſown;
Perils, loſs,—ſhame, death and croſs,
Suff'rings e'er ſo keen ſhall never
Me from Jeſus ſever.

3. If the Lord protect me,
Sin cannot infect me,
Nought can do me harm;
Although ſatan rageth,
Chriſt the ſtorm aſſuageth
By his mighty arm:
Would the foe—his malice ſhow,
I, ſince he's my ſtrength and tower,
Need not fear his power.

4. Gloomy thoughts muſt vaniſh,
Since he doth repleniſh
Me with heav'nly peace;
Each who Jeſus loveth,
By experience proveth
Grief is chang'd to bliſs;
Though I here—reproach muſt bear,
Yet he turneth all my ſadneſs
Into joy and gladneſs.

454.*

(T. 22.)

1. JESUS, my all, my higheſt good!
Who haſt redeem'd me with thy blood,
When confidence in thee I place,
My ſoul is fill'd with joy and peace.

2. Where ſhould I turn, or how thee leave?
Jeſus, to thee my mind doth cleave;
With thee my heart hath always found
True counſel, comfort, help abound.

3. All, who're poſſeſs'd of faith and love,
This daily by experience prove,
That they who ſimply put their truſt
In Jeſus Chriſt, can ne'er be loſt.

4. None can be ſo o'erwhelm'd with grief,
But he in Chriſt may find relief;
All miſery, however great,
His comforts can alleviate,

5. Jeſus, my only God and Lord,
What comfort doth thy name afford!
No friend on earth can ever be
Compar'd for faithfulneſs with thee.

6. Were health, and ſtrength, and friends withdrawn,
Were ev'ry earthly comfort gone,
If I have thee, I have howe'er
What me eternally can cheer.

7. O Lord, preſerve me ſound in faith,
Thine let me be in life and death;
Hear my requeſt, I ardently
Deſire to be at home with thee.

455.*

(T. 16.)

1. STorms and winds may blow and batter,
Nay, life's veſſel overwhelm;
Deem theſe trials no great matter,
If our Saviour guides the helm.

2. If with willing reſignation,
Free from care, we acquieſce
In his ways, his conſolation
Will alleviate our diſtreſs.

3. God is mighty to deliver,
None his power can withſtand;
In all trials whatſoever
He will be our gracious friend.

4. When his hour ſtrikes for relieving,
Help breaks forth amazingly,
And, to ſhame our anxious grieving,
Often unexpectedly.

456.

(T. 22.)

1. WHEN by adverſity I'm tried,
In God, my rock, I will confide,
'Midſt trials, whatſoe'er they be,
Rely on his fidelity.

2. I'll truſt my great Phyſician's ſkill,
Reſignedly obey his will;
For each diſeaſe he knows what's fit,
He's wiſe and good, and I ſubmit.

3. Although his med'cine cauſe me ſmart,
And wound me in the tend'reſt part,
'Tis but with a deſign to cure,
I muſt and will his touch endure.

4. Lord Jeſus Chriſt, afford me grace,
In ev'ry trial thee to praiſe:
O let thy ſacred will be mine,
To thee myſelf I now reſign.

457.*

(T. 234.)

JESUS, my all, my ſoul's beſt friend,
To thee myſelf I now deliver;
Whate'er comes from thy faithful hand,
How hard it be, how ſtrange ſoever,
I'll take it with a paſſive heart:
And tho' I cannot ſhout for gladneſs,
Yet it ſhall never cauſe me ſmart,
Nor fill my ſoul with anxious ſadneſs.
May I with cheerfulneſs
In thy ways acquieſce,
Nor murmur at thy diſpenſation,
But ſimply truſting thee,
On thy fidelity
Depend with humble reſignation,

458.

(T. 580.)

1. THAT I am thine, my Lord and God,
Sprinkled and ranſom'd with thy blood,
Repeat that word once more,
With ſuch an energy and light,
That this world's flattery nor ſpite
To ſhake me ever may have pow'r.

2. From various cares my heart retires.
Though deep and boundleſs its deſires,
I'm now to pleaſe but one,
Him, before whom the elders bow;
With him I am engaged now,
And with the ſouls that are his own.

3. This is my joy, which ne'er can fail,
To ſee my Saviour's arm prevail,
To mark the ſteps of grace;
How new-born ſouls, convinc'd of ſin,
Yet through his precious blood made clean,
Extol his name in ev'ry place.

4. With theſe my happy lot is caſt,
Thro' the world's deſerts rude and waſte,
Or through its gardens fair:
Whether the ſtorm of malice ſweeps,
Or all in dead ſupineneſs ſleeps,
Still to go on, be all my care.

5. See the dear ſheep, by Jeſus drawn,
In bleſt ſimplicity move on,
They truſt his Shepherd's crook;
Beholders many faults will find,
But they can gueſs at Jeſu's mind,
Content, if written in his book.

6. O all ye wiſe, ye rich, ye juſt,
Who Jeſu's doctrine have diſcuſs'd,
And judge it weak and ſlight,
Grant but I may [the reſt's your own,]
In ſhame and poverty ſit down
At this one well-ſpring of delight.

7. Indeed had Jeſus ne'er been ſlain,
Or could ought make his ranſom vain,
That it avail'd no more;
Were his unbounded mercy fled,
Were he no more the churches' head,
Nor Lord of all, as heretofore;

8. Then, ſo refers my ſtate to him,
Unwarranted I muſt eſteem,
And wretched all I do;
Ah! my heart throbs, and ſeizeth faſt
That cov'nant, which will ever laſt,
It knows, it knows theſe things are true.

9. Yes, my dear Lord, in foll'wing thee,
Not in the dark uncertainly,
This foot obedient moves;
'Tis with a Brother and a King,
Who many to his yoke will bring,
Who ever lives and ever loves.

10. Now then my Way, my Truth, my Life,
Henceforth let ſorrow, doubt and ſtrife,
Drop off like autumn leaves;
Henceforth, as privileg'd by thee,
Simple and undiſtracted be
My ſoul, which to thy mercy cleaves.

11. Let me my weary mind recline
On that eternal love of thine,
And human thoughts forget;
Childlike attend what thou wilt ſay,
Go forth and do it, while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my ſafe retreat.

12. At all times to my ſpirit bear
An inward witneſs, ſoft and clear,
Of thy redeeming pow'r;
Thus will thy child enabled be
In all things to yield joy to thee,
And live unto thy praiſe each hour.

13. Now then the ſequel is well weigh'd,
I caſt myſelf upon thy aid,
A ſea where none can ſink;
Yea, thereon I depend, poor worm,
Believing that thou wilt perform
Beyond whate'er I aſk or think.

459*.

(T. 83.)

1. MY Redeemer knoweth me,
Both in joy and in affliction;
O my ſoul, now joyful be,
Truſt thy Shepherd's kind direction.
His own ſheep he knows by name,
And to bleſs them is his aim.

2. Unexampled is that love
By which we're with him connected,
If we ought distressing prove,
Jesus is thereby affected;
We his watchful love and care,
In all trials, richly share.

460.*

(T. 195.)

DOTH our gracious Saviour,
In so many evils,
Which the foe at christians levels,
Kindly guard and keep us?
Ah! how should we praise him,
Ev'ry where extol and bless him?
Love should so-ardent glow,
As to make us ever
Cleave to Christ our Saviour.

461.

(T. 22.)

1. WHO can condemn, since Christ hath dy'd?
I, by his blood, am justify'd:
He ever lives to intercede,
And send me help in time of need.

2. What can from Christ me separate?
Shall trials howsoever great,
Shall tribulation or distress,
Shall peril, sword, or nakedness?

3. O no, in all things I shall prove
Conq'ror through him, who me did love;
My Lord obtain'd the victory,
Sufficient is his grace for me.

4. O love unbounded! refuge sure!
My helpless soul now lives secure;
In thee, O Lord, alone I trust,
I know I never shall be lost.

462.*

(T. 151.)

1. IS God my strong salvation?
No enemy I fear;
He hears my supplication,
Dispelling all my care:
If he, my Head and Master,
Defends me from above,
What pain or what disaster
Can part me from his love?

2. Of this I am persuaded,
And boast now openly,
That he, whose love ne'er faded,
Is always kind to me;
In changes and in chances
He stands at my right-hand;
Yea, when a storm advances,
'Tis calm at his command.

3. The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and his blood;
He gives me the possession
Of everlasting good;
Myself, and whatsoever
Is mine, I cannot trust;
The gifts of Christ my Saviour
Remain my only boast.

4. My Jesus and his merit
Are all my aim and care;
Were he not with my spirit,
Ah! I should soon despair;
T' appear 'fore my Creator
I never could desire,
He'd to my sinful nature
Prove a consuming fire.

5. 'Tis Jesus Christ who taketh
Away sin, death and woe,
And by his blood he maketh
Each spot as white as snow;
Free from that condemnation,
Which sinners else must find,
I joy in his salvation
With an embolden'd mind.

6. His Spirit is the sov'reign
Possessor of my heart;
Nought else dares there to govern,
And he dispels all smart;
He gives his benediction,
Yea, helpeth me to cry
Abba, when in affliction,
With childlike fervency.

7. His Spirit cheers my spirit
With many a precious word,
That I shall joy inherit,
If trusting in the Lord;

Since after tribulation,
All those who Jesus love,
Have that blest expectation
To live with him above.

8. Should earth lose its foundation,
He stands my lasting Rock;
No temp'ral desolation
Shall give my love a shock;
I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,
No object, small or great,
Nor height, nor depth shall ever
Me from him separate.

463.*

(T. 68.)

1. GOD and man indeed!
Comfort in all need!
Thou becam'st a man of sorrows,
To gain life eternal for us,
By thy precious blood:
Jesus, man and God!

2. Thanks for ever be,
Jesus, unto thee,
For thy strength'ning us when feeble,
Bearing us when we're not able;
Granting constantly
What we ask of thee.

464.*

(T. 228.)

THIS one thing needful grant to us,
To view thee, Jesus, on the cross,
Bleeding for our salvation,
Then 'midst all weakness, we indeed
Shall still from grace to grace proceed,
Lord, in thy congregation:
May none—ground on
Empty notions,—or good motions,
His religion,
Without pow'r and life's fruition.

465.

(T. 9.)

1. WHAT, my soul, should bow thee down,
Perils or temptation?
Is not Christ upon the throne
Still thy strong salvation?

2. Cast thy burthen on the Lord,
Thy almighty Saviour;
He, who death for thee endur'd,
Surely will deliver.

3. Mention to him all thy wants,
Yea, whate'er doth grieve thee,
If thy soul for comfort pants,
Jesus will relieve thee.

4. Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,
Quickly turn to Jesus,
He will do for thee what's best,
Heal all thy diseases.

5. Mourn, because thou hast forgot
Him, whose great compassion
Never fails, whose blood hath bought
Thy complete salvation.

6. Earthly trifles don't regard,
Trust in Jesu's favor,
He will be thy great reward,
And thy shield for ever.

466.

(T. 14.)

1. WHILE we at honest labour toil,
Our hearts may be at ease;
For if our Saviour on us smile,
'Midst trouble we have peace.

2. Sick outwardly or in distress
We may be, 'tis confess'd:
But the believer ne'ertheless
In trials finds he's bless'd.

467.*

(T. 212.)

1. THE will of God is always best,
His will be done for ever;
Those who confide in him are blest,
And prove his love and favor.
He helps indeed,—in time of need,
'Midst chastisements he saveth;
Those who depend—on God their friend,
Such souls he never leaveth.

2. His comforts daily me sustain,
He lends me his assistance;
To what he doth for me ordain
I'll yield without resistance:

True is his word,—my hairs the Lord
Himself in mercy numbers;
He guards and wakes,—care of me takes,
And all my wants remembers.

468.

(T. 590.)

1. NO more with trembling heart I try
A multitude of things,
Still wishing to find out that point
From whence salvation springs;
My anchor's cast, cast on a ground,
Where I shall ever rest
From all the labor of my thoughts,
And workings of my breast.

2. What is my anchor, if you ask?
A hungry, helpless mind,
Diving, with mis'ry for its weight,
Till firmest grace it find:
What is my ground? 'Tis Jesus Christ,
Whom faithless eyes pass o'er,
Yet there the humble sinner may
Ride safe, though tempests roar.

469.

(T. 590.)

BY Christ we're skreen'd with tender care,
From vain and worldly noise;
Ye who God's happy children are,
Can in the Lord rejoice,
And walk in union with your God,
Who is your nearest friend,
Upon life's rough and dang'rous road,
In safety to the end.

470.*

(T. 189.)

Who overcometh, shall abide forever
A pillar in God's temple, through his grace,
Adorned with the name of God his Saviour,
And of Jerusalem his chosen place;
Lord, make the feeble
Watchful and able,
That they be stable,
And vict'ry gain.

471.

(T. 149.)

1. CHrist I love with all my pow'r,
But still not sufficient;
If without him but one hour,
I'm in joy deficient.
Might his grace—but always,
And his constant nearness,
Keep my soul in clearness!

2. 'Midst all trials may I cleave
Unto thee my Saviour;
Ah, my inmost soul doth grieve
When I miss that favor:
Lord, with thee—constantly
Be my blessed station,
Till my consummation.

472*.

(T. 79.)

I'LL spare all needless thinking,
Nor shall my mind be shrinking,
Concerning what may be,
I'll follow thy kind leading,
Dear Lord, in each proceeding;
That thou'rt my all, sufficeth me.

473.*

(T. 34.)

1. AT last he's blest, who by the blood of Jesus
Was cleansed and an heir of God while here;
At last draws nigh the acceptable year;
The wish'd-for day, on which all sorrow ceases.

2. At last God's servants, joys eternal reaping,
Will be refresh'd, according to his word,
In heav'n made like the angels of the Lord,
But here on earth we must sow seed 'midst weeping.

3. My soul, with patience wait for that blest season,
Knowing, that tho' by various trials prov'd,
Thou'rt by thy Saviour car'd for and belov'd,
Therefore unto God's will submit thy reason.

XXIX. Of the Christian Church in general, and the Brethren's Congregations in particular.

474.*

(T. 166.)

1. UNfathom'd wisdom of our King!
In stillness he collects his flock,
Leads on, doth to perfection bring,
And grounds it on himself, the Rock;
With little hurry, noise, or show,
He safely guideth ev'ry soul;
No more the blinded world can do,
Than scorn and ridicule the whole.

2. Thy church, great Saviour, bought with blood,
Despis'd of men, but dear to thee,
Esteems thy cross a pleasant load,
An easy yoke; thrice happy she!
When, bearing thy reproach below,
She still partakes of thy free grace,
Which thou so richly dost bestow,
And which affliction's load outweighs.

3. Thou hast, with shepherd's faithfulness,
Brought many souls to thy blest fold,
Made them partakers of thy grace,
And 'mongst thy foll'wers them enroll'd:
They yield thee pleasure and delight,
When they thy shepherd's voice obey,
And whilst they in thy love unite,
Thou guid'st them thro' life's narrow way.

4. We humbly pray, support the weak,
Support thy little ones thro' grace.
Thou know'st for thee a thirst we seek,
Kind Master of thy chosen race!
We know thy faithfulness and love,
Thy mercy all our wants supplies,
May spirit, soul, and body prove
To thee a pleasing sacrifice.

5. By thee protected, gracious Lord,
O may we ever live secure;
Let by thy Spirit, grace and word,
Thy cov'nant with thy church stand sure;
Thy work O prosper and defend,
We're feeble, but confide in thee;
Let thy true foll'wers to the end
Beneath oppression conqu'rors be.

475.

(T. 167.)

1. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose words can ne'er be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2. See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hov'ring
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4. Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings.
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5. Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

476.*
(T. 26.)

1. REdeemed souls, adore and praise
Our merciful and gracious God,
For all the blessings he bestow'd,
For all the wonders of his grace.

2. The Lord for us great things hath done,
Our warmest thanks to him are due,
We trace his goodness when we view
His church, where he erects his throne.

3. We humbly take what he'll bestow,
Who would refuse his boundless grace?
O may his church in ev'ry place
His blessed views more fully know.

4. We all in spirit are agreed,
To follow Jesus as his flock,
To build on him, our only Rock,
And on the path of life proceed.

5. And though a rugged path it be,
On which we oft with trials meet,
And many dangers us beset;
It leads to true felicity.

6. The Father's garden here below
With patience must be watch'd indeed,
For as in nature 'tis, the seed
Must die before the plant can grow.

7. Here is our hand, us, Lord, assist,
To serve thee midst reproach and shame,
And thy atonement to proclaim,
Until we in thy presence rest.

477.
(T. 161.)

1. HIghly favor'd congregation,
Founded firm on Christ the Rock!
Own with thanks and adoration,
He's the Shepherd, we his flock;
He's our Saviour, whose great favor
We've midst many trials proved,
We are needy, yet beloved.

2. Most who've enter'd your blest borders
View with awe your Master's aim;
And your government and orders
Prompt them to revere his name.
Lord most holy!—may we truly
Prize our great predestination
In thy chosen congregation.

3. Think, my soul, how great the favor
In Jehovah's courts to dwell!
There poor sinners meet their Saviour;
There the sin-sick souls grow well.
Was not Jesus—always gracious,
When we, conscious how we failed,
To his loving heart appealed?

4. Here by faith we're humbly eying
Our Redeemer on the cross;
We behold him bleeding, dying,
To gain endless bliss for us.
Here is ready—for the needy,
Meat and drink at Jesu's table,
Which t' explain we are not able.

5. In thy family, O Jesus,
Love should more and more abound;
This thy word and Spirit teach us,
As its mark and only ground.
May we, learning—and discerning
Both thy doctrine and example,
Be in truth thy holy temple.

6. Grant that 'mongst thy chosen people
Each may serve thee evermore,
Foll'wing thee as thy disciple,
And in spirit thee adore,
Gracious Saviour—with heart's fervor;
May we walk as thine anointed,
In the path thou hast appointed.

478.*
(T. 22.)

1. AS long as Jesus Lord remains
Each day new rising glory gains,
It was, it is, and will be so
With his church militant below!

2. Our only stay is Jesu's grace,
In ev'ry time and ev'ry place;
And Jesu's blood-bought righteousness
Remains his church's glorious dress.

3. All self-dependence is but vain,
Christ doth our Corner-stone remain,
Our Rock, which will unshaken stay
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

4. The Spirit which anointed Christ,
By which th' apostles were baptiz'd,
Is giv'n to us, and makes us glad,
Proceeding from the church's Head.

5. That cause shall never suffer harm
Which rests on Jesu's mighty arm:
What men can do, we need not fear,
No foe shall even touch a hair.

6. For these our God hath number'd all,
Without his leave not one can fall:
If in the least he is so true,
What won't he in the greater do?

7. He is and shall remain our Lord,
Our confidence is in his word:
And whilst our Jesus reigns above
His church will more than conqu'ror prove.

479.*

(T. 146.)

LORD, teach me how to prize
My great predestination;
And thankful to rejoice
With thy dear congregation,
Redeemed with thy blood;
Grant me a childlike faith
Among thy folk, O God!
Until my latest breath.

480.*

(T. 26.)

1. WHO can the love of Christ express
To those who by his blood redeemed,
Are as the heirs of life esteemed?
They're own'd as his peculiar race.

2. With thanks before his throne appear,
And praise his name, dear congregation,
For ev'ry proof and demonstration,
That you his favor'd people are.

3. We know his boundless love and grace,
Enjoy his goodness, care and favor,
He keeps his covenant for ever,
Can ought exceed his faithfulness?

4. O may the church of Christ always
Be to the world a bright example,
How by the Holy Ghost, his temple
Should be constructed to his praise.

481.*

(T. 155.)

1. CHurch of Christ, sing and rejoice,
Bring the Lord through all thy classes
Thanks and praises,
Glory, honor, might and pow'r,
Evermore;
Since he is your Head and Saviour,
And his mercy, grace and favor
Richly doth on you bestow.

2. When we on his faithfulness,
Love and mercy duly ponder,
Lost in wonder,
We desire his name to praise;
For his grace,
Love and goodness never ceaseth,
He the number still increaseth
Of the church in which he rules.

3. Highly favor'd church, thou art
Still beyond all contradiction,
Midst affliction,
By the Lord, who thee redeem'd,
Much esteem'd;
Therefore may thy whole behavior
Be an honor to thy Saviour,
Whose great mercy never ends.

4. Tho' thou hast but little strength,
Yet thy faith be manifested,
And attested
By unfeigned love to him;
Serve his name
With true zeal in ev'ry station,
As his feeble congregation,
Which relies on his support.

482.

(T. 341.)

1. OUR souls with inmost shame
Address thy holy name,
Jesus in our midst appear
Present to each waiting soul,
Ev'ry drooping sinner cheer,
Breathe thy Spirit thro' the whole.

2. We ſinners humbly crave
Thy preſence here to have,
In this place to find thee true
To thy promiſes of grace;
Still to own the gather'd few,
Giving them thy life and peace.

3. From thy majeſtic throne
In mercy, Lord, look down;
View the ſouls a-thirſt for thee,
Turn to them thy cheering face;
Each adores, with bended knee,
Thee, O Jeſus, for thy grace.

483.*

(T. 121.)

LORD Jeſus, by thy death,
Whereon we truſt by faith,
Thy wounds, thy pierced ſide,
Thy agony and ſweat,
Preſerve the church, thy bride,
Till thou com'ſt again,
Prince of life once ſlain.:||:

484.*

(T. 583.)

HOW bold and vain th' attempt to overthrow
The bleſſed church of Jeſus Chriſt below,
For Salem's bulwarks, holy walls and tow'rs,
Shall ſtand in ſpite of all oppoſing pow'rs.

485 *

(T. 30.)

LIFT up thy pierc'd hands, moſt gracious Saviour,
On thy church, and pour out all that favor,
Which in thy loving
And kind heart for us is ever moving.

486.*

(T. 121.)

1. YE people of the Lord,
Be ſtill and truſt his word,
Bring your ſupplications
'Fore him with one accord,
That many heathen nations,
Bought by Jeſu's blood,
May yet turn to God.:||:

2. O might we clearly trace
In theſe bleſt times of grace,
'Mongſt the brethren's people,
In each a willingneſs
To be the Lord's diſciple,
To ſpend life and blood
In the cauſe of God.:||:

487.*

(T. 151.)

O Jeſus Chriſt, moſt holy,
Head of the church, thy bride,
Each day in us more fully
Thy name be magnify'd;
O may in each believer
Thy love its pow'r diſplay,
And none amongſt us, ever
From thee our Shepherd ſtray.

488.*

(T. 590.)

O Thou whoſe mercies far exceed
All we can think or ſay,
As in thy people thou indeed
Doſt daily more diſplay:
Let for our happineſs, O God,
On us, whilſt here below,
By virtue of thy death and blood,
Still thouſand bleſſings flow.

489.*

(T. 114.)

1. THOU God of love, we pray impart thy favor
Each day unto thy houſe and family,
Who as one man united are in thee,
O grant that ev'ry one thy grace may favor,
And that thy church for ever may rejoice
In thee, and praiſe thy name with heart and voice.

2. O thou whose love extends beyond
all measure,
Thou hearest us already ere we cry,
No soul that calls on thee thou passest
by,
But to relieve thy children is thy
pleasure,
Thou art our Light, our Strength, our
Shield and Rock,
Our faithful Shepherd, and we are
thy flock.

490.*

(T. 68.)

1. CHURCH of Christ be glad,
Praise thy Lord and Head,
Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
That thou'rt filled with his Spirit
Is perceiv'd, and this
Proves that thou art his.

2. For the Lamb of God
Fixeth his abode
In his ransom'd congregation,
And true joy and consolation,
Grace and truth abound
Where the Lord is found.

3. All thy strength and life
From Christ's death derive,
And proclaim his bitter passion
As the cause of man's salvation,
Showing forth his praise
Till the end of days.

491.*

(T. 520.)

1. PRAISE God for ever!
Boundless is his favor
To his church and chosen flock,
Founded on Christ the Rock,
His almighty Son,
On fair mount Zion,
By his Spirit, grace and word:
Blest city of the Lord!
Thou in spite of ev'ry pow'rful foe
Shalt unshaken stand, and prosp'ring
grow,
Midst disgrace—to God's praise,
Both in love and unity,
To all eternity.

2. It plain appeareth,
As God's word declareth,
That the Lord his folk defends,
Through mercy which ne'er ends;
As he was of old
With his chosen fold,
Thus his pow'r and faithfulness
We in the church may trace,
For our God his people still protects
And 'mongst them his righteous throne
erects.
Praises be—giv'n to thee,
Mighty God Immanuel,
That with us thou wilt dwell.

3. God our salvation
Feeds his congregation
With his word and sacrament,
All evil doth prevent,
That the weak and poor
Here may dwell secure;
Order is herein maintain'd
By discipline unstain'd,
And God's servants watch with faith-
ful care
O'er his flock, and offer fervent pray'r.
God our Lord—will afford
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Until the end of days.

492 *

(T. 69.)

1. HOW amiable
Thy habitations are!
Wherein assemble
Thy christian people dear,
O Lord,
Thy praises to record.

2. My heart with fervor
And inward longing, pants
Thy grace and favor
To tell there with thy saints,
Boldly
The truth to testify.

3. For there thou choosest
To dwell, my living Tow'r;
Sweet rest diffusest
From that place evermore,
Which thou
Ordained hast thereto.

4. There is asserted
The new birth spiritual;
And souls converted
By thy pure gospel's call,
And there
In Christ's church grafted are.

5. For this I'm longing,
(Great gladness it doth raise)
Thereto belonging
To be throughout my days,
And thee
To serve incessantly.

6. All those are blessed
That come into thine house,
With awe expressed,
Which deep conviction shows;
And pray,
And to thee homage pay.

7. Thou dost deliver
Thy church in all distress;
Thou art our Saviour,
Whate'er may us oppress,
Vict'ry
We may obtain through thee.

8. One day is better
Spent in the christian church,
Thy praise to utter,
Than thousands spent in search
Of joy
In the broad worldly way.

9. This territory
The Lord, as sun, doth light,
Gives grace and glory,
And sanctify'd delight
To all
Who for his mercy call.

10. Yea, his condition,
How splendid 'tis, O Lord,
Whom thou admission
Dost to thy church afford,
And so
The heav'nly kingdom too.

11. Through grace afford us,
Dear Lord, church-liberty,
To each good purpose,
That we our days employ
With care
Thy holy word to hear.

493.*

(Reception-Liturgy. A.)

(T. 22.)

1. IN th' name of Jesus Christ our Lord,
The church's Head, by us ador'd,
His brethren's congregation now
Into her fold receiveth you;

2. With us in Jesus to be one,
To follow him, and him alone;
T' enjoy his faithful shepherd's care,
And his reproach and joy to share.

3. O may our Lord, the God of grace,
When you receive the kiss of peace,
Own you his blood-bought property,
And lead and bless you constantly.

4. With heart and hand you now we own,
The Lord, to whom your heart is known,
Cause your whole walk 'mongst us to be
His joy and your felicity.

5. The God of peace you sanctify,
With us to yield him praise and joy;
That spirit, soul, and body may
Be blameless till his perfect day.

494.*

(Reception-Liturgy. B.)

(T. 22.)

1. THIS flock of Christ receiveth thee,
Whilst conscious of her poverty,
She weepeth often contrite tears,
When 'fore her Saviour she appears.

2. But yet she can in truth rejoice,
Because she hears his shepherd's voice,
And owns that he, her Lord and Head,
Her gently govern'd, train'd and led.

3. While we the kiss of peace impart
We own thee one with us in heart,
In Jesus, who's the only ground
That in one cov'nant we are found.

4. Enjoy then with the church, Christ's spouse,
The privileges of his house;

And in our joy, and grief, and care,
With us take thy allotted ſhare.

5. As his redeem'd from this world's thrall,
Seek to make ſure thy bleſſed call:
That when the Bridegroom comes we may
Be found wiſe virgins in that day.

495.
(T. 14.)

1. BRide of the Lamb, I'm one in heart
With thee, thro' boundleſs grace,
And I ſhall ne'er from thee depart,
This bond ſhall never ceaſe.

2. Cloſely I'll follow Chriſt with thee,
I'll go thy ſafeſt road,
Thy people ſhall my people be,
And thine ſhall be my God.*

* Ruth i. 16.

496.*
(T. 155.)

FIT us for thy ſervice, Lord,
Each one in thy congregation,
In his ſtation,
May we be in ev'ry place
To thy praiſe,
And in all thy ſervice ſtable,
Willing, lively, faithful, able,
Till in thee we end our race.

497*.
(T. 208.)

LORD, thy body's Saviour,
Shepherd and Preſerver,
If times numberleſs,
We, thy congregation,
Paid our adoration
For electing grace,
Yet ſhould we
Great debtors be:
Take us all as an oblation
For thy bitter paſſion.

498.*
(T. 132.)

THE ſpirit of the witneſſes
Reſts on the congregation,
Excites her to proclaim free grace
In Chriſt's propitiation;
And teacheth her when to rejoice,
When to lift up her cheerful voice,
And when to weep in ſilence.

499.*
(T. 582.)

LORD Jeſus, when we trace
Thy gracious call and aim
With us thy flock, we render praiſe
Unto thy holy name;
Thou'ſt open'd us a door,
Our little ſtrength thou know'ſt,
Aſſiſt us, Lord, we thee implore,
To call to thee what's loſt.

500.*
(T. 58.)

HOLD o'er thy church thy protecting hand,
And in thy truth may ſhe ever ſtand;
Render her more bleſſed and to thy glory,
May all her members ſerve and adore thee
As Lord and Head.

501.*
(T. 114.)

1. BRide of the Lamb, thou favor'd congregation,
Thou fruit of Jeſu's croſs, dear cov'nant flock,
Securely built on him, th' eternal Rock,
Rejoice in him, the God of thy ſalvation,
Reap all the bleſſings he deſign'd for thee,
Grow in his grace and knowledge conſtantly.

2. Thy glory be to all the world diſplayed,
To all mankind his dying love proclaim,
Awake, put on thy ſtrength, Jeruſalem,
And in thy beauteous garments be arrayed,

Break forth, extend thyself both far and near,
That thousands still thy happiness may share.

502.*

(T. 79.)

THOU know'st the congregation
Hath thee for her foundation,
Whate'er the world may say;
Grant us to cleave for ever
To thee, our gracious Saviour,
May love amongst us bear the sway.

503.*

(T. 221.)

O Lord, let thy countenance friendly and gracious
Shine clearly on thy chosen race,
To thee we commend ourselves jointly, to bless us,
Let ev'ry member feel thy peace:
Thy servants protect, O most gracious Lord,
And always direct by thy holy word,
Yea, grant them with boldness thy death to proclaim,
And life and remission of sins thro' thy name.

XXX. Hymns for the New Year and other solemn Days.

504.

(T. 184.)

1. AGAIN another year is ended,
In which we've prov'd that Christ our Head,
Whom we, alas! too oft offended,
Us kindly own'd, and lov'd, and led;
Yet when we, conscious of transgression,
Bow'd in the dust 'fore him appear'd,
His pardon follow'd our confession,
His smiles our drooping spirits cheer'd.

2. Thou God of love! thy great salvation
Remain'd throughout this year our stay;
Thy care of us, thy congregation,
Was manifested ev'ry day:
Nay, even trials and afflictions
Prov'd thee our gracious God and Lord;
In all we felt thy benediction:
Thee, Lord, we praise with one accord!

3. O gracious Lord, thy name be blessed
By us, for all thy proofs of grace!
For all the gifts by us possessed.
Thou crownest all our years and days.
Tho' we with shame and pain are sighing
That we so basely thee requite:
Yet Hallelujahs we'll be crying,
For thou'rt our Lord, and Help, and Light.

505.

(T. 584.)

1. THOU God of love, Lord our salvation,
Grant us a year of jubilation,
Though fill'd with humble shame;
Seal with thy pardon our confession;
Preserve us, Lord, from all transgression;
Thus we shall praise thy name.

2. Saviour and Lord, our only Sov'reign,
Thy people in this year so govern,
That we may give thee praise.
O Father, give Christ's flock thy blessing!
O Spirit, we, thy aid possessing,
Shall daily grow in grace!

506.

(T. 14.)

1. AGAIN another fleeting year
Of my short life is past;

I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2. Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3. Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
By Christ it will be giv'n.

4. Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

507.*

(T. 10.)

1. YEAR after year commenceth,
And as our life advanceth,
We through God's grace are thriving
Each year that we are living.

2. As in tempestuous weather,
A kind and tender mother
Her babe from harm protecteth,
And safely home conducteth;

3. So shelters Christ our Saviour
His children by his favor,
And proves in each temptation
Their refuge and salvation.

4. Lord, grant thy benediction
To ev'ry thought and action,
On youth, and age declining,
Thou Sun of grace be shining.

5. O keep our souls and senses
Under the influences
Of thy most holy Spirit,
Until we heav'n inherit.

6. O God of our salvation,
Withhold no kind donation
From us, but let us favor
In this new year thy favor.

508.

(T. 582.)

1. LET hearts and tongues unite
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
The Saviour's name to praise.

2. To him we owe our breath,
He took us from the womb,
Which else had shut us up in death,
And prov'd an early tomb.

3. When on the breast we hung,
Our help was in the Lord;
'Twas he first taught our infant tongue
To form the lisping word.

4. When in our blood we lay,
He would not let us die;
Because his love had fix'd a day
To bring salvation nigh.

5. In childhood and in youth
His eye was on us still;
Though strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.

6. And since his name we knew,
How gracious hath he been!
What dangers hath he led us through,
What mercies have we seen!

7. Now through another year,
Supported by his care,
We raise our *Ebenezer here,
"The Lord hath help'd thus far."

8. Our lot in future years
Unable to foresee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Saith, "Leave it all to me."

9. Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon thy breast;
Help us to praise thee for the past,
And trust thee for the rest.

* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

509.*

(T. 141.)

1. OWN thy congregation,
O thou slaughter'd Lamb,
Who are here assembled
In thy holy name,
Look upon thy people,
Whom thou by thy blood
Hast in love redeemed,
And brought nigh to God.

2. Thou hast kindly led us,
For these many years,
Ah! accept our praises,
And our grateful tears;

Grant us all the favor
To obey thy voice,
Yea, what thou directeſt
Be our only choice.

3. Church, who art arrayed
In the glorious dreſs
Of thy Lord and Saviour's
Spotleſs righteouſneſs,
Be both now and ever
By his blood kept clean,
And in all thy members
May his grace be ſeen.

510.

(T. 97.)

1. WHO can rehearſe, moſt gracious Lord,
The mercy which thou doſt afford
Unto thy people ev'ry year?
We thy poor congregation here
Deſire to thank and praiſe thee evermore,
And humbly in the duſt thy name t' adore.

2. For we, unworthy as we are,
Enjoy'd thy faithful Shepherd's care;
Thou always comfort didſt impart
To ev'ry needy contrite heart;
Thou didſt to us thy dying love diſplay,
And waſt our help and refuge ev'ry day.

3. The hearing of thy precious word,
Thy gracious preſence, holy Lord,
Have cheer'd our hearts abundantly,
When met in fellowſhip 'fore thee:
But, O what choiceſt bleſſings thou'ſt beſtow'd,
When we enjoy'd thy body and thy blood.

4. Lord Jeſus, we would fain expreſs
To thee our cordial thankfulneſs,
For all thy boundleſs love and grace;
But how imperfect are our lays!
O take our hearts, to thee ourſelves we give,
In future more unto thy praiſe to live.

511.

(T. 166.)

LORD Jeſus, 'mongſt thy flock appear,
And thy poor congregation bleſs;
We're met to cloſe another year,
Accept the thanks our hearts expreſs.
We are not able to record
Thy boundleſs favors which we've prov'd,
They ſhow that we, moſt gracious Lord,
'Midſt our defects by thee're beloy'd.

512.*

(T. 230.)

1. JESUS, God of our ſalvation,
Behold thy church with ſupplication
Humbly appear before thy face;
She by fervent love conſtrained,
Since from thy death ſhe life obtained,
Gives unto thee due thanks and praiſe,
O liſten to our pray'r,
To meet thee us prepare,
With due rev'rence,
No tongue can tell
What joy we feel,
When thou, Lord, doſt thyſelf reveal.

2. Thee t' approach with awe we venture,
Intreating thee our gates to enter,
Our ſouls and bodies are thine own.
Speak to ev'ry church diviſion,
We'll hear thy voice with deep impreſſion,
For we are bound to thee alone.
To thee in each concern
We'll always humbly turn,
Want we inſight,
May we by thee
Inſtructed be,
Then in thy light the light we'll ſee.

3. Be eſpecially intreated
To own thy ſervants, who are ſeated
Before thy face, tho' poor they are;
And in all their conferences
Grant them thy Spirit's influences,
Be preſent with them ev'ry where;

This we requeſt of thee,
O let us conſtantly
Do thy pleaſure,
All our diſtreſs,
O Lord, redreſs,
For without thee there's no ſucceſs.

4. Ruler of the congregations,
Which thou haſt gather'd from all nations,
We thee implore thy church to lead;
Shepherd, who ſo kindly guideſt
Thy flock, and over them preſideſt,
Thy ſheep for ever tend and feed:
O what a happineſs
Will ſtill in future days
Be diſplayed,
When our good Lord,
Who keeps his word,
To thoſe who've ſtray'd will help afford!

5. In the duſt we ſink before thee,
And for thy boundleſs love adore thee,
Thee, Lord, our all in all we own;
We thy people muſt confeſs it,
Thy love's ſo great we can't expreſs it,
Tho' to the world it be unknown;
The pow'r which doth abound
In thee, we've always found
Efficacious,
We will proclaim
Thy ſaving name,
O Lord, who ever art the ſame.

6. Thus our bliſs will laſt for ever,
While we enjoy thy love and favor,
Led by thy ſhepherd's crook, we're bleſt:
We with joyful acclamation
Adore thee in the congregation,
Whoſe Head and Elder thou'rt conſeſs'd:
To th' Ancient of all days
Might, honor, pow'r and praiſe
Be for ever,
Lord, grant that we
Eternally
May place our confidence in thee.

513.*

(T. 26.)

1. O Lord, lift up thy countenance,
Upon the church, and own us thine;
Impart to us thy peace divine,
And bleſſings unto all diſpenſe.

2. 'Tis our deſire to follow thee,
And from experience to proclaim
Salvation in thy Jeſu's name:
O take us as thy property.

3. Thy mercy is our only ſtay,
Direct us by thy holy word,
Thy Spirit's light to us afford,
Preſerve us, leſt we go aſtray.

4. O Well of life, we pant for thee,
In copious ſtreams thy thirſty flock
Deſires to drink of thee, the Rock,
And thirſt no more eternally.

5. Thy grace thou freely doſt beſtow,
This is our only plea and claim,
We bluſh 'fore thee with conſcious ſhame,
Our many faults and wants we know.

6. To thee, O Lord our righteouſneſs,
Who by thy blood haſt waſh'd us clean
From ev'ry ſpot and ſtain of ſin,
We give unfeigned thanks and praiſe.

514.*

(T. 22.)

1. LORD Chriſt, reveal thy holy face,
And ſend the Spirit of thy grace,
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,
To learn thy truth, and do thy will.

2. Lord, lead us in thy holy ways,
And teach our lips to tell thy praiſe;
Increaſe our faith, and raiſe the ſame
To taſte the ſweetneſs of thy name.

3. Till we with angels join to ſing
Eternal praiſe to thee, our King;
Till we behold thy face moſt bright
In joy and everlaſting light.

4. To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praiſe and glory giv'n
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

515.
(T. 583.)

1. LORD Jeſus, in thy preſence we are bleſt,
And thou art even now our wiſh'd-for Gueſt.
Without thee all our meetings would be cold,
And ſoon become a cuſtom dead and old.

2. Thou canſt alone to us true life impart,
Canſt comfort, bleſs and cheer each needy heart:
We are aſſembled here before thy face
To take out of thy fulneſs grace for grace.

3. Lord Jeſus, be for evermore ador'd,
We thee confeſs our Maſter, Head and Lord;
Thy faithfulneſs each day and hour we prove,
Grant us to live for thee, conſtrain'd by love.

516 *
(T. 155.)

1. SLaughter'd Lamb, Immanuel,
Who haſt gained our ſalvation,
By thy paſſion,
Ah! we give thee thanks and praiſe
For thy grace;
Grant, that we may all inherit
The anointing of thy Spirit,
Which inſtructs us what to do.

2. Let thy Spirit, which is truth,
Raiſe our grov'ling thoughts to heaven,
Us enliven,
Thus adorn'd and beautify'd
As thy bride,
May our walk and converſation
Be a ſtriking demonſtration
That thou dwell'ſt and walk'ſt in us.

3. Lord, for grace we thee intreat,
Grace, the anchor ſure and ſtable
Of the feeble;
Grace, whereon we muſt depend
To the end;
Grace, the ſinner's conſolation,
Sure ſupport in each temptation,
Confidence in life and death.

4. God with us, we vow to thee
Due allegiance now and ever,
Gracious Saviour,
We to ſerve thee ready ſtand,
Take the hand,
As a pledge and declaration
Of the grateful heart's ſenſation,
Which thy dying love excites.

517.
(T. 151.)

1. HEAD of thy congregation,
Kind Shepherd, gracious Lord,
Look on us with compaſſion,
Who're here with one accord;
Accept our thanks and praiſes
For all thy love and care,
Which we in various caſes
Repeatedly did ſhare.

2. Our lips would gladly mention
Thy patience, love and grace,
Our hearts with due attention
Thy loving kindneſs trace,
Which under thy protection
'Midſt trials we have prov'd;
Thy fatherly correction
Show'd us that we're belov'd.

518.
(T. 97.)

1. THOU who ſo graciouſly didſt lead
Iſrael of old from bondage freed,
And by thy own almighty hand
Didſt guide them to the promis'd land,
A cloud thy brightneſs veiling in the day,
At night thy pillar'd fire did mark their way.

2. That mighty pow'r thou then didſt ſhow,
We are aſſur'd attends us now,
We ſtill thy tender watchful care,
Tho' undeſerving, richly ſhare,
If we thy leadings faithfully purſue,
Foll'wing thy Spirit's teaching, as 'tis due.

3. May we to thee, our Shepherd, cleave,
Thy holy Spirit never grieve,
And love each other heartily,
Thereby the scorning world will see,
That we're the temple of the living God,
A chosen people bought by Jesu's blood.

519.*

(T. 9.)

1. CHRIST our Saviour look on thee,
Ransom'd congregation;
Thou art his, because that he
Purchas'd thy salvation.

2. Yea, his sympathizing heart
Yields thee consolation;
Ne'er from Christ thy Head depart,
Till thy consummation.

3. To his voice attentive be,
Thankfully adore him,
And with heart's fidelity
Humbly walk before him.

4. Thus in number and in grace,
Thou'lt yet be increasing,
Showing forth thy Saviour's praise,
And to him be pleasing.

520.*

(T. 166.)

LORD Jesus, for our call of grace,
To praise thy name in fellowship,
We're humbly met before thy face,
And in thy presence love-feast keep.
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
Thy Spirit's unction now impart;
Grant that we all, O Lamb of God,
May love each other from the heart.

521.

(T. 185.)

1. GRacious Lord, our Shepherd and salvation,
In thy presence we appear,
Own us as thy flock and congregation,
Let us feel that thou art here;
May we all enjoy thy grace and favor,
And obey thee as our Head and Saviour;
Who by thy most precious blood
Mad'st us, sinners, heirs to God.

2. Lord, receive our thanks and adoration,
Which to thee we humbly pay,
For our calling and predestination,
Gracious Saviour, on this day.
Give us grace to walk as thine anointed,
In the path thou hast for us appointed;
We devote most heartily,
Soul and body unto thee.

522.*

(T. 10.)

1. WHEN we rejoice that Jesus
From year to year doth bless us,
And that his grace and favor
Towards us never waver;

2. Or he that consolation
Grants to his congregation,
That we shall rest for ever
With him, our gracious Saviour;

3. We think not, in such cases,
Of troubles and distresses;
A soul with Christ connected
Can't always be dejected.

523.*

(T. 126.)

1. THOU ransom'd church of Jesus,
The Saviour's happy bride,
Arise, show forth his praises,
Who for thee bled and dy'd;
Ye, though a people poor and mean,
By God are highly honor'd,
Because the Lamb was slain.

2. To God our great Creator,
The Lord of earth and heav'n,
Who rules all things in nature,
Eternal praise be giv'n:
That blessed Lamb, which John once saw,
As if it had been slaughter'd,
We now revere with awe.

3. In our degree and measure
His love we will proclaim,
In lowliness with pleasure
Yield service to his name;
The church with tender care he'll guide,
And will in ev'ry trial
Our sure support abide.

524.*

(T. 205.)

1. RISE, exalt our Head and King;
Praise the Lord who ever lives:
Glad we are his praise to sing;
He his people's praise receives.
On his pow'rful day they rise,
Off'ring free-will sacrifice †;
His victorious triumph this,
Since hell's host defeated is.

† Psalm 110. 3.

2. Ye who Jesu's death proclaim,
Service yield to him with joy,
Praise with ev'ry breath his name,
Grace t' extol be your employ:
Grace supports us ev'ry day,
Leads us in the narrow way;
'Tis through grace alone that we
Can obtain the victory.

3. Gracious Lord, may we believe,
Venture all on thy free grace,
Boldly things not seen atchieve,
Trusting in thy promises;
Faith thy people's strong hold is,
Their employment daily this,
To proceed on paths unknown,
Leaning on thy grace alone.

4. Christ, thy all-atoning death
Is our life whilst here below;
Strengthen thou our feeble faith,
Constantly thy aid bestow;
In thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide;
Zion, if thy Head depart,
Void of life and strength thou art.

5. Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er thy congregation leave;
We to thee our refuge take,
Of thy fulness we receive:
Ev'ry other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone,
For, on thy supreme commands,
All the universe depends.

525.*

(T. 166.)

1. THY church, O Lamb of God, appears
Before thee, fill'd with humble shame;
Our eyes o'erflow with grateful tears,
With melted hearts we praise thy name,
For the discoveries of thy grace,
And proofs of all thy faithful care,
Experienc'd in so various ways,
Of which each soul can witness bear.

2. With thanks we call to mind the day
On which the power of thy blood
We felt, when chain'd by sin we lay,
As sinners dead and void of good;
The willing slaves of sin and death
We were, and enemies to thee;
But granting us a living faith,
Thou from the curse didst set us free.

3. Is there a thing that warms the heart,
That stirs up gratitude and love,
It is the grace thou dost impart,
Thy blood, the pow'r of which we prove:
Thee to adore we feel inclin'd,
Thy mercy is an endless sea,
How can we fit expressions find,
Who but so lately loved thee?

4. The word of Jesu's bloody sweat,
Of his dire passion, death and wounds,
A blessed feeling doth create,
Therein our happiness abounds;
The pow'rs of hell this vanquishes,
This doth the church of Christ maintain,
Though satan to the threshold press,
Christ's blood won't let him entrance gain.

5. Who in the Spirit's light can trace
The church of God, he must declare,
It is alone through Jesu's grace,
That she such pleasant fruit can bear:

To him all honor doth pertain,
Who by his blood made her his own,
Her choirs repeat in cheerful strain:
"The Lord for us great things hath done."

6. The church of Christ who views aright,
He sees a glorious master-piece,
And must with wonder and delight
Adore him, who the author is:
The beauty of her parts appears
Quite plain to the discerning eye,
The ear her songs delighted hears,
What's felt, creates celestial joy.

7. She Christ, her faithful Shepherd, knows,
Attends to his instructive voice,
Amidst adversity she grows,
In her election doth rejoice,
Is by the holy Spirit led:
The blood of cov'nant doth maintain
Her union in the Lord her head,
In whom the vict'ry she shall gain.

526.*

(T. 155.)

1. MY soul waiteth on the Lord,
And shall never be ashamed,
He is named
God our sun, our shield and rock,
By his flock;
He is merciful and gracious,
And his goodness doth refresh us,
When we long and pant for him.

2. His enliv'ning countenance
To lift up on all the needy
He is ready,
And enricheth evermore
Those who're poor;
In our peaceful habitations,
O how many demonstrations
Of his favors do we prove.

3. We reply, Amen thereto,
For his bounty never ceaseth,
Yea increaseth;
And are filled with amaze
At his grace;
Each himself unworthy deemeth
Of his love; his goodness claimeth
Our unfeigned gratitude.

527.*

(T. 161.)

1. CHosen souls, who now assemble
Under Christ's protecting care;
Though you're weak, your foes must tremble,
If by him you guarded are.
Of his goodness–bear ye witness:
Know ye not your high vocation,
As the Lord's own congregation.

2. To his name give thanks and praises,
Him with deepest awe adore;
May his people in all places
Join t' exalt him evermore.
Christ, our Saviour,–be for ever
Of your building the foundation,
And the God of your salvation.

3. Herrnhuth†, the most High's own structure,
Built upon the grace of God.
May thy walls be without fracture,
Sprinkled be thy gates with blood;
God's election–and protection
Founded and maintains our union,
Christ's the ground of our communion.

4. May this place exist no longer
Than, Lord Jesus, thine own hand,
Uncontrol'd, rules in its border,
And be love its sacred band.
May we by thee,–be found worthy,
As a good salt to be used,
That some fruit may be produced.

5. Bless our cov'nanting together,
Make us like a burning torch,
Kindled by our heav'nly Father,
In these last days of the church.
To thee joined,–and resigned,
May by each of us be further'd,
What thy holy will hath order'd.

6. Now, dear Brethren, know ye Jesus?
Happy who him truly knows:
He's the head and we're the members,
And from him all blessing flows.
Who believeth,–to Christ cleaveth,
Doth rejoice in ev'ry station,
Midst reproach and tribulation.

† The first congregation of the renewed Brethren's Church.

528.*

(T. 185.)

1. HEAD and ruler of thy congregation,
Whom thou lov'ſt unſpeakably,
whom thou often a ſenſation
Giv'ſt of thy complacency,
Graciouſly regard the inward glowing
Of our hearts, and tears our cheeks bedewing,
Lord, we bluſh with humble ſhame,
And adore thy holy name.

2. Jeſus, great High Prieſt of our profeſſion,
We in confidence draw near,
Condeſcend in mercy the confeſſion
Of our grateful hearts to hear!
Thee we gladly own in ev'ry nation,
Head and Maſter of thy congregation,
Conſcious that in ev'ry place
Thou diſpenſeſt life and grace!

3. Thy bleſt people truſting in thy merit
On the earth's extended face,
From each other far, but one in ſpirit,
Sound with one accord thy praiſe!
May we never ceaſe to make confeſſion,
That thy death's the cauſe of our ſalvation;
We to thee, our Head and King,
Joyful hallelujahs ſing!

529.*

(T. 166.)

1. WElcome among thy flock of grace
With joyful acclamation!
Thou whom our Shepherd we confeſs,
Come, feed thy congregation,
Who owns the doctrine of thy croſs
To be her ſole foundation,
Accept from ev'ry one of us
The deepeſt adoration.

2. Lord Jeſus, to our hearts reveal
Thy grace and love unceaſing,
Thy hand, once pierced with the nail
Beſtow on us a bleſſing,
That hand, which to thy family,
With tender love's affection,
Ere thou aſcendedſt up on high,
Imparted benediction.

3. Though thou'rt unſeen, yet we by ſight
Should not be more aſſured,
As yet thy glorious heav'nly light
Can't be by man endured;
The time will come, when theſe our eyes
Shall ſee thy face for ever,
Faith here the want of ſight ſupplies
In ev'ry true believer.

4. Ye who from Jeſus Chriſt have ſtray'd,
And his communion ſlighted,
To him return, be not afraid,
You're graciouſly invited;
Come all, whatever be your caſe,
Come without heſitation,
He'll now impart to you thro' grace,
Peace, pardon and ſalvation.

5. O thou, who always doſt abide
Thy body's Head and Saviour,
Who art the pilgrim's conſtant guide,
Direct thy ſervants ever:
O may they an example be
Unto thy congregation,
And in thy temple faithfully
Perform their miniſtration.

6. Thy ſtatutes to thy church declare,
Thy truth be our confeſſion;
Take of each member ſpecial care,
Bleſs pilgrims in their ſtation:
In danger conſtantly defend,
And aid thy choſen people,
Of all contention make an end,
Support the weak and feeble.

7. O thou the church's Head and Lord,
Who as a ſhepherd leadeſt
Thy flock, and richly with thy word
And ſacrament them feedeſt:
What ſhall we ſay? we can't expreſs
In words our heart's ſenſation;
None thee ſufficiently can praiſe,
Thou God of our ſalvation,

8. Our Father who in heaven art,
For th' sake of Jesu's passion,
Thy grace unto us all impart,
And bring into completion
The hidden counsel of thy love,
Its depth still more unravel,
May we without exception prove
The fruit of thy Son's travail.

9. O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,
Accept our adoration,
Thou ever didst attend the Son,
And aid his ministration;
Thou teachest us the way to bliss,
Keep under thy protection
That church of which he ruler is,
We'll follow thy direction.

530.*

(T. 185.)

We who here together are assembled,
Joining hearts and hands in one,
Bind ourselves with love that's undissembled,
Christ to love and serve alone.
O may our imperfect songs and praises
Be well pleasing unto thee, Lord Jesus,
Say: "My peace I leave with you."
Amen, Amen. Be it so.

531.

(T. 68.)

LORD, thy church's rock,
Who dost rule thy flock,
Elder of this congregation,
We with humble adoration,
Thee and thee alone
Our chief Shepherd own.

532.*

(T. 166.)

1. WHEN our great Sov'reign from on high,
Our Lord and Saviour, was aware,
That he his chosen family,
O'er whom he watch'd with tender care,
Would be compelled soon to leave;
He, fill'd with love and grief intense,
To them his farewel blessing gave,
Before his suff'rings did commence.

2. Feeling beforehand all the weight
Of those dire scenes of pain and woe,
Which he well knew did him await,
His love towards his own to show,
He water in a bason pour'd,
And washed his disciples' feet,
Their souls already by his word,
Save one, were cleansed ev'ry whit.

3. When he this act of love had done,
He unto his disciples said:
"To you I've an example shown:
"Ye call me Master, Lord, and Head,
"If I as such have wash'd your feet,
"To one another do the same."
This solemn act to celebrate,
We're now assembled in his name.

4. Arise then, and with due respect,
With humble shame and willingness,
Do what our Saviour doth direct,
Endowed with disciple's grace!
Since Jesus to release from sin
Unto his people power gave,
We in his name are now wash'd clean,
And with our Lord a part may have.

5. Lord Jesus Christ, we pray, be near,
Forgive us all our trespasses;
With joy divine our spirits cheer,
Absolve and grant us pard'ning grace!
As our High-priest lift up thy hand,
That hand the nail once pierced through,
Thy mercy unto us extend,
Rich blessings upon all bestow.

6. Inspire our hearts with mutual love,
O may we truly humble be,
Thy faithful servants ever prove,
Who yield in all things joy to thee:
In due obedience to thy word,
We now have wash'd each other's feet,
Thy blest example, gracious Lord,
To follow, we find always meet.

7. Sure as thou art the church's Head,
Sure as we dust and ashes are,

So sure we by thy blood, once shed,
Are now, through grace, absolv'd and clear;
Sure as thy cross's church remains
To the blind world a spectacle,
So sure in her thy spirit reigns,
And thou dost in thy temple dwell.

533.

(T. 167.)

1. SAviour, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2. Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought hath since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3. Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4. Younger plants—the sight how pleasant—
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

5. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares:
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

534.

(T. 590.)

JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,
Unite us all in one,
And in our meetings ev'ry where
Be thou our aim alone;
Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
May all of us, who here
Are waiting for thy grace, O Lord,
Thy richest blessings share.

535.

(T. 14.)

1. FATHER, before we hence depart,
Send thy good Spirit down,
Let him reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.

2. Thou fountain of eternal love,
Who gav'st thy Son to die,
O let thy Spirit from above
Enlighten and apply.

536.*

(T. 46.)

O Maker of my soul,
My ev'ry hair's Creator,
Who turn'st my tears to joy,
And heal'st my sin-sick nature:
Chief Shepherd of thy flock,
Thy servant's only Guide,
The church's Lord and Head
Thou ever dost abide.

537.*

(T. 79.)

O Thou our first-born Brother
Thou Master at the rudder,
Who guid'st thy church, to thee
We hearts and hands deliver,
And promise thee for ever,
That we thy faithful souls will be,

538.

(T. 582.)

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
Sing ev'ry tongue the same,
Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow,
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practice what ye know.

539.

(T. 590.)

LORD, help us on thy word to feed,
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
Our refuge and defence:
We now desire to bless thy name,
Thy praises to record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodness of the Lord.

XXXI. Of Holy Baptism.

540.

(T. 14.)

1. FAther of Jesus Christ our Lord!
(In him OUR Father too)
O bless, we pray, with one accord,
The work we have to do.

2. Jesus! as water well applied
Will make the body clean;
So in the fountain of thy side
Wash thou this soul from sin.

3. O Holy Ghost! with pow'r apply
The Saviour's cleansing blood;
Own thou this babe, and testify:
"It is a child of God."

541.

(T. 590.)

1. BABES truly have not yet the use
Of reason like a man:
Yet none can e'er by reason's strength
To faith in Christ attain.
Bare arguments without God's grace
Have never faith instill'd;
As soon as any one believes,
He is a little child.

2. He who to John, still in the womb,
Could heav'nly joy impart,
Is and remains the very same,
And hath our good at heart,
He sure can bless the little ones,
Who are to him so dear,
When they, baptized in his name,
To him devoted are.

3. Heav'n's kingdom none shall enter in
But he who is a child:
Therefore the children are by God
Heirs of his kingdom styl'd.
Is heaven theirs? none shall forbid
A child to come to him!
Who shall forbid the water-flood
A babe to overstream?

4. O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be present with us here:
We trust in Jesu's saving name,
To us his words are dear.
We now baptize a little child
Into the Saviour's death;
We have no scruple, we perform
This solemn act in faith.

5. The heav'nly hosts rejoice with us!
An infant here they see,
Whom Jesus by his precious blood,
Hath sav'd from misery.
The children's angels, who behold
The Father on his throne,
For Jesu's sake will surely tend,
And guard this little one.

542.

(T. 58.)

1. WHEN we baptize a sinner in
Christ's death,
Then is the blood and water his true
bath:

Not with water only came the Lord Jesus;
He came with water and blood to bless us.
Praise be to God.

2. The water is in baptism seen by eyes;
On Jesu's blood not seen our faith relies;
We are well persuaded it truly cleanseth
Polluted sinners, and grace dispenseth
To live to him.

3. This precious blood is full of energy,
It washeth clean and cures effectually.
And the holy Spirit unto us tender'd
Bears pow'rful witness that we are render'd
Children of God.

4. So come then Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
While we of Jesu's bitter passion boast;
Whilst on him relying, we are baptizing
This sinner in Christ's death, that he be rising
With Jesus too.

5. Besprinkle him, O Jesus Son of God,
This moment with thy all-atoning blood;
Cleanse both soul and body from all pollution,
And grant to him the seal of absolution,
Thy peace divine.

542.

(T. 590.)

1. LORD Jesus, from thy pierced side
Both blood and water stream'd,
A cleansing laver to provide
For man, from sin redeem'd;
Thou spak'st: "Preach pardon to the lost,
"Baptize them in the name
"Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
We now will do the same.

2. Be present with us, Lord our God;
This water can't make clean,
But whilst we pour it, cleanse by blood
This infant from all sin.
Accept this child we now baptize,
We give it, Lord, to thee;
Its soul be precious in thine eyes,
Now and eternally.

544.

(T. 22.)

1, BUried in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restor'd:
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2. Water can cleanse the flesh, we own;
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to him our cleansing stood,
Baptiz'd with fire, and bath'd in blood.

3. He by his blood aton'd for sin,
This precious blood can wash us clean,
And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.

545.

(T. 39.)

1. THOU who in the days of thy flesh didst receive
The children, and to them thy blessing didst give;
Most gracious Redeemer, thy favors bestow
On him we present thee, we pray bless him now.

2. Receive him, O Christ, as a lamb thou hadst lost,
And think what a price his redemption hath cost!
Thy name on his forehead, thy seal on his heart,
O merciful Shepherd and Bishop impart.

3. Vouchsafe to be present, thou Father ador'd,
And thou our Redeemer and merciful Lord;

O Holy Ghoſt, come with thy unction and fire,
And all with thy love and ſalvation inſpire.

546.

(T. 582)

1. OUR baptiſm firſt declares
That we have need to cleanſe,
Then ſhows that Chriſt to all God's heirs
Can purity diſpenſe.

2. Water the body laves;
And, if 'tis done by faith,
The blood of Jeſus ſurely ſaves
The ſinful ſoul from death.

3. Baptiz'd into his death,
We riſe to life divine;
The holy Spirit works the faith,
And water is the ſign.

547.*

(T. 201.)

THE eye ſees water, nothing more,
How it is poured out by men;
But faith alone conceives the pow'r
Of Jeſu's blood to make us clean:
Faith ſees it as a cleanſing flood,
Replete with Jeſu's blood and grace,
Which heals each wound and makes all good,
What Adam brought on us his race,
And all that we ourſelves have done.

548.

(T. 22.)

1. O Bleſt Redeemer! in thy ſide
Upon the croſs was made a wound:
The fountain by which we are purg'd,
Wherein our ſin and guilt is drown'd.

2. Water and blood in ſtreams hence ran,
And on the earth were freely ſpilt;
Water to ſanctify and cleanſe;
Blood to atone for heinous guilt.

3. This wondrous grace to repreſent
Baptiſmal waters were deſign'd,
In which thou, Lord, waſt bury'd too,
To thy great Father's will reſign'd.

4. Thus penitents, who die to ſin,
With thee are bury'd in thy grave,
Thus quicken'd to a life divine,
Their ſouls a reſurrection have.

5. And though their bodies turn to duſt,
This holy ſymbol doth aſſure:
The reſurrection of the juſt
Shall render them all bright and pure.

549.

(T. 582.)

1. COME, lowly ſouls, that mourn,
Depreſs'd with grief and ſhame,
Waſh'd in your Saviour's cleanſing blood,
And call upon his name.

2. Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,
The blood which Jeſus ſpilt,
Whilſt we with water you baptize,
Will waſh away your guilt.

3. Bath'd in repenting tears,
The ſins which you deplore,
Dead in your Saviour's grave ſhall lie,
And ſhall be ſeen no more.

4. Ye who in Chriſt believe,
And to his ſceptre bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell
What he hath done for you.

5. Unſpotted robes you wear,
Your ſighs to ſongs are turn'd:
Garments of praiſe adorn you now,
Who late in aſhes mourn'd.

6. Ye with your Lord are ris'n,
Aſpire to things above,
Manſions for you your Lord prepares,
In realms of light and love.

XXXII. Of the Holy Supper of the Lord.

550.

(T. 166.)

1. In that important, doleful night,
In which our Saviour was betray'd,
Before his suff'rings, he took bread,
Bless'd it, and brake it, and then said:
"Take, eat; this is my body giv'n
"For you, and broken on the tree.
"Perform this ord'nance as I do,
"And, doing it, remember ME."

2. Then after supper took the cup,
And having given thanks, he said:
"'Tis the New Test'ment in my blood,
"The blood for you and many shed.
Take this, and drink ye all of it,
"Your sins remission here you see;
"Oft as this ord'nance ye perform,
"It in remembrance do of ME"

3. Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,
We'll ne'er forget thy love divine:
Thy cross we'll ever bear in mind,
Which made thee ours, and made us thine.
We'll thus commemorate thy death,
Till thou shalt once again appear:
Mean while remember, gracious Lord,
Us thy poor, feeble members here.

551.*

(T. 205.)

1. Happy race—of witnesses!
Whom God's Spirit doth ordain
To make known—what God hath done;
Ye can only vict'ry gain
By that sacred cov'nant blood,
Which th' old fathers, bold in God,
Wrote in faith on ev'ry door,
That the slayer might pass o'er.

2. Israel's seed—from slav'ry freed,
Eat with joy their paschal Lamb;
But the bride—of Christ, who dy'd,
Her from bondage to redeem;
Hath another passover,
Of which these but shadows were:
She enjoys the flesh and blood
Of the slaughter'd Lamb of God.

3. And we now—most humbly bow,
Being met in Jesu's name,
Who for us—dy'd on the cross,
Bearing our reproach and shame,
'Fore the Father, 'fore the Son,
And the Spirit, three in one,
With the countless heav'nly host,
And th' assembly of the just.

4. Ere we taste—the rich repast,
Which he offers graciously,
On our food,—his flesh and blood,
Feasting in the sanctuary,
Ere the sacrament t'enjoy,
We with awe to him draw nigh:
We in love and fellowship
This communion love-feast keep.

5. Eat and rest—at this great feast;
Then to serve him freely go,
As it is—for pilgrims fit,
As disciples ought to do;
We, when Jesus once we see,
Coming in his majesty,
Shall the marriage-supper share,
If we his true foll'wers are.

6. Then will be—of ransom'd souls
An innumerable throng:
"Lamb, once slain,—to thee pertain
"Thanks, and praise will be their song.
"Hallelujah will they cry
"Singing in sweet harmony,
"Thou hast brought us nigh to God,
"And redeemed by thy blood!"

552.*

(T. 146.)

Where my Redeemer's blood
And sweat the earth did cover,
May ev'ry sinful thought
Be now interr'd for ever;

Lord Jesus, grant my wish,
That I may thine abide,
And by thy holy flesh
And blood be sanctify'd.

553.

(T. 151.)

1. DEAR Lord! this congregation
Is poor, despise her not;
She's taken with thy passion,
As were she on the spot,
When earning her election,
Thy heart-strings broke in death;
That stirs up her affection,
And gives her life and breath.

2. Shouldst thou desire her beauty,
For shame she hides her face;
And shouldst thou look for duty,
Her only plea is grace:
Though we are poor and needy,
Yet we're thy property;
When we enjoy thy body
And blood, how blest are we!

554.

(T. 9.)

1. SUff'ring Saviour, Lamb of God,
How hast thou been used!
With God's sin-avenging rod
Soul and body bruised!

2. We, for whom thou once wast slain,
We, whose sins did pierce thee,
Now commemorate thy pain,
And implore thy mercy.

3. What can we poor sinners do,
When temptations seize us!
Nought have we to look unto,
But the blood of Jesus.

4. Pardon all our sins, O Lord;
All our weakness pity.
Guide us safely by thy word
To the heav'nly city.

5. O sustain us on the road,
Through this desert dreary.
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,
When we're faint and weary.

6. Bid us call to mind thy cross,
Our hard hearts to soften.
Often, Saviour, feast us thus,
For we need it often.

555.*

(T. 141.)

1. CHRIST, thy flock doth hunger
For thy flesh, our food,
Thirsts with ardent longing
For thy precious blood,
Which thou hast bequeathed
As thy testament,
To thy congregation
In the sacrament.
2. Like the king of Salem †,
Thou with wine and bread,
Com'st to meet thy people,
Them to cheer and feed.
O preserve th' enjoyment
Of thy blood and death
To thy congregation,
Whilst we live by faith.

† Gen. xiv. 18.

556*

(T. 23.)

1. COme, approach to Jesu's table,
Taste that food incomparable,
Which to us is freely given,
As an antepast of heaven.

2. Jesu's bride, his congregation,
Calls to mind her Saviour's passion,
With his body she is nourish'd,
By his blood refresh'd and cherish'd.

3. Far be gone all carnal reason,
At this awful blessed season,
Slaughter'd Lamb, we now desire it,
By thy love to be inspired.

4. This mysterious heav'nly blessing
Is all thought by far surpassing,
Deeply bow'd, may we adore thee,
Soul and body sink before thee.

5. Now is come our time sabbatic,
Lord, we feel thy pow'r emphatic;
Ah, draw near to us, dear Saviour,
Let us taste thy grace and favor.

557.*
(T. 581.)

1. To avert from men God's wrath
Jesus suffer'd in our stead;
By an ignominious death
He a full atonement made:
And by his most precious blood,
Brought us sinners nigh to God.

2. That we never should forget
This great love on us bestow'd,
He gave us his flesh to eat,
And to drink, his precious blood:
All who sick and needy are
May receive in him their share.

3. Hither each afflicted soul
May repair, tho' fill'd with grief;
To the sick, not to the whole,
The Physician brings relief:
Fear not, therefore, but draw nigh,
He will all your wants supply.

4. Whoe'er in self-righteousness
Fixeth any hope or stay,
Hath not on a wedding dress,
And with shame is sent away.
To the hungry, weary heart,
He will food and rest impart.

5. But examine first your case,
Whether you be in the faith;
Do you mourn for pard'ning grace?
Is your only hope his death?
Then, howe'er your soul's oppress,
Come, for you're a worthy guest.

6. He who Jesu's mercy knows,
Is from wrath and envy freed;
Love unto our neighbors shows
That we are his flock indeed:
Thus we may in all our ways
Show forth our Redeemer's praise.

558.*
(T. 23.)

1. SOUL, at this most awful season,
Soar above your scanty reason;
To the light approach, where clearest;
Duly mind what dress thou wearest.

2. Jesus, Lord of the creation,
Gives thee now an invitation,
His unbounded love revealing,
He'll take up in thee his dwelling.

3. Hasten, as for brides is fitting,
Give thy bridegroom soon the meeting,
Say, "Dear Lord, let me receive thee,
"Hold thee fast, and never leave thee."

4. Thou thro' love incomparable
Didst from heav'n stoop to a stable,
Didst thy life for us surrender,
Us blest heirs of life to render.

5. Shed'st thy blood us to deliver,
And redeem from curse for ever,
Which stirs in us exultation
At thy love's commemoration.

6. How do I, with spirit's hunger,
Lord, to taste thy goodness linger;
Oft I pant with inward sighing,
This blest food to be enjoying.

7. O how crave I the fruition
Of thy blood, my soul's nutrition,
Since by sharing this communion,
I'm with God in closest union.

8. Heav'nly joy and holy trembling
I feel in me, past dissembling,
For the food to which I'm bidden,
Is a myst'ry deep and hidden.

9. Human reason is too shallow,
In this wonder thee to follow,
How thou hast unto us given
Thy own flesh, the bread of heaven.

10. How the blood, which from thee flowed,
Is in wine on us bestowed;
O the wonders deep and blessed,
By God's Spir't alone expressed.

11. Thy communion's celebration
Bows me down to deep prostration;
May I never unprepared,
To my condemnation share it.

559.*
(T. 590.)

1. O Thou who'rt present with thy church
According to thy word,
When to enjoy thy flesh and blood,
We're met with one accord;
O grant us to show forth thy death,
Until thou shalt appear;
And may it in our walk be seen,
That we thy follow'rs are.

2. May we so captivated be
With thy redeeming love,
As to be wean'd from earthly things,
And fix our thoughts above;
May all that's carnal be subdu'd,
And mortify'd in us,
That we may glory in thy name,
And count all else but loss.

560.

(T. 14.)

1. LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2. There the rich bounties of our God,
And heav'nly glories shine;
There Jesus saith, that "I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine."

3. "Here," (saith our kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side)
"Behold the spring of all your joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd."

4. What shall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

561.

(T. 14.)

1. TOgether with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2. Let us from all our sins be wash'd
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are sons of God.

3. Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesu's love,
Prepare us for this feast;
And let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

562.*

(T. 184.)

1. JESUS, how great was thy desire,
Once more to eat the paschal lamb
With thy dear flock! O what love's fire
Did here thy forr'wing soul inflame!
Each precious word thy kindness showeth,
Thereby we are divinely blest:
The love that in thy bosom gloweth
Is herein render'd manifest.

2. Thy love is great beyond all measure,
Thence we derive eternal good;
Thou grantest us, O what a treasure!
Thy holy body, and thy blood:
Lord Jesus, was it not sufficient
That thou should'st die for our offence,
But out of love thou ev'ry patient
Would'st heal, and make thy residence?

3. O love divine! most strong, most ardent!
More strong than death! our life to gain;
Th' incarnate God, thro' love most fervent,
Was as a Lamb for sinners slain.
Love urg'd the sov'reign great Creator,
'Fore whom the universe doth shake,
By whom all things subsist in nature,
Once in the earth his grave to make.

563.*

(T. 9.)

1. TILL the hour shall come, with tears
By the church desired,
When our Lord again appears,
Now from sight retired;

2. He hath with a pledge of grace
His dear flock supplied,
Whereby his own witness race
Shows forth that he died.

3. 'Tis his body and his blood
Which the soul refreshes;
Church of Christ, this highest good
Claims thy thanks and praises!

4. By this sacrament we are
To our Lord united;
To due watchfulness and pray'r,
And good works excited.

5. With deep rev'rence we draw nigh,
Falling down before thee;
Whilst we this repast enjoy,
We with awe adore thee.

6. Us thy congregation own,
Let us taste thy favor,
And by faith recline, like John,
On thy breast, dear Saviour.

564.*

(T. 119.)

BREAD of life, :||:
Christ, by whom alone we live,
Bread, that came to us from heaven,
My poor soul can never thrive,
Unless thou appease its craving,
O it hungers only after thee,
Feed thou me. :||:

565.*

(T. 83.)

1. MORE than shepherd's faithfulness
To his flock our Saviour showeth;
From the treasures of his grace
He the choicest gifts bestoweth;
As his sheep by him we're own'd,
Since his blood for us aton'd.

2. They who feel their want and need,
Thirsting for his great salvation,
On the richest pastures feed,
With true joy and delectation;
Till they shall, when perfected,
With celestial joys be fed.

566.*

(T. 242.)

AS oft as we expect the favor,
That in the sacrament our Saviour
Himself will unto his people give,
We weep for joy and grief:
For joy, that we're thus brought nigh to God
By Jesu's blood;
For grief that we so little honor
Afford to him in word and in demeanor;
Yea, sometimes frustrate his gracious views
And purposes with us:
Ah then in faith we sigh,
And to our Saviour cry:
O that thy hand, for us once pierced through,
Might bless all of us now,
And give absolving grace:
Lord, leave with us thy peace!

567.*

(T. 22.)

1. THE congregation while below,
Being imperfect, tears must sow,
But we expect once joy to reap,
Since we for Jesu's mercy weep.

2. Meanwhile that we might bear in mind
His dying love to lost mankind,
He hath, as his last testament,
To us bequeath'd the sacrament.

3. He, when this feast was first ordain'd,
Its solemn import thus explain'd:
"This is my body, take and eat,
"That ye may never me forget.

4. "This is my blood, of which whene'er
"Ye drink, my death in mem'ry bear."
The church believes, and thus in faith
Partakes, and showeth forth Christ's death.

5. But words can never rightly tell
What in our melted hearts we feel:
We taste, experience, and possess
True joy, and weep for thankfulness.

568.*

(T. 22.)

1. FOR that amazing love and grace,
Which doth our thoughts by far surpass,

To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,
Thanks be to thee, O Lamb of God.

2. Thy sacred body thou didst give
For us, that we thereby might live;
No pledge of love could be so great:
O may we ne'er thy love forget.

3. Thy precious blood for sinners spilt,
Cleanseth our hearts, removes our guilt,
The debt is paid which we incurr'd,
And we're to happiness restor'd.

4. Thy Holy Spirit with us leave,
So that we rightly may conceive,
What thou for all believers hast
Prepared in this blest repast.

569.*

(T. 151.)

1. IF feeling and fruition
No further went than sight,
Our present frail condition
Might various doubts excite:
But what is still denied
To sight, whilst here below,
Is by the soul enjoyed,
And makes the heart to glow.

2. Faith on Christ's declaration
Relies continually;
A bunch each congregation,
The members grapes should be:
The church as branch should flourish
On Jesus, the true Vine;
His blood our souls must nourish,
Else they would droop and pine.

3. Draw near to Jesu's table,
Ye contrite souls draw near;
The hungry, sick and feeble
His choicest dainties share.
Let Jesu's death engraven
Upon your hearts remain;
Thus here, and there in heaven,
Eternal life you gain.

570.*

(T. 71.)

1. MY soul, prepare to meet
Thy Saviour; at his feet
Fall down adoring;
The Lord of earth and skies
A feast for thee supplies,
Past thy exploring.

2. How vast is here display'd,
In brightest form array'd,
His love's dimension!
O grace! beyond the ken
Of angels or of men,
Past comprehension.

3. How should I, slaughter'd Lamb,
Who dust and ashes am,
A worm, and earthy,
To taste such boundless grace,
And have so high a place
Be counted worthy?

4. Ah, why am I thus blest,
That such an heav'nly Guest
My house will enter;
Dare I, thou highest Good,
To taste thy flesh and blood,
A sinner, venture?

5. Upon thy call I'm here,
I venture to draw near,
Because thou'rt gracious:
I on thy word rely
That thou'lt my soul supply
With food delicious.

6. Grant me but this firm faith,
That with thee through thy death
I am united.
To cure and make me whole,
Thou hast my sin-sick soul
Freely invited.

7. Thy body, slain for me,
My food, through mercy free,
Is heav'n's fruition:
And by its pow'r may I,
Whilst I the world deny,
Gain there admission.

8. Pervade, thou precious flood
Of Christ's all-healing blood,
My soul and senses:
And to my needy heart
Life, peace and health impart,
Thus heav'n commences.

9. Lord, of thy wond'rous love
That brought thee from above
Thou gav'st this token:
O may it constantly
Unite my heart to thee
In bonds unbroken.

10. Didst thou thyself devise
To be my sacrifice,
My Lord, my Treasure!
Grant that continually
To live alone for thee
May be my pleasure.

11. Cause me, who now am thine,
As branch, to thee the Vine
To cleave unceasing;
Receiving strength and juice,
That I may fruit produce
To thee well pleasing.

12. Such grace on me thou'st spent,
That none hath its extent
Aright explained;
Grant now that I may show
To fellow-sinners too
A love unfeigned.

13. May ev'ry drop of blood
In me, O Lord my God,
Be sanctified:
Oft as my heart doth beat,
May I his praise repeat,
Who for me died.

571*.

(T. 22.)

1. O Church of Jesus, now draw near
With humble joy and filial fear,
And after his last testament,
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

2. In this our wants are well supply'd,
And we show forth that Jesus dy'd:
May we abide in him by faith,
And cleave to him in life and death.

3. Th' enjoyment of the flesh and blood
Of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,
Endoweth us with strength and grace
To love and serve him all our days.

572.

(T. 590.)

1. THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain.

To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor sinner to repeat,
"For me he dy'd, for me."

2. Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.
O tune our voices, and inflame
Our hearts with love to thee,
That each may gratefully proclaim,
"My Saviour dy'd for me."

573.

(T. 232.)

1. THE holy bread which we now break,
The cup of which we all partake,
Is the participation
Of Jesu's flesh and blood, for us
A ransom giv'n upon the cross,
To purchase our salvation.
He said, "My flesh is truly meat;
"This is my body, take and eat:"
He also took the cup, and said,
"This is my blood, for you 'tis shed."
Lord, we draw near
Thy table here
With childlike fear:
Dear Jesus, to our hearts appear.

2. Most holy Lord, thou know'st our wants,
And how each hungry sinner pants
For thee, our Lord and Saviour:
May all our needy souls be fed
With thee, the true life-giving Bread,
And taste thy matchless favor:
O may thy blood, the stream of life,
Now all our thirsty souls revive.
Thou living Vine, each branch supply;
Our souls and bodies sanctify:
And grant that we
Abide in thee
Continually;
Yea, bear such fruit as pleaseth thee.

3. O Lord, who dost thyself impart,
In mercy to each contrite heart,
Enjoying the communion:

Grant that we may be one in thee,
And love each other heartily,
And thus abide in union.
Let nothing 'mongſt thy flock take place,
Which tends thy doctrine to diſgrace;
May all of us by faith and love
Unto thy honor clearly prove
In all our ways
The boundleſs grace,
Thy love diſplays,
Which in the ſacrament we trace.

4. Now bleſs and praiſe the ſlaughter'd Lamb,
Extol his ſaving Jeſu's name,
Thou favor'd congregation!
Which at the table of our Lord
Haſt eat and drank with one accord;
Thou know'ſt thy deſtination
Is to abide in Chriſt by faith,
And to ſhow forth our Saviour's death.
Walk then as children of the light,
Live to his praiſe by day and night;
O Lamb once ſlain,
We vow again
Thine to remain:
Confirm our promiſes. Amen.

574.

(T. 14.)

1. WHEN we before our Saviour's face
Appear with contrite hearts,
He ſooths our griefs, and pard'ning grace
To ev'ry one imparts.

2. When we commemorate his love,
He ſaith: "For you I dy'd:
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And view my wounded ſide.

3. "Theſe are the wounds I bore for you,
"The tokens of my pain;
"By which I for your guilty ſouls
"Eternal life did gain."

4. Our thirſting hearts drink Jeſu's blood,
That precious ranſom-price;
We eat his body broke for us,
And giv'n a ſacrifice.

5. Ah then we feel that life divine
In Jeſu's death abounds,
Eternal bleſſings from his croſs,
And healing from his wounds.

575.

(T. 582.)

1. FOR food he gave his fleſh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchleſs grace,
Of our incarnate God!

2. This holy bread and wine
Confirms us in the faith,
In love and union with our Lord,
And we ſhow forth his death.

576.*

(T. 82.)

1. JESUS makes my heart rejoice,
I'm his ſheep and know his voice:
He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,
And his paſtures are delicious.
Conſtant love to me he ſhows,
Yea my worthleſs name he knows!

2. Truſting his mild ſtaff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treaſure
Of his grace in richeſt meaſure,
When athirſt to him I cry,
Living water he'll ſupply.

3. Should not I for gladneſs leap,
Led by Jeſus as his ſheep!
For when theſe bleſt days are over,
To the arms of my dear Saviour
I ſhall be convey'd to reſt:
Amen, yea my lot is bleſt!

577.*

(T. 58)

1. CHRIST was reveal'd in the fleſh for us,
To ſuffer death on the ſhameful croſs;
Now his holy body, for ſinners given,
Is our ſouls food, till we ſhall in heaven
Adore his name.

2. Our thirsty souls drink the sacred blood,
Which flow'd from Jesus, the Lamb of God,
To procure for sinners complete salvation,
When he became the propitiation
For all our sins.

3. Thereof partaking in humble faith,
We show forth Jesu's atoning death,
And with deep abasement the congregation
Gives glory, honor, and adoration,
Unto the Lamb.

578.*

(T. 126.)

1. IS that my dearest Brother
(Saith one of low degree,)
Who t' be the Father's equal
Did not think robbery *;
And who became a man like me,
To die for my transgressions?
'Tis he most certainly.

* Phil. ii. 6.

2. Ye who believe on Jesus,
And on account of sin
Have mourn'd with pungent sorrow,
But now feel joy within,
What think ye, that to him on high,
'Fore whom ev'n John did tremble,
Ye dare approach so nigh?

3. He show'rs his choicest blessings
This day upon each heart,
And thus to soul and body
Salvation doth impart.
That blood which on the cross he shed
Our drink is, and his body
Is our true heav'nly bread.

4. He said, "My flesh is truly
"Meat, and my blood is drink:"
So did, unto his glory,
The Lord's disciples think.
We from our hearts believe it too,
And can from heart's experience
Declare it to be true.

5. In spirit we behold him
As dying in our stead;
We may approach with boldness
To him in all our need.
Th' enjoyment of this heav'nly feast
Make us his congregation
In soul and body chaste.

6. Thou ransom'd church of Jesus,
Increase in love and faith,
United to thy Saviour;
Be faithful unto death,
And own him God for evermore,
Who took our human nature;
Him in the dust adore.

579.*

(T. 22.)

1. O That in Jesu's church, his bride,
Sin might henceforth be mortify'd
By him, who her to save was slain,
And underwent such racking pain.

2. O might our souls and bodies be
From sinful stirrings wholly free,
Might we, whilst still on earth we live,
To him the Vine, as branches cleave.

3. O were we free from strange desire,
Void of all foreign strength and fire,
As dead to all corruption base,
As formerly to righteousness.

4. Lord, by the power of thy death,
Renew in us a living faith,
Whate'er is carnal, quite erase,
And sanctify us by thy grace.

5. O church, now tremble awfully,
The Lord's death now pervadeth thee,
O may his sacred body cure,
And make our souls and bodies pure.

580.

(T. 97.)

GRant us, most gracious Lamb of God,
To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,
That thy wound's healing virtue may
Itself in each of us display;
Thy dying love on ev'ry heart impress,
That we may serve thy cause with cheerfulness.

581.

(T. 582.)

WHEN in the sanctuary
We thee approach by faith,
And thee our God and Saviour see
Recline thy head in death;
Or when we eat and drink
Thy body and thy blood,
With deepest awe 'fore thee we sink,
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God.

582.*

(T. 99.)

ACT, full of godlike majesty!
O Love's abyss! I'm lost in thee,
O mystery, all our thoughts surpassing!
Now all our wants are well supply'd,
And we show forth that Jesus dy'd,
As oft as we enjoy this blessing.

583.

(T. 166.)

YE follwers of the slaughter'd Lamb,
Draw near and take the cup of God:
Approach unto the healing stream,
And drink of that atoning blood;
That blood which flow'd from Jesu's head,
His back, his hands, and feet and side,
Which was for our redemption shed,
When on th' accursed cross he dy'd.

584.

(T. 97.)

JESUS, thou Source of life, impart
Thy blood unto my thirsting heart,
Panting I seek that fountain-head,
Whence waters so divine proceed,
Still near this living stream may I abide,
By which my needy soul is satisfy'd.

585.*

(T. 97.)

1. THE breath, which can the dead bones raise,
And to Christ's members life conveys,
Pervadeth thee, thou church of God,
And Jesu's sanctifying blood
Is now imparted to each thirsty soul,
It cheers the mourners, makes the wounded whole.

2. O church of God, lift up thy heart,
The vine its power doth impart;
Take, drink the blood so freely spilt
For thine and ev'ry sinner's guilt;
Take, drink the blood, the blood so freely spilt
For mine, for thine, and ev'ry sinner's guilt.

586.*

(T. 146.)

1. BY thy sweat mix'd with blood,
Which flow'd in thy soul's anguish,
From thee, O Lamb of God,
When thou for us didst languish
In sad Gethsemane;
And with our sins oppress'd,
Didst weep, and groan, and pray,
That sinners might be bless'd;

2. Yea by the blood thou'st shed
For us, when scourges wounded
Thy back, and when thy head
A thorny crown surrounded,
O by that blood which flow'd
When nails thy body tore:
Bless us, O Lord our God,
Who humbly thee adore.

3. Lord Jesus, may the blood
Thou shed'st for our salvation,
Which is our highest good,
Refresh this congregation,
When in the sacrament
We drink, in humble faith,
And by this testament
Show forth thy bitter death.

587.

(T. 582.)

1. MY Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;

By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by his blood.

2. Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his wounded heart.

3. There, on the cursed tree,
He bows his head and dies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

588.

(T. 124.)

STream which flow'd from thee the rock,
Gracious Jesus!
Us thy needy thirsting flock
Now refreshes;
Thou'rt the source of lasting life
And salvation,
To this congregation.

589.*

(T. 23.)

1. JESU'S wounds, springs of salvation,
Are a source of consolation,
Raise within us an emotion
Of unfeigned heart's devotion.

2. May to Jesus, while we're living,
From our works redound thanksgiving,
And our lowly, meek behavior
Clearly show we love our Saviour.

590.*

(T. 580.)

THY wounds and all-atoning blood
Are to this hour, O Lamb of God,
An ocean of free grace.
All those who venture to draw nigh
To thee, can witness bear with joy,
They ne'er go empty from thy face.

591.*

(T. 184.)

THAT sacred blood, from Jesus bursting,
Who by his stripes sooths ev'ry smart,
And hastes to us, when for him thirsting,
His choicest favors to impart;
That precious blood, life's fountain blessed,
Which flows to me from Jesu's wounds,
Hath often cheer'd me when distressed,
For there eternal life abounds.

592.*

(T. 185.)

PRaise be giv'n to Christ, our soul's beloved,
By us sinners; what are we?
Feeble human creatures far removed
From angelic purity:
Yet when he to his rich pastures leads us,
Or he with his broken body feeds us,
And we drink his blood once shed,
We are richly comforted.

593.*

(T. 22.)

1. HAPPY, thrice happy hour of grace,
I've seen by faith my Saviour's face,
He did himself to me impart,
And made a cov'nant with my heart.

2. Ah might in my behavior shine
The pow'r of Jesu's love divine,
His conflict and his victory,
His seeking, and his finding me.

594.*

(T. 26.)

1. THOU slaughter'd Lamb, thy flesh and blood,
Which thou didst sacrifice for us,
Upon the altar of the cross,
Proves to our souls delicious food.

2. It makes us all of one accord
To love each other fervently,
Yea, to be wholly one with thee,
And all that love thee, gracious Lord.

595.*
(T. 11.)

1. Could we sinners fully tell
How our hearts with rapture swell,
We'd not scruple to declare
'Fore the angels, what we share.

2. But since words the happiness
Which we feel, can ne'er express,
We adoring 'fore him lie,
And what he bestows enjoy.

3. Angels sing before his throne,
Whilst we at his feet sink down,
Gracious Jesus, man and God,
What hast thou on us bestow'd!

596.*
(T. 1.)

1. Heav'n's foretaste I may here already have,
Since Jesus dy'd my guilty soul to save;

2. When I, a needy sheep of his blest flock,
Drink of that stream that flows from Christ, the Rock:

3. When heav'nly bread he gives my soul to eat,
That I may henceforth never him forget:

4. O how unutterably blest am I,
Partaking of him sacramentally.

5. I live now, and to God myself will give,
But yet not I, but Christ in me shall live.

6. O dwell within my heart, that each may see
What heav'nly blessing I enjoy with thee.

7. Thy mercy and thy goodness I shall taste
Both here below, and when with thee at rest.

597.*
(T. 11.)

1. Jesus, who to save hast pow'r,
And who livest evermore,
For thy flock to intercede,
Helping us in time of need;

2. Thou who a divine repast
For the poor prepared hast,
Giving thy own flesh and blood
As the hungry sinner's food;

3. Let thy pow'r divine, we pray,
Be our strength and only stay,
Till we drop this mortal vest,
And the Spirit goes to rest.

598.*
(T. 151.)

Lord Christ, I give thee praises,
Thy hand ne'er intermits
To show'r, as each day passes,
On me thy benefits;
Thy name, all names exceeding,
I'll praise, for thou art good,
Art with thy flesh me feeding,
To drink giv'st me thy blood.

599.
(T. 582.)

1. Come, O my soul, and sing
How Jesus thee hath fed;
How Jesus gave himself for thee,
The true and living Bread.

2. I love thee, O my Lord;
I gladly thee adore;
O may I never turn again!
But love thee more and more.

3. O raise my feeble flame,
My wav'ring faith improve;
Increase my ardor day by day,
And fire me with thy love.

600.*
(T. 96.)

Since Jesu's body I have eat,
And drank the blood he shed for me,
O may I never him forget,
I know he will remember me;
And I shall, when this life is o'er,
Live in his presence evermore.

XXXIII. Hymns for different Ages, Sexes, and Stations in Life; or, Choir Hymns.

601.

(T. 83.)

1. EACH diviſion 'mongſt thy fold,
Freed from this world's vain tradition,
Male or female, young or old,
In thee hath true joy's fruition,
And in its allotted place
Should walk worthy of thy grace.

2. Grant us a contented mind,
That in their peculiar ſtation
Each may be to thee reſign'd,
Seeking only thy ſalvation;
By thy ſtaff we're ſafely led,
Till in thee we're perfected.

A. For CHILDREN.

602.

(T. 22.)

1. THOUGH but a little child I am,
Yet I may praiſe the ſlaughter'd Lamb,
He loves the children tenderly,
And alſo loveth ſinful me.

2. Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe,
Thou canſt a little child receive;
For thou didſt bleſs them formerly,
And ſay, "Let children come to me."

3. Lord Jeſus, unto me impart
A humble, meek and docile heart.
O cleanſe me in thy precious blood,
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

4. Save me from liking what is ill,
Teach me to do thy holy will;
Each day prepare me, through thy grace,
To meet thee, and behold thy face.

603.

(T. 58.)

1. O Come and view the greateſt myſtery!
He who made all the world, the ſeas and ſky,
Now is born an infant: The virgin Mary,
Upon her arms, the Lord of hoſts doth carry,
A feeble child.

2. He who prepar'd for ev'ry bird a neſt,
And gave the foxes holes wherein to reſt,
Poverty endured, became a ſtranger
In his own world, and was laid in a manger,
When he was born.

3. But why was Jeſus born in poverty?
Why did our Maker in a manger lie?
'Twas that he might purchaſe life and ſalvation,
And gain for us a glorious habitation
In heav'nly bliſs.

4. O Jeſus Chriſt, thou only holy child,
How canſt thou ſhow ſuch love to ſinners ſpoil'd?
But ſince thou thus loveſt, we now adore thee,
We children praiſe thy name and kneel before thee,
Hallelujah.

5. Thy ſacred meritorious infancy
Our crown and everlaſting glory be.
From world, ſin and ſatan, keep us eſtranged,
Till we ſhall once about thy throne be ranged
For evermore.

604.

(T. 587.)

1. COME, children, and trace
The mercy and grace,
Which God's incarnation to mankind displays.

2. In Bethle'm, a town
Of no great renown,
There Mary the virgin brought forth God's dear Son.

3. God evermore bleſt
Choſe meanly to reſt
For us in a manger, in ſwaddling-clothes dreſt.

4. On ſtraw or on hay
The lovely Child lay,
Who came down from heaven to ſhow us the way.

5. His being ſo mean
Hath certainly been
T' exalt his poor children, and ſave them from ſin.

6. Lord, teach us thy ways,
And thee all our days
Sincerely to follow, to love, and to praiſe.

605*

(T. 22.)

TO ev'ry child the grace impart
O Lord, to give to thee his heart,
To live to thee its future days
To love thee and thy name to praiſe.

606.

(T. 14.)

1. THOUGH Chriſt was God, and all things made,
Himſelf he humbled thus:
That he, a ſervant in our ſtead,
Might miniſter to us.

2. Our Saviour was a lovely boy,
His parent's chief delight,
His heav'nly Father's conſtant joy,
And always acted right.

3. A bleſſed pattern Chriſt our Lord
Unto the children gave,
That they to him might joy afford,
And never miſbehave.

4. A child true happineſs may find,
And humbly ought to pray:
"Lord Jeſus, make my heart inclin'd
"To love and to obey.

5. "I'm often ſtubborn, vain and wild,
"Self-will'd and hard in heart;
"O Lord, to me thy chaſte, thy mild,
"Thy holy mind impart."

607.

(T. 159.)

1. HOW heart-affecting Chriſt to ſee,
Some days before he bled,
Go to Jerus'lem willingly
To ſuffer in our ſtead,
When he approach'd, the multitude
Their garments ſpread and branches ſtrew'd,
Crying hoſanna to his praiſe,
With joy and thankfulneſs.

2. 'Twas then the children join'd the reſt,
And tun'd to him a ſong;
With one accord his name confeſs'd,
Amidſt the joyful throng;
O may we, little children, now
Attempt the ſame, and worſhip too
The Lamb of God, who dy'd for us
Upon the ſhameful croſs.

608.

(T. 243.)

1. THE holy child Jeſus,
Our God and our Saviour,
Who died to ſave us,
We'll worſhip for ever,
God's holy Lamb,—the Lord's his name.

2. In livelieſt manner
O let us before him
With joy ſing hoſanna,
And praiſe and adore him;
Our childlike cries—he won't deſpiſe.

3. We have an example
In children, who prais'd him
Of old in the temple,
Which very much pleas'd him,
And he in grace—accepts our praise.

4. Although some complained,
Offended to hear it;
They were not restrained,
Nor did they forbear it;
Our Lord them lov'd,—and it approv'd.

5. Come then let us follow
Our Master with praises;
His name let us hallow,
Whose blood us releases:
O Christ, to thee—all glory be.

6. Hosanna! Hosanna!
Thou Son of king David:
Hosanna! Hosanna!
For thou hast us saved:
For ever reign,—thou Lamb once slain.

609.

(T. 39.)

1. COME hither, dear children, and learn that your sin
The reason of Jesu's affliction hath been,
For you he sweat blood, falling down on his face,
And vented in crying and tears his distress.

2. In this dreadful anguish our Saviour was seen,
When Judas betray'd him to barbarous men,
Who led him away and made at him their game,
But Jesus was patient and meek as a Lamb.

3. They spit in his face and then pluck'd off his hair,
The scourges his body did mangle and tear;
They platted a crown of sharp thorns on his head,
Thus he 'fore the crowd who revil'd him was led.

4. They laid on his shoulders, already in pain,
The cross, on which he was condemn'd to be slain.
In his sacred body our sins on the tree
He bare and expired for you and for me.

5. Ye children, fall down and adore at his feet,
Nor ever his suff'rings and dying forget;
For now in his blood, if in him ye believe,
Ye all may redemption and pardon receive.

610.

(T. 582.)

1. I Humbly will rejoice,
To Jesus will I sing;
I (tho' a child) can raise my voice
To praise our risen King.

2. The Lord is ris'n again,
Who on the cross did bleed:
He lives to die no more, Amen!
The Lord is ris'n indeed.

3. He truly tasted death
For wretched fallen men;
In bitter pangs resign'd his breath;
But now he's ris'n again.

4. He hath himself the keys
Of death, the grave and hell,
His is the victory and praise,
And he rules all things well.

5. Death now no more I dread,
But cheerful close mine eyes:
Death is a sleep, the grave a bed,
With Jesus I shall rise.

611.

(T. 14.)

1. COME, Holy Ghost, dear Comforter,
Whom Jesus sends from heav'n:
O comfort us thy children here,
And show our sins forgiv'n.

2. Thou didst in form of fiery tongues
On God's apostles rest;
Our lips inspire to sing new songs,
And dwell within each breast.

3. 'Tis through thy grace we're born again,
And thou our Teacher art;
Thou of that heav'n we shall obtain,
A foretaste dost impart.

4. O come and in our hearts reside,
Thy temples in us make;
Nor let our naughtiness or pride
Make thee the place forsake.

5. Delight to make us thine abode
Till heav'n shall be our home,
Where we shall see our Lord and God;
Come, holy Spirit, come.

612.

(T. 14.)

1. O What a wretched heart have I,
How full of sin and shame,
How obstinate contin'ally,
How day by day to blame!

2. Lord, look on me midst all my faults;
And, when thou seest my guilt,
My wicked words and foolish thoughts,
Think why thy blood was spilt.

3. In that most precious river cleanse
And wash my crimes away,
My selfishness and that offence
Which I have done to-day.

4. When thou, dear Jesus, wast a child,
Thou didst not sin like me;
No sinful words thy lips defil'd,
No faults appear'd in thee.

5. Thou wast more spotless than a dove,
More harmless than a lamb,
Obedient, humble, full of love,
And never once to blame.

6. But I am proud and headstrong too,
Oft sadly misbehave;
I am not meek, like thee, and low;
Mes Lord, in mercy save.

7. O might I but resemble thee,
That ev'ry one might know,
I love the Saviour, and will be
His foll'wer here below.

8. Imprint thine image in my heart,
Bestow thy Holy Ghost,
And an obedient mind impart,
Then I shall not be lost.

613.

(T. 39.)

1. DEAR children, assembled to hear of the Lord,
You're here to be taught by his Spirit and word;
O think, what great favors on you are conferr'd,
A. For this may his name by us all be rever'd.

2. The Father in heav'n you as children will own,
And you are beloved by Jesus, his son,
The Spirit of truth will instruct you to pray,
A. And he will direct us throughout our whole way.

3. Ah! should not the mercies you daily may prove
Excite you our Saviour to praise and to love?
A. Yes, we are desirous to value his grace,
To love and adore him, and live to his praise.

4. Pray what do you do when ill humors get strong,
Or when you perceive you have done something wrong?
A. We weep, and our Saviour's forgiveness we crave,
And though we are sinful, he's able to save.

5. But, dear little children, since he is so good,
O give him your hearts, they were bought with his blood,

He loves you unſpeakably, love him again,
A. O yes, we will love him, and with him remain.

6. Be watchful, and you ſhall perceive and be ſure
He loves you, although you are ſinful and poor;
At all times he'll bleſs you; his love you will feel;
And in all your meetings, he'll meet with you ſtill.

7. Don't grieve him by ſinning, and then from your heart
He ne'er will be abſent, he ne'er will depart,
Till you ſhall go to him, when this life is o'er,
And love him and praiſe him above evermore.

8. A. O merciful Saviour, ſo grant it to be,
Nor ſuffer us ever to wander from thee;
We're poor little children, preſerve us, we pray,
And may we our love by obedience diſplay.

614.

(T. 11.)

1. OUT of love and boundleſs grace,
Thou haſt brought us to a place,
Jeſus, where we oft may hear
Of the ſuff'rings thou didſt bear.

2. Be our Shepherd ev'ry day,
That we little lambs ne'er ſtray;
Whenſoe'er we hear thy voice,
To obey may we rejoice.

3. Thanks to thee for all the care
That's beſtow'd upon us here;
May we evermore to thee
For thy goodneſs grateful be.

615.

(T. 22.)

1. I Love the Lord, who dy'd for me,
I love his grace divine and free;
I love the ſcriptures, there I read,
Chriſt loved me and for me bled.

2. I love his tears and ſuff'rings great,
I love his precious bloody ſweat,
I love his blood, was that not ſpilt,
I could not have been freed from guilt.

3. I love to hear that he was ſlain,
I love his ev'ry grief and pain,
I love to contemplate by faith
Upon his meritorious death.

4. I love mount Calv'ry, where his love
Stronger than death itſelf did prove;
I love to walk his dol'rous way,
I love the grave where Jeſus lay.

5. I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praiſe;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he ſent down.

6. I love to think the time will come
When I ſhall be with him at home,
And praiſe him in eternity:
Then ſhall my love completed be.

616.

(T. 22.)

1. THOU Guardian of thy lambs, behold
Theſe tender ones of thy dear fold;
Take them in thy peculiar care,
Secure their ſouls from ev'ry ſnare.

2. Let nothing in their minds take place,
But what comes from thy blood and grace;
May that ſink deep into each heart,
And let nought elſe have any part.

3. Set on their breaſts thy Spirit's ſeal,
Within their hearts thy love reveal,
And their poor ſouls ſecurely keep
Among thy flock of little ſheep.

617.

(T. 22.)

1. Q. DEAR children, whom the Saviour loves,
Tell me what each one moſt approves,

In heav'n and earth what prize ye moſt?
A. Jeſus, who ſaved us when loſt.
2. Q. How was it that you needed him?
For what did he your ſouls redeem?
A. We all like ſheep had gone aſtray,
And were by nature ſatan's prey.
3. Q. How did our Lord accompliſh this?
A. He left his throne and heav'nly bliſs.
A man of ſorrows he became,
And dy'd that he our ſouls might claim.
4. Q. And can the children Jeſus find?
A. To children he reveals his mind.
Q. Do children feel his love within?
A. O yes, and he forgiveth ſin.
5. Q. And will you always Jeſus love?
A. Yes, till we are with him above,
Till death our ſouls and bodies part,
Him we will love with all our heart.

618.

(T. 14.)

1. THOU, gracious Saviour, for my good
Wait pleas'd a child to be,
And thou didſt ſhed thy precious blood
Upon the croſs for me.

2. Come then, and take this heart of mine,
Come take me as I am;
I know that I by right am thine,
Thy love my heart doth claim.

3. Low at thy feet ſtill may I bow,
Be thine, my Saviour, ſtill;
In nothing bad myſelf allow,
Nor ever ſhow ſelf-will.

4. Preſerve, I pray, my heart ſecure
From ev'ry hurt and ſtain;
Firſt make it, and then keep it pure,
And ſhut to all that's vain.

5. If early thou wilt take me hence,
O that no harm will be:
Since endleſs bliſs will then commence,
When I ſhall live with thee.

6. If thou wilt have me longer ſtay,
In years and ſtature grow;
Help me to ſerve thee night and day,
While I am here below.

7. Then, after walking in thy ways,
And ſerving thee in love,
Receive me to thyſelf in peace,
To ſing thy praiſe above.

619.

(T. 39.)

1. WHO, who have ſuch reaſon, as we to be glad?
What children ſuch means of ſalvation have had?
Such meetings to hear and conſider God's word,
How many poor children don't know of our Lord.

2. We ſing and we hear, how our Maker came down
From heaven and willingly left his bleſt throne,
And taking our nature became a poor child,
And us by his ſuff'rings to God reconcil'd.

3. O myſt'ry of godlineſs! wonder of grace!
May we without ceaſing adore him and praiſe;
May all of us know what a Saviour we have,
Yea love him ſincerely and in him believe.

4. We'll now, with the angels, unite to declare
The praiſes of him, who our ſorrows did bear,
With hearts and with voices exalting the Lamb,
Who dy'd on the croſs our poor ſouls to redeem.

620 *

(T. 22.)

1. THOU mine and all poor children's friend,
Who doſt to all our wants attend,
Who, tho' th' almighty Lord of all,
Doſt not deſpiſe us, children ſmall;

2. But our moſt faithful Saviour art,
And bear'ſt us upon thy heart.
Since thou as man on earth didſt dwell,
Thou know'ſt our wants and ailments well.

3. Grant unto us continually
The bleſſings of thy infancy;
Let us through each ſucceeding year,
The merits of thy childhood ſhare.

4. Thee gracious Lord we now implore,
To manifeſt thyſelf ſtill more,
And thus to teach us by degrees
To live a life of happineſs.

5. May we thy mind ſtill better know;
May we in grace and knowledge grow,
And learn all that whereby we may
Adorn thy doctrine ev'ry way.

6. O may we ever feel thee near,
And be employ'd in praiſe and pray'r,
May we in thy bleſt fellowſhip
Wake, do our daily work and ſleep.

7. Thus will our infant tongues record
Thy birth and paſſion, gracious Lord,
That thou who dieddſt in our ſtead,
Art God by whom all things were made.

621.

(T. 22.)

1. I Will a little pilgrim be,
Reſolv'd alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone,
Up to thy everlaſting throne.

2. I will my heart to thee reſign,
Thine only be, O be thou mine!
The world I leave and fooliſh play,
To happineſs to find the way.

3. My lips ſhall be employ'd to bleſs
The Lord who is my righteouſneſs:
My pleaſure only to purſue
His mind, and him my Saviour know.

4. So long I'll pray below to live,
Till I my pardon ſeal'd receive;
And then, when Jeſus calls, I'll die,
Or rather live eternally.

622.

(T. 590.)

O Thou, before whoſe Father's face
The children's angels ſtand,
Grant me, a helpleſs child, the grace
That thy angelic band
May watch my ways and guard my bed,
And miniſter to me,
Till I in death ſhall bow my head,
And go to live with thee.

623.

(T. 14.)

1. HAppy the children who are gone
To Jeſus Chriſt in peace,
Who ſtand around his glorious throne,
Clad in his righteouſneſs.

2. The Saviour, whom they lov'd when here,
Hath wip'd their tears away;
They never more can grieve or fear,
Nor ſin, nor go aſtray.

3. In ceaſeleſs happineſs they view
Our Saviour's ſmiling face;
That face once bruis'd, in which below
Men ſaw no comelineſs.

4. Methinks I ſee them kneeling ſing,
(Ten thouſands do the ſame:)
Salvation to th' immortal King!
To God and to the Lamb!

5. O that I might ſo favor'd be,
With them above to join:
O that, like them, I Chriſt might ſee,
And he be ever mine.

6. Grant me but this, thou great High-prieſt,
And when I'm here no more,
Convey me ſafe to endleſs reſt,
Where thou art gone before.

624.

(T. 587.)

1. HOW ſweet the child reſts,
Whom nothing moleſts,
Received in mercy among the Lamb's gueſts?
2. He ne'er ſhall weep more,
His ſighing is o'er,
His travel and dangers, he's got ſafe on ſhore.
3. His body behold,
It ſleeps pale and cold,
And ſhall till the Shepherd completeth his fold.
4. His Spirit is gone,
In peace to God's throne,
To praiſe God our Saviour, where we ſhall be ſoon.
5. He ſings now above,
Made perfect in love,
And never, O never, he thence ſhall remove.
6. He reſts now in peace,
Beholds the Lord's face,
Hath finiſhed early and happy his race.
7. For that bleſſed day
We earneſtly pray,
Lord Jeſus, come quickly, and make no delay.

625.

(T. 14.)

1. HAPPY the children who betimes
Have learn'd to know the Lord,
Who, through his grace, eſcape the crimes
Forbidden in his word.
2. Who early, by a living faith,
Have deep foundation laid
In Jeſu's meritorious death,
Such need not be afraid.
3. Should they be early hence remov'd,
He will their ſouls receive;
For thoſe who Jeſus here have lov'd,
With him ſhall ever live.

626.

(T. 39.)

1. LORD Jeſus, we bleſs thee for being a child,
And having us thereby to God reconcil'd:
We thank thee for ſuff'ring and dying in pain,
For thy being buried and riſing again.
2. We thank thee that thou wilt the children permit
To offer their praiſes and ſongs at thy feet,
That thou, Lord, their pray'rs art inclined to hear,
And always to help them and ſave them art near.
3. Thou wilt be our Saviour, Redeemer and Friend,
Grant we may abide in thy love to the end:
O render us truly obedient to thee,
That we thy dear children for ever may be.

B. For BOYS.

627.*

(T. 164.)

1. BEloved youths, if 'tis your aim
To be like Chriſt your Saviour.
And to extol his ſaving name
In word and in behavior,
Be with a willing mind
Unto his will reſign'd,
He by his blood will waſh you clean,
And free you from the pow'r of ſin.
2. Then will it be your heart's delight,
Amidſt his flock with pleaſure
T' obey him, walk as in his ſight,
And ſerve him in your meaſure,

For ev'ry thing that's good
And juſt, flows from his blood,
A mind that's virtuous, chaſte, unſtain'd,
May be by faith in him obtain'd.

3. Yea, an obedient, ſimple mind,
Faithful in ev'ry ſtation,
To true humility inclin'd,
And perfect reſignation,
The bleſt effect will prove
Of that unfeigned love
To Chriſt, which is produc'd by faith
In him, and his atoning death.

628.*

(T. 37.)

1. SHall our youth grow in grace,
Wiſdom and favor;
As truly was the caſe
With Chriſt our Saviour:
Let them continually
View him in ſpirit,
To them he will apply
His precious merit.

2. When once the ſin-ſick ſoul
For grace hath panted,
By Chriſt we're render'd whole,
To us is granted,
That we a heav'nly life
May here be leading;
In union with our Lord
Each ſtep proceeding.

3. He, who without delay
To Jeſus turneth,
With confidence doth pray,
And humbly mourneth;
Doth certainly receive
(O boundleſs favor!)
Forgiveneſs of his ſins
From Chriſt our Saviour!

4. Come, then, with uprightneſs
'Fore him diſcover
Your wants; then your diſtreſs
Will ſoon be over.
He'll heal moſt graciouſly
Your worſt diſeaſes,
And fill you conſtantly
With thanks and praiſes.

N

629.

(T. 79.)

DEAR boys, unto the Saviour
Lift up your hearts with fervor,
Each day, and pray for grace
T' obtain a true ſenſation
Of Jeſu's great ſalvation,
And of your fall and ſinfulneſs.

630.

(T. 185.)

ALL of you, dear youths, not one excepted,
Are by nature, vile and baſe;
If you feel it not that you're corrupted
And quite ſpoil'd, the worſe your caſe;
But doth ſin, in thought or deed committed,
Make you mourn and pray to be acquitted?
You, becauſe the Lamb was ſlain,
Pardon in his blood may gain.

631.

(T. 23.)

1. LOOK to Chriſt your pattern bleſſed,
When you are with ſin opreſſed,
Aſk, and you ſhall be directed,
And by Jeſu's grace protected.

2. Jeſus hath procur'd ſalvation
For poor man in ev'ry ſtation,
Ev'ry boy that loves our Saviour,
Imitates his chaſte behavior.

632.

(T. 22.)

1. DEAR boys! O that ye all but knew
How Jeſus burns in love to you,
Is deeply mov'd by your diſtreſs,
And pities your great ſinfulneſs.

2. His ears are open night and day,
He hears whene'er to him you pray:

He watcheth clofely all you do;
Yea all your thoughts and reas'nings too.

3. If but a boy bemoans his cafe,
And weeps to him for faving grace,
He's waſh'd in Jeſu's precious blood,
And made a happy child of God.

4. O if your hearts but upright are,
Not one amongſt you need deſpair,
Your ſinfulneſs is great, 'tis true,
But grace can conquer ſin in you.

633.

(T. 166.)

O Might our youth Chriſt's name confeſs
In all their converſation,
And each one, through our Saviour's grace,
Be faithful in his ſtation;
Might in their very looks be ſeen,
That they through Jeſu's merit
Are humble, ſteady, chaſte and clean,
And guided by his ſpirit.

634.

(T. 23.)

1. To that Lord, who unconſtrained
Death's dire pangs for us ſuſtained,
May we all in our ſmall meaſure
Willingly give joy and pleaſure.

2. May our mind and whole behavior
Bear reſemblance to our Saviour,
And his ſanctifying merit
Hallow body, ſoul and ſpirit.

635.*

(T. 58.)

WHAT glorious pattern for heart and mind
Doth each believer, O Jeſus, find,
In thy words and actions, and whole behavior!
We pray thee, grant to our youth, that favor,
To follow thee.

C. For UNMARRIED MEN.

636.

(T. 590.)

1. HOW ſhall a young man cleanſe his way?
By foll'wing cloſe his word,
Who once on earth a young man was,
Jeſus our God and Lord:
His word is ſpirit, and is pow'r;
True life doth flow from him;
Our food his ſacred fleſh, our drink
His blood, that healing ſtream.

2. We now no longer need remain
Faſt bound in chains of ſin;
Whoe'er believes, is free indeed,
And through his word made clean;
Since Jeſus on th' accurſed croſs
The pow'r of ſin did quell,
When ſin diſorders us, we look
To him and ſoon grow well.

3. Ye choſen people of the Lord,
Which Jeſu's pow'r diſplays,
If in obedience to his word
You're render'd clean, thro' grace;
His dying love be yet impreſs'd
More clearly on each heart;
And whether you're at work or reſt,
To love him be your part.

4. Ye purchas'd ſouls, ye brethren's flock,
To Jeſus be reſign'd;
And to our Saviour offer up
Your body, ſoul and mind.
O, if the bleeding Lamb of God,
Who dy'd us to redeem,
But calls, who can his call withſtand?
Who would not follow him?

637.

(T. 185.)

1. WHoe'er ſtriveth for ſanctification,
Having not a ranſom'd heart,
Feeling ſtill a ſecret condemnation,
And for ſin no inward ſmart;

Whoe'er hath not yet in Christ believed,
Pardon in his blood and peace received;
Hath not found that holiness
That adorns a child of grace.

2. But how happy is the soul that cleaveth
To the Friend of all the poor;
And with humble confidence believeth
My diseases he can cure;
Such a one, though e'er so vile by nature,
Though throughout a spoil'd and wretched creature,
Mourning on account of sin,
Is by Jesu's blood made clean.

638.

(T. 132.)

1. SING praises unto God on high,
To him who us created;
Sing praises to the Lord, so nigh
To sinful man related.
Rejoicing Hallelujah sing,
Jesus Jehovah is our King,
And gracious Mediator.

2. He calls us brethren, not asham'd
To bear our human nature!
Yea, heirs of life we now are nam'd,
Joint heirs with our Creator!
He ever lives to intercede
For us. and help in time of need
To each of us dispenseth.

639.*

(T. 217.)

1. THou flock of single men belov'd,
When with attention you have weighed,
Whether Christ's mind yours always prov'd,
And how your conduct this displayed;
Whether you have in thought and word,
Shown forth the praises of your Lord:—
If countless gifts from him received
So undeserv'd, have this atchieved,
That in the world you know of none
To cheer your hearts, but him alone:

2. Then forward press this very day,
T'wards the high mark before you placed:
With tears beseech him that he may
Imprint in you his image blessed;
His gracious looks must constantly
Your souls' and bodies' comfort be!
May his death's pow'r you so replenish,
That sin and its allurements vanish;
That both in joy and pain you find
In him alone, true peace of mind!

640.

(T. 166.)

1. LORD Jesus, more than thirty years
Thou'st liv'd in our poor station,
And by thy cries and bitter tears
Hast purchas'd our salvation;
Thou hast, till yielding up thy breath,
Unheard of pains sustained,
In soul and body felt our death,
And life for us regained.

2. O what a happiness is this,
That each, though fall'n by nature,
Can thro' thy grace know what it is
To be a happy creature;
Heal'd by thy stripes and wounds, from sin
And satan's pow'r released,
Fill'd with thy love and peace within,
And thus to glory raised!

3. Thou'st chosen us to show thy praise
In all our conversation,
As witnesses of thy great grace,
Each in his proper station:
This is our cov'nant's only ground
To yield thee soul and body,
In life and death to thee we're bound,
And for thy service ready.

4. How precious are thy thoughts of peace
O'er us, if but attained,
O may we steadfast run our race,
Till we the crown have gained.

Grant we may never fall asleep,
But in faith persevering,
With burning lamps the watch may keep,
Until thy blest appearing.

641.

(T. 126.)

1. LOOK up to Christ, your Brother,
Let no distrust take place;
He's lovely as none other,
Look up, and feel the grace,
Which flows from his humanity,
To all who are desirous,
As Jesus was, to be.

2. He's yours, with all his merit,
If you'll be truly his;
Become with him one spirit,
Who chaste and holy is,
Who spirit, soul and body heals,
And is that kind Physician
Who for his patients feels.

3. Blest'd truth! which no man knoweth,
Unless to Christ he turns.
Whoe'er this truth avoweth,
His heart is struck and burns.
O lovely Jesus! grant us grace
To grow into thy likeness,
To live unto thy praise.

642*.

(T. 166.)

TO Jesus now deliver we
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Who grants to us prosperity,
Thro' his blood's pow'rful merit.
In thought and deed we wish to be
Like him, that each who sees us,
May in us a resemblance see
Of our great Pattern Jesus.

643.

(T. 185.)

1. BRethren, 'tis but meet to render praises
To Immanuel, our Lord;
Who to bless his children never ceases,
Since to favor they're restor'd:
Midst a sense of your own imperfection,
You can magnify that free election
Of his grace, by which you stand
'Mongst his flock, his chosen band.

2. Yes, we feel indeed our own demerit
And our imperfections great;
Had we not been led by Jesu's Spirit,
Never could we thus have met:
We deserv'd eternal condemnation,
Yet his death procured our salvation:
And since we've experienc'd this,
We're determin'd to be his.

644.*

(T. 221.)

1. WHAT is for our dear single brethren allotted,
Besides their own heart's happiness?
'Tis that they with body and soul be devoted
To Jesus Christ in ev'ry case:
For when they are cleansed and freed from sin,
And peace and salvation enjoy within,
Of Christ the true vine living branches they are,
To grow and bear fruit is their pleasure and care.

2. With fire and with spirit endow'd, ev'ry moment,
Thou flock of Jesus highly blest,
Go forth and proclaim ye the word of atonement
Both far and near, and when oppress't
By hardships and trials, be bold in God,
And gladly for him spend your life and blood;
Midst tempests at sea and wild deserts then go,
The seed of the gospel 'mongst heathen to sow.

645.*

(T. 166.)

DEAR brethren, duly take to heart
The teaching of the Spirit;
He'll ev'ry grace to you impart
Which Jesus Christ did merit:
Who, by all he hath done and said
In his humiliation,
Hath boundless blessings merited,
And sanctify'd your station.

645.

(T. 97.)

1. YE brethren, sav'd by Jesu's blood!
Be soon prepar'd to serve your God,
Remember your Redeemer's toil,
Supply your lamps of faith with oil;
To him devote yourselves each day anew
With soul and body, for they are his due.

2. And then arise and serve the Lord,
Go when he calls, proclaim the word
Of his atonement far and near,
Count not your lives for him too dear;
Go, tell the negroes, savages and slaves,
That Jesu's blood the vilest sinners saves.

647.

(T. 45.)

1. THEE God's own Son—with joy we own
To be our dearest Brother;
Heav'n and earth do not afford
Like to thee another.

2. But, oh! might we—such brethren be,
Of whom thou'rt not ashamed;
Might, by all we do, thy grace
Loudly be proclaimed.

648.

(T. 185.)

TO the single brethren be propitious,
In their hearts thy love reveal.
Grant that they may follow thee,
Lord Jesus,
Fill their souls with ardent zeal,
To proclaim to many a heathen nation
What thou'st done to purchase our salvation:
Jesus, grant them to increase
Both in number and in grace.

D. For GIRLS.

649.*

(T. 168.)

1. UNTO thee, most gracious Saviour,
All the maidens we commend!
Look on them in grace and favor,
To their pray'rs and wants attend;
Grant them all a tender feeling
Of thy love and gracious dealing,
That their hearts may truly be
Fill'd with fervent love to thee.

2. This alone can keep them steady
In their simple path of grace,
And when any thing seems ready
To disturb their happiness;
Lord, in mercy them deliver,
Keep their feeble souls for ever
From the world and sin secure,
And in soul and body pure!

650.

(T. 14.)

1. OUR Lord and Saviour doth attend
To all our tears and sighs,
And us his maidens will defend
From vain perplexities.

2. Blest Mary, with a cheerful voice,
To all around declar'd:
"In God my Saviour I rejoice,
"For he my sighs hath heard.

3. "The Lord hath highly favor'd me;
"His handmaid's low estate
"He hath regarded graciously,
"The poor he doth elate."

4. Thus all who wait upon the Lord,
And seek for peace and rest,
In him, according to his word,
Shall be consol'd and blest.

5. We're poor and needy; but thro' grace,
His Spirit teacheth us
To look, with all our sinfulness,
In faith to Jesu's cross.

6. When simply we obey his voice,
And to our Lord appeal,
In God our Saviour we rejoice,
Since pard'ning grace we feel.

7. Most gracious Saviour! to confide
In thee, O grant us grace;
Preserve us all from self and pride,
That bane of happiness.

8. Meekness and true humility
Unto us all impart;
Yea, by thy merits sanctify
And render pure each heart.

651.

(T. 16.)

1. BLess'd are they, who have the favor
Rightly to consider this,
That their Maker is their Saviour,
And that therefore they are his.

2. Bless'd are they, who in each station,
Often meditate by faith
On their Saviour's incarnation,
Human life and painful death.

3. Bless'd are they, who as poor sinners,
Gain from Jesus life and grace,
Tho' they be but young beginners,
And by nature e'er so base.

4. Bless'd are they, who're ever ready
Him to follow cheerfully,
Who took, in a virgin's body,
For our sake, humanity.

5. Bless'd are then our maiden's classes,
Truly happy is their lot,
If they live alone to Jesus,
And to him their hearts devote.

652.

(T. 185.)

1. WHEN a maiden feels her lost condition,
Weeping for redeeming grace,
And with heart-felt and sincere contrition
Pants for peace and happiness,
Which is only found by faith in Jesus,
Who was slain, from sorrow to release us,
Then she finds most certainly
Grace and true felicity.

2. This renews the heart and all desires,
'Tis then our propensity,
Since our Saviour us with love inspires,
Him to love in some degree:
We remain his maidens poor and needy,
Yet to give him joy are ever ready,
Thinking always, how we may
Please him both by night and day.

653.

(T. 168.)

1. WHEN a maiden's heart believeth
In the Lord our righteousness,
And in lowliness receiveth
From his fulness grace for grace;
When she finds in him salvation,
Happiness and consolation,
And obeys his faithful voice,
She believing can rejoice.

2. Though she feels that soul and body
Are corrupt and void of good,
Yet the Lord is ever ready
To apply his cleansing blood;
With her weaknesses he beareth,
All her pray'rs he kindly heareth,
And she daily doth increase
In his knowledge and in grace.

E. For UNMARRIED WOMEN.

654.*

(T 1.)

1. THE virgins, who enjoy our Saviour's grace,
Are happier far than words can e'er expreſs.

2. Jeſus, the Bridegroom of their ſouls, ſupplies
Their wants, and ſoul and body ſanctifies.

3. His love produceth love; conſtrain'd thereby,
Their ſole intention is to yield him joy.

4. When in their hearts his love is ſhed abroad,
They then, like Mary, favor find with God.

5. Lord, may thy love with gratitude inſpire
Our ſouls, and to thy name be our deſire.

6. We thee intreat to form us to thy praiſe,
And all that's carnal wholly to eraſe.

7. If we thy rich forgiveneſs daily prove,
This will unite us, Lord, to thee in love.

8. May the enjoyment of thy fleſh and blood
At all times be to us refreſhing food.

9. O make us all devoted unto thee;
Let us thy chaſte and faithful virgins be.

655.

(T. 26.)

1. THY virgins, Lord, 'fore thee appear,
Conſcious of their depravity,
Yet longing to be heal'd by thee;
Each mourning ſinner deign to cheer.

2. From all falſe love cleanſe ev'ry ſoul,
And us with ſacred love inſpire,
O quench in us each baſe deſire,
And bear the ſway without control.

3. In mutual love and harmony,
Our virgin cov'nant we renew,
Say thou in grace, Amen thereto,
We give our hearts and hands to thee.

656.*

(T. 185.)

1. WOULD you know the grace and peace enjoyed
By a child of God, through faith,
See a virgin, who, alone employed
With her Saviour and his death,
Vanity and worldly ways deſpiſeth,
Whilſt the converſe with her Lord ſhe prizeth,
And thus on this ſide the grave,
Foretaſte ſweet of heav'n may have.

2. Therefore, ſiſters, your concern be ever,
Since you're with this knowledge bleſt,
To have your eternal Bridegroom's favor,
Then you find true peace and reſt;
But, indeed, it is from each expected,
That her heart be by his grace directed,
Nor have any other aim,
But to love the ſlaughter'd Lamb.

3. Happy ſouls, that feel the healing power
Of Chriſt's blood in ev'ry caſe!
Follow him with joy, and ſeek each hour
To preſerve yourſelves thro' grace,
May the virtue of our Saviour's paſſion,
Sanctify your walk and converſation;
All by which you are oppreſs'd,
By his love is ſoon redreſs'd.

4. Might each virgin live unto her Saviour,
And unto this world be dead;

That great prize to gain, be your endeavor,
Purchas'd when for us he bled;
Filled with his love, may you adore him,
Thinking, speaking, acting, as before him,
Being to his gracious mind
Ever willingly resign'd.

5. May we all be ever so disposed
In our hearts, by day and night,
As when this life's period being closed,
We to him shall take our flight;
Or as when, releas'd from condemnation,
We receiv'd the seal of our salvation,
And obtained, through his blood,
Happiness and peace with God!

657.

(T. 16.)

1. BLEST are they, who human nature
Feel as vile, corrupt and base,
But who know each fallen creature
May be heal'd by Jesu's grace.

2. Mourning souls are truly blessed,
They that seek will surely find;
Jesus comforts the distressed,
To the contrite he is kind.

3. Christ the Bread, that came from heaven,
Doth the hungry soul revive,
Unto those who thirst, is given
Water from the well of life.

4. Blest are they, who, through his favor,
Are in heart here purify'd;
They shall once behold our Saviour,
Who by faith in him abide.

5. Blest are they, who in his merits
Have a share, though here despis'd,
All is theirs; what flesh inherits
They renounce, he's only priz'd.

6. Blest are they, who, foll'wing Jesus,
Virgins are in deed and truth;
They have cause to give him praises;
Both the aged and the youth.

658.

(T. 22.)

1. SIN is the cause of ev'ry grief,
None in himself can find relief,
The source, whence ev'ry sin doth spring,
Is that we turn from Christ our king.

2. Hence is it that the giddy eye
Imagines stores in vanity;
Pleasure in things producing smart,
And cleanness in an impure heart;

3. Knowledge in blindest ignorance,
And plenty in deep indigence;
All which occasions pungent grief,
And all proceeds from unbelief.

4. We virgins each have cause to praise
Thee, Lord, and grateful songs to raise,
That from the world's delusion free,
We wish to be made clean by thee.

5. That those, who weep because of sin,
May be absolv'd and washed clean;
Since thou wast in the flesh reveal'd,
That by thy stripes we may be heal'd.

659.

(T. 16.)

1. HAPPY they, who oft for Jesus
Weep, as well from need, as love,
They experience him propitious,
And his favor richly prove.

2. Happy they, whose hearts are moved,
Him to follow ev'ry where,
As his purchas'd souls beloved,
To whom he is truly dear.

3. Happy is each virgin's station,
Whom he kindly owns as his,
And who counts his great salvation,
As her highest good and bliss.

4. Happy she, who finds in Jesus
All her wishes satisfy'd;
Ah, to her how dear and precious
Is that Friend who for her dy'd!

660.

(T. 22.)

1. THOU Bridegroom of the soul! behold
This part of thy beloved fold;
Thy virgins, who 'fore thee are met,
And for thy cheering presence wait.

2. Give us, O Lord, to feel thy peace,
And let the sanctifying grace,
Which flows from thy humanity,
Make us well-pleasing unto thee.

3. O may we feel thy healing pow'r,
And influence ev'ry day and hour;
Thus all thy mercies which we prove,
Will us excite to praise and love.

F. For MARRIED PEOPLE.

661.

(T. 114.)

1. LORD God, who art the Author of our being,
By whose almighty love we are redeem'd,
And, 'midst our many failings, much esteem'd;
In whom we trust, believing without seeing;
Thou art our Strength, our Hope, and lasting Rock,
The faithful Shepherd of thy feeble flock.

2. Thou only know'st, High Priest of our profession,
Who sympathizest with our weaknesses,
What trials often on thy children press;
Thou know'st how we, each in his call and station,
Have not at all times, and in ev'ry place,
By our behavior, magnify'd thy grace.

3. Head of thy church! thy fatherly correction
We have deserv'd: but pardon now impart,
Give each of us a clean and docile heart;
O grant that we may weigh with due reflection
The duties of the holy married state,
While we for thy instruction humbly wait.

662.

(T. 159.)

1. THE love which Jesus Christ displays ‡
Towards the church, his bride,
None can describe, it far outweighs
All other love beside:
Believing husbands are to prove,
By holy and unfeigned love
Towards their wives, that they indeed
Resemble Christ our Head.

‡ Eph. v. 25.

2. The church submits to Christ her Lord: ||
"Thy will be done," we pray:
This teacheth wives, who love God's word,
With meekness to obey.
Adorned with humility
They aid their husbands willingly;
Are clothed with the beauteous dress
Of Jesu's righteousness.

|| Eph. v. 22.

663.

(T. 22.)

1. LORD, who ordain'dst the married state.
When thou didst man at first create,
Thou who thy body's Saviour art,
To all of us thy grace impart.

2. The husbands sanctify and bless,
Thy mind upon their hearts impress,
Teach them thy Spirit to obey
In all they do, we humbly pray.

3. To ev'ry wife thy grace diſpenſe,
To cleave to thee with confidence,
Grant they may love thee fervently,
And walk in true humility.

4. Wiſdom and faithfulneſs afford,
To train our children, gracious Lord!
That in thy knowledge they may grow,
Themſelves and thee their Saviour know.

5. Lord Jeſus! may each married pair
In all their walk thy praiſe declare;
O may their ruſe in all things be,
The union of thy church with thee.

664.

(T. 590.)

1. O Lord we humbly thee adore
For thy unbounded grace.
Can we who're ſinful, frail and poor,
Thy wondrous kindneſs trace?
Thou haſt thy church in love redeem'd,
Thou gav'ſt thyſelf for us;
We know that we're by thee eſteem'd,
When we behold thy croſs.

2. Grant unto ev'ry married pair,
By chaſte unfeigned love,
By meekneſs, patience, faith and pray'r,
And all we do to prove,
That we united unto thee,
Are truly one in heart;
Thus we ſhall live eternally
With thee, and never part.

665.

(T. 166.)

1. To be a happy married pair,
Approv'd by Jeſus in their courſe,
Comes not from nature e'er ſo fair,
But love to him muſt be the ſource;
Good ſenſe and prudence, with a mind
To lead a virtuous life, is far
From anſwering God's purpoſe kind,
For which we all ordained are.

2. His Spirit teacheth us to know,
That we are ſinners vile and baſe,
And Jeſus doth on us beſtow
Remiſſion of our ſins through grace,
Thus we in all things richly prove
His Shepherd's care, and faithfulneſs,
And actuated by his love.
In our whole walk ſhow forth his praiſe.

666.

(T. 580.)

To marry, led by fleſhly ſchemes,
And poiſon'd nature's fooliſh dreams,
Chriſtians a curſe eſteem,
They wiſh to marry in the Lord,
And enter marriage on his word,
Their ſouls and bodies give to him.

667.

(T. 16.)

1. HEAD of thy bleſt congregation,
Look on ev'ry married pair,
Be our ſtrength and our ſalvation,
Keep us from all needleſs care.

2. For our ſake, moſt gracious Saviour,
Thou thy life and blood haſt ſpent,
May we now in our behavior
Thee and thy church repreſent.

3. No ſpoil'd creature had been able
E'er to guide his ſteps aright
In this ſtate ſo venerable,
Or to act as in thy ſight;

4. Hadſt thou not life and ſalvation
By thy ſuff'rings for us gain'd,
And thereby ſanctification
For the married ſtate obtain'd.

5. Bleſs, O Lord, thy married people,
In thy blood, O waſh us clean,
Help us, for we're weak and feeble,
And preſerve us from all ſin.

668.

(T. 581.)

1. PArents, weigh before the Lord,
What your parents' duty is!
Learn from his moſt holy word,
How to act in every caſe!

How each to his family
May a bleſſed pattern be!

2. All your children are his own,
He hath bought them with his blood!
Unto him their ſouls are known,
Full of ſin and void of good!
Yet he ſaith moſt graciouſly,
"Suffer them to come to me!"

3. 'Tis by you they ſhould be led
In the way that leads to bliſs;
Grace is not inherited
As a worldly fortune is,
'Tis free mercy, we muſt own,
And the gift of God alone.

4. In this vain and wretched world,
Children are expos'd and try'd;
Many are to ruin hurl'd,
Few in Jeſus Chriſt abide;
And no human prudence can
Save the ſoul of fallen man.

5. Here's a taſk, may parents think,
Far beyond the reach of art;
But let not your courage ſink,
Grace and wiſdom he'll impart:
Your ſincere endeavors bleſs,
Hear your pray'rs and grant ſucceſs.

6. Hear, O Lord, a parent's pray'r,
Let my tears prevail 'fore thee!
How ſhould I in heav'n appear,
If my child were not with me!
Therefore thou my ſteps direct,
Leſt my duty I neglect.

7. In thy grace my children keep,
That, when once on that great day,
Thou ſhalt come to ſeek thy ſheep,
I may gladly to thee ſay:
"Here am I through mercy free,
"And each child thou gaveſt me!"

669.

(T. 166.)

1. OUR children, gracious Lord and God,
With fervor we to thee commend,
Thou haſt redeem'd them by thy blood;
They are by thee to bliſs ordain'd.
Kind Shepherd, take each little lamb
Into thy faithful arms of love;
Cauſe them to know thy ſaving name,
And thy redeeming grace to prove.

2. On us, their parents, grace beſtow,
That we, with care and faithfulneſs,
May teach them thee, our Lord, to know,
T' obey thy word, and ſeek thy face.
Teach us the duties of our ſtate,
To love each other heartily,
Our little ones to educate,
That they may love and follow thee.

670.

(T. 83.)

IN this world, ſo full of ſnares,
Take our children in thy keeping,
Hear the parents ſighs and pray'rs,
When for them before thee weeping,
Mercy for our children we,
Gracious Lord, implore of thee.

671.

(T. 586.)

MOST holy Lord, mankind's Creator,
Who, to redeem us by thy death,
Aſſumedſt feeble human nature,
We call on thee in humble faith:
O hear our fervent ſupplication,
Let all our children thy ſalvation,
And tender Shepherd's care,
In largeſt meaſure ſhare;
For thine they are.

G. For WIDOWERS and WIDOWS.

672.

(T. 22.)

1. IN God, the mighty Lord of hoſts,
A happy wid'wer gladly boaſts;
God is the widow's faithful Friend,
Who leads her ſafely to the end.

2. 'Tis true, the lonely widow'd ſtate
With various trials is replete,
Whilſt both the body and the mind
Feel weakneſſes of various kind.

3. Yet when by faith our Lord we see
Endow'd with frail humanity,
Bearing our griefs and sickneſſes,
This doth alleviate our diſtreſs.

4. He is our Saviour and High Prieſt,
Who, when we ſuffer in the leaſt,
Suſtains us by his pow'r and grace
In ev'ry hard and trying caſe.

5. He ſaith to us repeatedly:
"Caſt all your burden upon me,
"For I in all things kindly care
"For you, and in your troubles ſhare."

6. Therefore whate'er our trials be,
Or weakneſſes, or poverty,
Sickneſs of body, ſoul's diſtreſs,
Or ſorrows which we can't expreſs;

7. Our Saviour knows them, and he feels
Whate'er his needy children ails;
He ſympathizeth with the weak,
Regards the poor, and heals the ſick.

8. Yes, he ſuſtains us every day,
He is our Comfort, Help and Stay;
We'll truſt his boundleſs love and pow'r
Until our happy dying hour.

673.

(T. 185.)

A True widower's and widow's ſtation
Doth require moſt certainly,
That they always to the congregation
Edifying patterns be,
Showing by their walk and whole behavior,
That they live in union with our Saviour,
And that they ſincerely aim
To be foll'wers of the Lamb.

674.

(T. 167.)

YE who for true conſolation,
Like old Simeon, humbly wait,
Shall behold the Lord's ſalvation,
Then your joy will be complete.
Who makes Anna her example,
Truſting in God's promiſes,
Waits for Jeſus in his temple,
Shall behold him as he is.

675.

(T. 11.)

1. WId'wers, on the Lord rely;
Widows, unto him draw nigh;
And the Lord your righteouſneſs,
Both with hearts and voices bleſs.

2. You can from experience trace,
That in ev'ry trying caſe,
Jeſus truly can impart
Joy and comfort to the heart.

3. Firmly fix the eye of faith
On our Lord's atoning death,
Till you ſhall in heav'nly bliſs
See your Saviour as he is.

676.

(T. 14.)

1. JESUS, our Helper in all need,
And comfort in diſtreſs,
Thou art the wid'wer's only Stay,
And Hope in lonelineſs.

2. Bleſſings on all thou doſt beſtow,
But more eſpecially
Thou of the widows takeſt care,
A friend they find in thee.

3. A foretaſte of eternal joys,
O Lord, to them diſpenſe,
And midſt their weakneſs, bear them up,
Till they are called hence.

677.

(T. 75.)

1. CHRIST is the widow's Friend,
Their cauſe he doth defend,
All their complaints he hears,
And liſtens to their pray'rs,
His care and faithfulneſs
They prove in ev'ry caſe.

2. The feeble he makes ſtrong,
He helps the lame along,
On him the weak can lean,
The youthful he keeps clean,
Each may in him confide,
Whate'er may them betide.

678.

(T. 184.)

WE join, united in the spirit,
The Lord with one accord to praise,
The blessed fruits of Jesu's merit
We prize our only happiness;
He is our comfort in all cases;
When mind and body's weak and faint,
He kindly us supports and blesses,
And hears in mercy each complaint.

679.

(T. 75.)

O Lord, the widow's friend,
To us thy Spirit send,
Be in our husband's place,
Revive us with thy grace,
Give us whate'er we need,
Widows to be indeed.

680.

(T. 121.)

THIS flock 'fore thee appears,
Lord Jesus, hear our pray'rs,
Fill our hearts with gladness,
Wipe off the wid'wers' tears,
Dispel the widow's sadness,
By a gracious glance
Of thy countenance.

681.

(T. 184.)

1. YE venerable widow'd classes,
To Jesus ever closely cleave,
For all his mercies give him praises,
In happy union with him live;
Whene'er you call he'll surely hear you,
His comforts he'll on you bestow,
And for that awful time prepare you,
When you in peace to him shall go.

2. The needy share his consolation,
The poor are objects of his love,
He with the weakly feels compassion,
His kind support the aged prove,
All the distressed he relieveth,
He pays attention to our wants,
He takes away whate'er us grieveth,
And makes an end of all complaints.

3. How much we're lov'd by God our Saviour
With warmest gratitude we trace;
His patience, mercy, pardon, favor,
Supported us throughout our race:
To him we trust for future blessing,
He'll lead us till our latest breath:
Oh, may we all, with love unceasing,
Rejoice in him, our Lord, by faith!

682.

(T. 168.)

1. ALL the trials we experience
Teach us in this vale of tears
To possess our souls in patience,
Jesus Christ dispels all fears,
Weans us all from things terrestrial,
Makes us look for joys celestial,
Waiting for that time, when we
From all sorrow shall be free.

2. Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit
Is our pledge of joys to come,
Of the bliss we shall inherit
Then, when we're with Christ at home;
O this blessed meditation
Yields us solid consolation,
That we shall, when time is o'er,
With the Lord be evermore.

683.

(T. 586.)

WHEN Christ our Saviour lives and dwelleth
In us, O what consummate bliss!
This from our hearts all gloom dispelleth,
Our life of heav'n a foretaste is.
Lord Jesus, hear our supplication!
Let all of us, in ev'ry station,
Be truly join'd to thee
Until eternally
Thy face we see,

XXXIV. Of the Servants and Witneſſes of the Lord, and the Spreading of his Kingdom upon Earth.

684.

(T. 39.)

1. YE ſervants of God, your great Maſter proclaim,
And publiſh abroad his moſt excellent name,
The name all victorious of Jeſus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2. God ruleth in heaven, almighty to ſave,
And yet he is with us, his preſence we have;
The great congregation his triumphs ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing ſalvation to Jeſus, our King.

3. Salvation be brought unto God on the throne,
Let all ſing rejoicing, and honor the Son,
The praiſes of Jeſus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worſhip the Lamb.

4. Then let us adore him and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wiſdom, and might,
And honor, and bleſſing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceaſing, and infinite love.

685.*

(T. 166.)

O May the witneſs-Spirit reſt,
Lord, on this congregation,
May godly zeal inſpire each breaſt
To publiſh thy ſalvation;
We gladly promiſe faithfulneſs
To do what we are able;
Sufficient is for us thy grace,
Which doth ſupport the feeble.

686.

(T. 96.)

1. THE doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith he on mount Calv'ry ſeal'd
We ſign, aſſerting ev'ry word,
Which in his goſpel is reveal'd,
As truth divine, and curs'd are they
Who add thereto, or take away.

2. We ſteadfaſtly this truth maintain,
That none is righteous, no not one;
That in the Lamb, for ſinners ſlain,
We're juſtify'd by faith alone;
And whoſo in his name believes,
Chriſt and his righteouſneſs receives.

3. Our works and merits we diſclaim,
Oppoſing all ſelf-righteouſneſs,
Ev'n our beſt actions we condemn,
As ineffectual, and confeſs,
Whoe'er thereon doth place his truſt,
And not on Jeſus, will be loſt.

4. He is our Maſter, Lord and God,
The fulneſs of the Three in One,
His life, death, righteouſneſs and blood,
Our faith's foundation is alone,
His godhead and his death ſhall be
Our theme to all eternity.

5. On him we'll venture all we have,
Our bodies, ſouls and ſpirits too,
None elſe is able us to ſave,
Nought but the Saviour will we know;
This we ſubſcribe with heart and hand,
Reſolv'd thro' grace thereby to ſtand.

6. This now, with heav'n's reſplendent hoſt,
We echo through the church of God,
And 'mongſt the heathen make our boaſt
Of Jeſu's ſaving death and blood;
We loud like many waters join,
In ſhowing forth his love divine.

687.*

(T. 22.)

1. SHall I, thro' fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's fire in me reſtrain?
No, fearleſs I'll in deed and word
Witneſs of Jeſus Chriſt my Lord.

2. For this let men revile my name,
No croſs I ſhun, I fear no ſhame,
I no reproach nor ſuff'rings dread,
Is Chriſt with me, I'm not afraid.

3. My life and blood I here preſent,
If for thy truth they may be ſpent;
Fulfil thy ſov'reign counſel, Lord,
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

4. Thou God of grace, of love, and pow'r,
Though tempeſts blow, or thunders roar,
I need not fear by ſea or land,
For thou, my God, wilt by me ſtand.

688.*

(T. 96.)

1. PRaiſe be to God the Holy Ghoſt,
Who Jeſus in the heart diſplays,
That he the num'rous faithful hoſt
Of bleſt departed witneſſes,
Who now in heav'n are perfected,
To him firſt by his teachings led.

2. Chriſt crucify'd we own as God,
Though we were ſcorn'd by all mankind,
He is our Motto moſt avow'd;
To ſuch in ſpirit we are join'd,
And gladly as our brethren own,
Who by this Shibboleth are known.

3. We ſtand unto this very hour
In one firm bond of peace and love;
We are at enmity no more,
But reconcil'd to God above:
As children we by him are own'd,
Since Chriſt for all our ſins aton'd.

4. All ye who goſpel preachers are,
Adhere to Jeſus crucify'd,
And watch with unremitting care,
That you in your firſt love abide;
Whoe'er forſakes it can't but feel
A want of apoſtolic zeal.

5. Heralds of grace would ye commence,
Of grace firſt ſelf-experienc'd be;
And by the goſpel you diſpenſe,
Yourſelves be reconcil'd and free:
When pardon, grace and life you find,
Then publiſh it to all mankind.

6. We join the ranſom'd church of God,
His blood-bought, blood-beſprinkled train,
To publiſh the good news abroad,
That only through the Lamb once ſlain,
The world may gain a full releaſe
From all their ſins, and endleſs grace.

7. Chriſt's people peace and reſt enjoy,
Upon his arm they lean in peace,
To follow him is their employ,
In this moſt bleſſed time of grace:
They preach their Saviour crucify'd,
Deſiring nought to know beſide.

8. In life they witneſs this with pow'r
That ſtrikes and faſtens in the heart,
And when this mortal period's o'er,
And they in peace to Chriſt depart,
Their dying look, ſerene and fair,
Bears witneſs that they chriſtians are.

689.*

(T. 166.)

1. HIGH on his everlaſting throne,
The Lord of hoſts his work ſurveys,
He marks the ſouls which are his own,
And ſmiles on his peculiar race;
He reſts well pleas'd their toil to ſee,
Beneath his eaſy yoke they move,
With all their heart and ſtrength agree
In the ſweet labor of his love.

2. His eye the world at once looks thro',
A vaſt uncultivated field;
Mountains and vallies meet his view,
All which a barren proſpect yield;

Clear'd of the thorns by civil care,
A few leſs dreary waſtes are ſeen,
Yet ſtill they all continue bare,
And nor one ſpot of earth is green.

3. See, where the ſervants of their God,
A buſy multitude, appear,
For Jeſus day and night employ'd,
The ground for him they toil to clear,
The love of Chriſt their hearts conſtrains,
And ſtrengthens their unwearied hands,
They ſpend their blood, and ſweat, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

4. Alarm'd at their ſucceſsful toil,
Satan and all his foll'wers rage,
They labor to tear up and ſpoil,
And blaſt the riſing heritage,
In ev'ry wilderneſs they ſow
The ſeed of death, the carnal mind,
They would not let one virtue grow,
Nor leave one ſeed of good behind.

5. Yet ſtill the ſervants of their God
Look up, and calmly perſevere,
Supported by their Maſter's word,
The adverſe pow'rs they ſcorn to fear,
Gladly their happy work purſue,
The fruit of their hard toil is ſeen,
Their hands the face of earth renew,
And here and there ſome ſpots grow green.

6. Where'er the faithful lab'rers are,
The ſteps of induſtry we view,
They ſatan's ſeed root up with care,
And in its ſtead the goſpel ſow;
This ſeed they water with their tears,
Then long for the returning word,
Happy if all their pains and cares
Can bring forth fruit to pleaſe their Lord.

7. Jeſus their work delighted ſees,
Their induſtry vouchſafes to crown,
He kindly gives the wiſh'd increaſe,
And ſends the promis'd bleſſing down;
Then plenteous ſhow'rs of grace bedew
And fructify the parched ground,
The plants ſpring up, they thrive and grow,
The earth looks fruitful all around.

8. He proſpers all his ſervants toils,
And us his flock in mercy choſe;
Yea on us undeſerved ſmiles,
And choiceſt bleſſings he beſtows,
We, foll'wers of the bleeding Lamb,
Will firmly to his word adhere,
Of him, amidſt reproach and ſhame,
With joy our teſtimony bear.

9. Here many faithful ſouls are found,
With genuine love to Chriſt endow'd,
Led by the Holy Ghoſt, and crown'd,
As kings and prieſts to ſerve their God,
Burning with zeal, by love divine
Conſtrain'd, themſelves they freely give,
Their goods and blood for Chriſt reſign,
For him they gladly die or live.

10. What can we offer thee, O Lord?
How worthily ſet forth thy praiſe?
Fain would we preach thy ſaving word,
And dying love in ev'ry place;
In thee believe, thee ſerve and love;
To thee our life, our all we owe,
Who doſt 'midſt danger us preſerve,
And mercies numberleſs beſtow.

11. O may our lives thy pow'r proclaim,
Thy grace for ev'ry ſinner free,
That thouſands ſtill may know thy name,
Humbly adore and worſhip thee:
Open a door, which earth and hell
May ſtrive to ſhut, but ſtrive in vain,
Grant that thy word may richly dwell
Amongſt us, and our fruit remain.

690.*

(T. 590.)

1. IS this indeed our happy lot,
T' exalt thee, ſlaughter'd Lamb!
Who art thou? who can right deſcribe
Thy great and glorious name?

And who are we, that we ſhould take
This mighty taſk in hand ?
We all ſo ſinful, baſe and vile :
Sure we muſt bluſhing ſtand.

2. And this indeed will come to paſs,
Seeing ourſelves aright ;
For none can find a ſteadfaſt ground
In his own fancied height :
But hence alone ſprings all our joy,
When we in Chriſt believe,
That we, however frail and weak,
Can honor to him give.

3. There haſt thou us, moſt gracious King !
To thee our hearts are bound ;
Our knowledge yet extends not far,
O grant us deeper ground :
That each beholder may with eaſe
Thy likeneſs in us trace,
And throughout all our lives diſcern
That we are led by grace.

4. In theſe our days exalt thy name,
Thy precious goſpel ſpread,
That for the travail of thy ſoul
Thou may'ſt behold thy ſeed ;
O may thy knowledge fill the earth,
Increaſe the number ſtill,
Of thoſe who in thy word believe,
And do thy holy will.

5. Thanks, Jeſus, for thy ſacred blood,
That precious healing ſtream,
For all is lifeleſs, dead and cold,
However good it ſeem ;
That virtue is of no avail,
Which takes not hence its riſe :
Thy blood were elſe of none effect,
That blood of ſo great price.

6. Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare
To follow thy command ;
To execute thy utmoſt aim,
And in thy preſence ſtand,
As ſervants willing to be us'd,
Who in thy work delight,
And offer freely praiſe and pray'r,
As incenſe, day and night.

7. Hereto we cheerful ſay Amen !
We have this truth avow'd,
That we in ſpirit, body, ſoul,
Are bound to ſerve that God
Who touch'd, and drew, and woo'd our hearts,
And conquer'd us by love,
To him we have engag'd ourſelves,
O may we faithful prove.

691.*

(T. 79.)

GO, witneſs of the ſuff'ring
Of Chriſt, who, as our off'ring,
Our guilt and curſe did bear,
Proclaim his great ſalvation
To many a heathen nation,
And ſpread his goſpel far and near.

692*.

(T. 583.)

1. SINNERS' Redeemer, gracious Lamb of God,
We thy poor children, purchas'd by thy blood,
With gratitude acknowledge, that we ſhare
Thy boundleſs favor and protecting care.

2. From day to day may we with rapture feel
Thy life, thy unction, and thy Spirit's ſeal,
The pow'rful drawings of thy love and grace,
And zeal to ſerve thy cauſe with faithfulneſs.

3. With each of us obtain thy gracious aim,
That we, thy ſervants, may exalt thy name ;
Enabled by thy grace, may we declare
The greatneſs of thy ranſom ev'ry where.

693.*

(T. 166.)

1. O Lord, we highly magnify,
And bleſs thy ſaving Jeſu's name ;
The love that prompted thee to die
We'll unto all mankind proclaim ;

Thou bid'ſt the ſparks of grace ariſe,
Which kindle ev'ry lifeleſs heart;
Thou hear'ſt the needy ſinner's cries,
And pardon freely doſt impart.

2. If we are to thy cauſe but true,
Upright, obedient to thy will,
Enabling grace thou wilt beſtow,
Thy thoughts of peace in us fulfil.
In all things we may truſt thy grace,
And reſt on thy almighty arm,
Keep thou our ſouls in conſtant peace,
And ſhelter us from ev'ry harm.

694.*

(T. 97.)

1. THE Lord himſelf gave forth the word,
We preach moſt gladly Chriſt the Lord;
May thouſands yet his voice obey,
And turn to him without delay,
Thus will the doctrine of his death and blood
Approve itſelf to be the pow'r of God.

2. 'Tis the deſire of all our hearts
To preach, in many diſtant parts,
The love of God to all mankind,
To heathen e'er ſo baſe and blind;
For Jeſus ſaves from ſin whoe'er believe,
And th' offer'd pardon in his blood receive.

695.*

(T. 58.)

1. REdeemer of mankind, God of all grace,
Pour fire and ſpirit on thy witneſſes,
Preaching thy ſalvation, by love conſtrained.
Thus thouſands yet ſhall for thee be gained,
By thy bleſt word.

2. Grant none amongſt us may inactive be,
Enable us to ſerve thee cheerfully,
Render thou ſucceſsful each ſtep and action,
Which we perform, under thy direction,
And in thy name.

3. Preſerve thy Church, Lord Jeſus, ev'ry where,
And grant that ſhe rich fruit for thee may bear,
Build her outward ſtructure, fill her with glory,
And let each member praiſe and adore thee,
And ſerve thy name.

4. Thy blood and death ſhall be our conſtant theme,
Let ev'ry witneſs this great truth proclaim;
Gracious Lord, afford them thy Spirit's unction,
That they may faithfully fulfil the function,
To which they're call'd.

5. Let more unto thy church collected be
In ev'ry quarter, to yield joy to thee,
Here, and o'er the ocean, in all her ſtations!
And grant unto the moſt ſavage nations
Thy ſaving grace.

696.*

(T. 166.)

1. TAKE me into thy hands anew,
Out of which none is plucked,
By which thy children are brought through,
And ſervants are conducted:
Lord Jeſus, lead and bleſs thou me
In ev'ry future ſtation,
That I may ſerve thee faithfully
Until my conſummation.

2. With mouth and hand I give to thee
Myſelf as thy own booty,

T' increaſe each talent thou gav'ſt me
Shall be my pleaſant duty;
O let my ſoul ne'er moved be
From thee, my faithful Saviour;
Both late and early ſhow to me
Thy mercy and thy favor.

697.*

(T. 166.)

1. WE often, in our courſe through time,
Have rugged roads to travel;
Faith's fortitude muſt ſometimes climb,
And paths uneven level:
But Jeſus, through his tender care,
Which is at all times preſent,
Revives the weary traveller
Again by ways more pleaſant.

2. O thou the ſole defence and aid
Of all the weak and feeble,
Thou ſtrong ſupport in time of need,
And Saviour of thy people:
Uphold us, Lord, moſt pow'rfully,
With thy divine aſſiſtance,
And grant us conſtant victory,
When meeting with reſiſtance.

3. We offer gladly up to thee
Our ſpirit, ſoul and body;
We promiſe thee fidelity
And loyalty moſt ſteady;
Thou ſurely wilt thy cauſe maintain,
Nor leave thy work unfiniſh'd;
Thy ſervants many conqueſts gain,
Though in appearance vanquiſh'd.

698.*

(T. 26.)

1. MOST faithful Lord, thyſelf reveal,
My eyes with contrite tears o'erflow,
My heart for gratitude doth glow,
But adequate expreſſions fail.

2. If I were free from all diſtreſs,
Had to converſe with none but thee,
Were I from ev'ry burden free,
Then nothing could my ſoul oppreſs.

3. But I have trials to go through,
And hardſhips oftentimes to meet;
And, conſcious of my wants, intreat
Thee, Lord, to teach me what to do!

4. Give me what thine own mind decrees,
And what thy children muſt poſſeſs,
If they ſhall ſerve thee with ſucceſs,
I wiſh in all things thee to pleaſe.

5. Give me a lowly faithful mind,
With patience and undauntedneſs;
If thou my poor endeavors bleſs,
Action and reſt may be combin'd.

6. Give me an inly cheerful heart,
Beſprinkled with thy blood, made clean:
O may it in my works be ſeen
That thou its ſole Poſſeſſor art!

7. Grant me to know thy bleſſed ways,
With all both joy and grief to ſhare;
And lips thy mercy to declare
To all that mourning ſeek thy face.

699.

(T. 97.)

1. AS 'twas of old, we now may ſee,
In theſe bleſt days, in ſome degree,
The joyful, cheering goſpel-ſound
Spread, tho' in ſtillneſs, all around;
We ſee with joy the work of God increaſe,
And thouſands who through Jeſus find releaſe.

2. We ſee in hearts as cold as ice
The Sun of righteouſneſs ariſe,
And that his all-enliv'ning rays
Of ſatan's ſlaves make ſons of grace,
Who are increaſing daily more and more,
And who the ſlaughter'd Lamb with us adore.

3. Great is the harveſt, great indeed!
Therefore our Saviour ſtands in need
Of willing people, who're enroll'd
As faithful ſervants of his fold,
As witneſſes who ev'ry where proclaim
The glory of his bleſſed Jeſu's name.

700.

(T. 75.)

1. THINK on our brethren, Lord,
Who preach the goſpel-word
In ſpirit free and bold,
In hunger, heat and cold:
As long as thou'rt their ſhield,
They ſurely win the field.

2. Give us an open door,
And ſpirit, grace, and pow'r,
To tell what thou haſt done
For mankind to atone,
That thus in ev'ry place
We may declare thy grace!

3. O Lord, before us go;
To ev'ry ſinner ſhow
What need he hath of thee,
And then moſt pow'rfully
Convince each human heart,
That thou our Saviour art.

4. And let thy ſtrength and might
Subdue the en'my's ſpite:
Our weakneſs well thou know'ſt,
Of nothing we can boaſt,
But that we truſt thy word,
And know that thou'rt our Lord!

5. Let our beginnings be
Aided, O Lord, by thee:
Thoſe things which purpos'd are
Help us to bring to bear;
Forgive whate'er is wrong,
Midſt weakneſs make us ſtrong.

6. Our poor endeavors bleſs,
And crown them with ſucceſs.
Thou Workman great and wiſe!
Who ſhall thy work deſpiſe?
A tool that's us'd by thee
Can wonders do, we ſee.

701.*

(T. 228.)

1. BOdy and ſoul's at thy command,
And we with gladneſs ready ſtand
To ſerve thy name, Lord Jeſus!
Since thy bleſt Spirit did explain
Unto our hearts, why thou wait ſlain,
Nought elſe on earth can pleaſe us.
O no,—although
We are feeble—and unſtable,
Thou'rt our Treaſure,
And to ſerve thee is our pleaſure!

2. Unto ourſelves no praiſe is due;
And ſhould we even ſomething do,
That in thy ſight were pleaſing,
To thee we render all the praiſe,
Thou giv'ſt thereto enabling grace,
And granteſt us thy bleſſing.
Unleſs—thy grace
Sway our nature,—ev'ry creature
Is unwilling
Ought that's good to be fulfilling.

702.*

(T. 185.)

1. SINCE our Saviour call'd us to inherit
Everlaſting happineſs,
And without the unction of the Spirit
We the way to him can't trace,
Grant us therefore, Holy Ghoſt, the favor,
Both in doctrine and in our behavior,
By thee to be taught and led,
Till in Chriſt we're perfected.

2. Faithful Lord, my only joy and pleaſure
Shall remain, whilſt here I ſtay,
Thee, my matchleſs Friend and higheſt Treaſure,
To adore, ſerve and obey;
Though I in myſelf am weak and feeble,
Yet, I truſt, thy grace will me enable,
By obedience to thy will,
All thy purpoſe to fulfil.

703.*

(T. 14.)

1. LORD Jeſus, who haſt called us
To magnify thy name,
And preach the doctrine of thy croſs
Amidſt reproach and ſhame;

2. We thee intreat, with one accord,
Thy miniſters prepare

To lead thy flock and preach thy word,
With meekneſs, zeal and care.

3. Without thy aid we nought can do,
But by thy pow'r we know,
Weak as we are, we're heros too,
Who conquer where we go.

704.
(T. 166.)

1. O Glorious Saviour of thy houſe,
Sole Lord, and Searcher of the breaſt,
To thee each ſervant gladly goes,
Like Noah's dove, for peace and reſt.
Indeed the waters overflow
The world all o'er, and us withſtand,
Few will our mind and purpoſe know,
Few comprehend thy bleſt command.

2. But we can hope thy word and grace
Will ſoften many a heart of ſtone,
What means can help loſt human race?
The ſame which our poor hearts have won.
Though reaſon ſtand oppos'd to faith,
The wounded conſcience eager flies
To the bleſt doctrine of thy death,
And all-atoning ſacrifice.

3. Thy pow'rful preſence, Lord, diſplay,
Or elſe in vain the ſun we ſee;
Thou art our life, our truth, our way,
We have no comfort, but in thee:
Vouchſafe to us thy unction, Lord,
Whene'er, obedient to thy call,
We go, thy help to us afford,
And ever be our All in All.

705.
(T. 22.)

1. LORD, at thy feet aſham'd we ſink,
When on thy wond'rous grace we think,
Which more than ever now appears;
Loſt in amaze we melt in tears.

2. The go pel, in theſe bleſſed days,
Throughout the earth its beams diſplays;
Nations, that never heard of thee,
Thy great ſalvation ſhout to ſee.

3. That myſt'ry from all ages ſeal'd
God, by his Spirit, hath reveal'd,
That heav'nly thrones and pow'rs might know
God's wiſdom by the church below.

4. Tho' hated, tho' deſpis'd and mean,
Yet while we on thy mercy lean,
Let nations rage, let devils roar,
We will confeſs thee evermore.

706.
(T. 590.)

LORD, to thy people aid diſpenſe,
Their Shield and Portion be,
And let their lives the world convince
That they belong to thee:
Extend thy help to diſtant parts,
Thy ſervants ſend to call,
Reveal thy grace to heathen hearts,
Thy grace extend to all.

707.*
(T. 583.)

1. COmmand us, Lord, whate'er we are to do,
Where thou wilt call us we deſire to go,
Becauſe thy orders do imply ſucceſs,
To break through roads we elſe could never paſs.

2. Thou know'ſt what wild uncultivated parts,
Where ſatan bears the ſway in heathen hearts,
May yield abundant fruit to thee, O Lord,
And thouſands be converted to thy word.

708 *
(T. 68.)

YE who know the Lord,
And his grace and word,
Teach his wonders and ſalvation
Still to many a heathen nation;
Cheerfully proclaim
Jeſu's ſaving name.

709.*

(T. 206.)

1. LET the world hear,
God's Son and Heir,
Who to us came,
And bore our sin and shame,
Who liv'd amongst his own
Unknown,
Despis'd and mean,—and then was slain,
The ransom he,
For all the world and me.

2. Hereby I'll stand,
With life in hand,
Me help afford
To bear this witness, Lord;
That thousands may embrace
Thy grace;
We will diffuse—this blessed news
In ev'ry land;
The Lord will by us stand.

710.

(T. 22.)

1. IN our short warfare here below,
May our experience daily show,
That in our weakness, thro' thy aid,
Thy strength divine is perfected.

2. Without thy blessing how could we
Be servants pleasing unto thee?
But we can by experience sing,
Thy word hath pow'r and fruit doth bring.

3. Ah, could we preach in ev'ry place
Our Saviour's boundless love and grace,
That thousands who are yet inslav'd,
Might in these gospel-times be sav'd.

4. There's but a small beginning made,
The earth's still overcast with shade:
Break forth, thou Sun of righteousness,
And spread thy all-enliv'ning rays.

5. Whene'er we to mankind proclaim
Thy dying love and precious name,
Support thy servants' weakness, Lord,
By thy bless'd Spirit, grace and word.

6. Lord of the harvest! people send,
Who willing are their lives to spend,
Thro' scorching heat and chilling cold,
To bring the heathen to thy fold.

7. When all our labor here is o'er,
And when our light shall burn no more,
When our endeavors have an end,
Then let our souls to thee ascend.

XXXV. Supplicatory Hymns.

711.*

(T. 36.)

1. O Thou the great High-priest of our profession,
Who at God's right-hand makest intercession,
And by thy pray'rs supportest thy own people,
Who're weak and feeble.

2. The many drops of blood which from thee flowed,
The streams of tears which oft thy cheeks bedewed,
Are all in our behalf for mercy pleading,
And interceding.

712.*

(T. 1.)

1. THOU hast thy church appointed once, that she
O'er all the world unto thy praise should be;

2. A church, that in itself is void of good,
And yet by thee with grace and pow'r endow'd.

3. Teach us to pray for all the ranſom'd fold:
Lord! from thy church no needful gifts withhold.

4. As Head and Ruler in thy houſe remain,
And be the Leader of the witneſs-train.

5. Grant that we all may ſteadfaſtly adhere
To thoſe great truths, by thee to us made clear;

6. O let thy congregation feel thy peace,
And daily may her joy in thee increaſe;

7. Preſerve her graciouſly from ev'ry harm,
Protect her by thy ſtrong and mighty arm.

8. Grant her to thee an ever free acceſs,
That cheerful to the mark ſhe onward preſs;

9. And far and near, ſupported by thy aid,
Extend thy knowledge, and thy goſpel ſpread.

10. Thou know'ſt her wants, and comfort doſt impart
Unto each needy, poor and ſin-ſick heart:

11, Yea, by thy body and thy precious blood
Thou giv'ſt to her an ever ſtrength'ning food.

12. By thee as Shepherd of the flock ſhe's led,
Till ſhe ſhall join the church now perfected.

13. Till then thy bleſſed aim with her fulfil,
And teach her in all things to do thy will.

713*

(T. 97.)

1. OFT as the church the bleſſings weighs,
Deriv'd from Jeſu's ſaving grace,
And ponders on his faithful care,
Which ſhe each day doth richly ſhare,
By love conſtrain'd, to pray ſhe is inclin'd
For the proſperity of all mankind.

2. For all put in authority
We ſupplicate moſt fervently,
The magiſtrates thou haſt ordain'd
Support by thy almighty hand;
Lord, to their undertakings give ſucceſs;
The land in which we live protect and bleſs.

3. Since rulers are ordain'd, that they
O'er other men ſhould bear the ſway,
To puniſh evil, and protect
The good, O grant that they may act
As in thy name, according to thy word,
And be thyſelf their ſhield and great reward.

714.

(T. 22.)

1. ATtend, O Saviour, to our pray'r!
All things by thy appointment are;
The world O govern for the beſt!
The Lord of all thou art confeſt.

2. Thou who on earth the ſick didſt heal,
And to the poor thy love reveal;
O comfort by a look from thee
All who are now in miſery.

3. Nearer and nearer draw us ſtill;
Might all but know thy holy will:
Subdue all pride and ſtubbornneſs,
O Lord, by thy prevailing grace.

4. Preſerve by thy moſt gracious aid
Thoſe who have thee their refuge made;
Grant that, in all things free from blame,
In meekneſs they may praiſe thy name.

715.*

(T. 97.)

GRANT, Lord, that we thee more obey,
Than what our fellow-men may say:
But let us also ne'er forget,
That those who rule, by thee are set
O'er us, and that to their authority
We should submit, as we are taught by thee.

716 *

(T. 583.)

UNTO the pow'rs ordain'd by thee, O Lord,
Let me, and all men, show a true regard,
And honor them, according to thy will,
May we in ev'ry thing thy law fulfil.

717.

(T. 185.)

1. GRacious Saviour, bless this congregation,
Richly all her wants supply;
Be our only joy and consolation,
Till we quit mortality:
Of each weight may we be more divested,
Live beneath thy sceptre unmolested,
In thy matchless radiance shine,
Filled with thy love divine.

2. Cheer thy chosen witnesses, O Jesus,
Who thy dying love proclaim,
That with joy they may to distant places
Bear thy great and glorious name:
By thy arm O may they be defended
Till their pilgrimage on earth is ended,
And they are with thee at rest:
Lord, we pray, hear our request.

718 *

(T. 58.)

1. O Thou whose goodness words can ne'er express!
Daily lift up thy friendly, loving face
On the congregation, her choirs and classes:
Let us perceive in all our streets and places
Thy peace divine.

2. We surely are a work of thine own hand,
Sinners on whom thou'st deign'd thy blood to spend,
By the Holy Spirit to thee directed,
A cov'nant people, by free grace elected
To serve thy name.

3. Grant that we all, both young and old, may prove
True witnesses of thy redeeming love,
Showing forth thy praises: may we adore thee,
And humbly walk in grace and truth before thee,
Till we go hence.

4. Might ev'ry one who knows us clearly trace,
In all thy people, unction, truth and grace;
That whoe'er approacheth thy congregation,
Feel and acknowledge from a clear persuasion,
The Lord is here.

719.*

(T. 16.)

1. JESUS, by thy Holy Spirit
May we all instructed be;
Sanctify us through the merit
Of thy blest humanity.

2. Grant that we may love thee truly,
Lord, our thoughts and actions sway,
And to ev'ry heart more fully
Thy atoning pow'r display.

720 *

(T. 22.)

1. ACcording to thy mercy, Lord,
True christian faith to us afford,
That we thy kindness, love and grace,
May taste throughout our future race.

2. Hold over us thy gracious hand,
Protect and keep us to the end,
From earthly noise and misery,
Retir'd and still to walk with thee.

3. O grant that we may thine remain,
And deeper ground in thee obtain;
Yea, give us to our latest breath
T' enjoy the merits of thy death.

721.

(T. 14.)

MANY complaints to Christ I can
Ev'n by a sigh relate,
Which I can't represent to man,
They are too delicate.

722.*

(T. 16.)

1. QUITE alone and yet not lonely
I'll converse with God my friend,
Now from worldly cares receding,
I my time in pray'r will spend.

2. O how blessed are the moments,
When the Lord himself draws near,
When I feel his gracious presence,
And he listens to my pray'r.

723.*

(T. 185.)

WITH thy presence, gracious Lord and Saviour!
Bless us all, we humbly pray;
Our dear heav'nly Father's love and favor
Be our comfort ev'ry day:
May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding
Favor us with his maternal leading;
Thus we shall be truly blest,
Both in labor and in rest.

724.

(T. 583.)

1. THE love of Christ to me is greater far
Than outwardly it doth to man appear.
When I before him my complaints make known,
He sympathizeth with them as his own.

2. I know that in myself I have no pow'r,
But 'tis through mercy I must live each hour.
His precious death doth strength to me afford,
That I can all things do, through him, my Lord.

3. As oft as I approach the holy place,
And bow 'fore him, by whom I live through grace,
Then graciously he answers my request,
And thus my troubled heart is sooth'd to rest.

4. He is my All, my Sacrifice and Priest,
My Lord and God, my Saviour Jesus Christ.
His am I both in body and in soul,
Me neither sin, nor satan can control.

5. I daily drink the healing streams of grace,
And gain new strength to run my future race.
He sheds abroad in me his love divine,
I know that I am his, and he is mine.

725.*

(T. 580.)

1. WITH ardent longing, at thy feet,
Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly wait,
O lend a gracious ear

Unto my manifold complaints;
I trust thou wilt relieve my wants,
And deign thy needy child to hear.

2. Grant me an upright simple heart,
A cheerful mind to me impart,
Free from sin's galling load;
O may I of my sinfulness
Always retain a consciousness,
But not serve sin; forbid it, God!

3. Grant me a harmless, dove-like mind,
To true humility inclin'd,
Thy will be mine indeed;
O may I labor constantly,
Endow'd with Spirit's poverty,
From ev'ry thing that's hurtful freed.

4. In peace with all may I be found,
Clearly thy gospel-truth propound,
In praying faithful be;
A share in other's welfare take,
The schemes and plots of satan break,
Fast bound unto thy church and thee.

5. Presence of mind on me bestow,
A readiness O may I show
To execute thy will;
When I enjoy the highest good,
Partaking of thy flesh and blood,
My soul with thy love's ardor fill.

6. May I be serious, childlike too,
In all essentials firm and true,
Give me a trusty ear,
A constant, genuine brother's heart,
To sympathize with ev'ry smart,
And gladly other's burdens bear.

7. In converse make me tractable
And mild, in storms invincible,
And never prone to yield;
May I maintain incessantly
A tender fellowship with thee,
From day to day by grace upheld.

8. Thy unction O may I obey,
And tread the pilgrim's rugged way,
Grant I may shun no toil;
In all my senses render me
Well exercis'd, and let me be
Anointed with thy glad'ning oil.

9. What for myself I thus request,
That pray I also for the rest
Of those, who cheerfully
Go forth salvation to proclaim,
Through faith in thy most holy name,
Wherever they are sent by thee.

10. O Father, me with pleasure own
The dear-bought purchase of thy Son,
O Spirit, bless thou me;
Guide and protect me as thy child,
Lord Christ, who me hast reconcil'd,
Preserve me thine eternally.

726.

(T. 1.)

1. O Son of God, High-priest and Lamb once slain,
Behold the purchase of thy bitter pain.

2. Thou seest us here assembled in thy name,
To feel thy gracious presence is our aim.

3. Give comfort to the weak, inflame the cold,
Humble the proud, the bashful render bold.

4. Deliver ev'ry one from slavish fears,
And melt us, by thy pardon, into tears.

5. If any, like the prodigal, to thee
Returns, O grant him absolution free.

6. Unto each married pair that favor grant,
Thee and thy church, O Lord, to represent.

7. O may the single men be fill'd with zeal
To serve and follow thee and do thy will.

8. And grant the single women grace to be
True virgin-hearts devoted unto thee.

9. O may the children true obedience ſhow,
And, as in years, in grace and knowledge grow.

10. Be thou the conſolation, help and ſtay,
Of widowers and widows, Lord, we pray.

11. Grant that thy ſervants freely may proclaim
Thy goſpel, and exalt thy ſaving name:

12. Give unto all the needful gifts and grace,
Yea, bleſs each ſoul thou haſt in ev'ry place.

727.

(T. 26.)

1. LORD Jeſus, grant us all the grace
To hear thy ſoft inſtructive voice,
In thy ſalvation to rejoice,
And all thy faithfulneſs to trace.

2. Tho' often of encumb'ring care,
With buſy Martha we complain;
Yet, gracious Lord, we wiſh to gain
In Mary's happy lot a ſhare.

728.*

(T. 97.)

1. JEſus, O may we thee obey,
Who art our life, our truth and way;
Since thou didſt for our ſins atone,
With right thou claim'ſt us as thine own.
Thou waſt obedient unto death, that we
Might not be loſt, but live eternally.

2. O let each member of thy fold
Be in the book of life enroll'd,
The Holy Ghoſt to us impart,
To bear the ſway in ev'ry heart,
Us with thy gracious preſence daily bleſs,
And evermore vouchſafe to us thy grace.

729.

(T. 205.)

GRacious Lord,—with one accord,
We're aſſembled in thy name;
Deign to hear—our fervent pray'r,
Mercy is our only claim,
Whilſt, with tears and bluſhing face,
We our ſins to thee confeſs,
And our hearts with thanks o'erflow
For the grace thou doſt beſtow.

730.*

(T. 11.)

1. LORD, with ev'ry needful grace
Bleſs thy church in ev'ry place,
Fill her with thy love divine,
And each member own as thine.

2. Grant us all to feel thy peace,
Set each troubled heart at eaſe,
Purify us by thy blood,
Which hath brought us nigh to God.

731.*

(T. 590.)

LORD Jeſus, let us be thine own,
And ever thine remain,
We now ourſelves to thee commend,
With thy whole choſen train;
Till thou ſhalt fully have attain'd
With us thy thoughts of peace,
When we, in joys which never end,
Shall ſee thee face to face.

732.

(T. 582.)

1. TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to view;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee.

2. To ſcorn the ſenſes' ſway,
While ſtill to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3. All may of thee partake;
Nothing ſo ſmall can be,
But draws, when acted for thy ſake,
Greatneſs and worth from thee.

4. If done t' obey thy laws,
Ev'n ſervile labors ſhine;
Hallow'd is toil, if this the cauſe,
The meaneſt work divine.

733.
(T. 184.)

O Might we all, Lord God our Saviour,
Thy condeſcending mercy prize,
T'accept of us (O boundleſs favor!)
As of a holy ſacrifice;
Of us, who're ſinful, poor and needy:
Grant that we freely unto thee
May offer up both ſoul and body,
To love and ſerve thee faithfully.

734.
(T. 22.)

1. LORD Jeſus, with thy preſence bleſs,
By land and ſea, thy witneſſes;
In ev'ry danger them defend,
In ev'ry trial prove their friend.

2. O may thy word in Chriſtendom
Be bleſt, and may thy kingdom come.
May all thy miniſters ſucceed
In bringing fruit to thee their head.

3. Preſerve in conſtant love and peace,
And, thro' thy bleſſing, ſtill increaſe
Thy little flocks, which far and near
In towns and villages appear.

4. Thy thoughts of peace o'er us fulfil,
Incline our hearts to do thy will;
Thy goſpel make more fully known,
May all the world thy goodneſs own.

735.*
(T. 590.)

SHelter our ſouls moſt graciouſly
Within thy open'd ſide;
Move them from ev'ry harm away,
And in thy ſafegua d hide:
Let all our names in life's bleſt rolls
Inſcrib'd be ever found,
And in life's bundle all our ſouls
Be faſt and firmly bound.

736.*
(T. 155.)

LORD, thou'ſt made the univerſe,
I too am thy worthleſs creature,
Spoil'd by nature,
Yet deſire to cleave to thee;
Make thou me
Like the clay thine hand can faſhion,
To a veſſel of ſalvation,
Fitted for eternity.

737.*
(T. 79.)

O King of peace, our Sov'reign!
Thou ſhalt alone us govern,
Come, form us ſoon to be
T' each other an example,
To th' Holy Ghoſt a temple,
To th' Father pleaſing conſtantly.

738.
(T. 195.)

LORD God, our ſalvation,
Let thy grace and favor
Reſt upon thy church for ever:
Jeſus, thee to follow
Be our bleſſed function,
Grant us all thy Spirit's unction,
To declare—ev'ry where
The complete ſalvation,
Purchas'd by thy paſſion.

739.
(T. 185.)

GRacious Father, bleſs this congregation
As the purchaſe of thy Son;
For his ſake behold us with compaſſion,
And us all thy children own.
Jeſus, grant to us thy peace and favor;
Holy Ghoſt, abide with us for ever,
And to us Chriſt's love explain;
Hear us, Lord our God, Amen!

740.

The CHURCH-LITANY*.

LORD, *Have mercy upon us!*
Chriſt, *Have mercy upon us!*
Lord, *Have mercy upon us!*
Chriſt, *Hear us!*

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

‡ *Chor.* For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.
Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world!
Own us to be thine.

Chor. O my Lord moſt faithful!
Give me what thou'ſt merited,
And I'm rich and thankful.

Lord God Holy Ghoſt!
Abide with us for ever!

Chor. Give thy folk one mind ev'ry where,
And teach our needy ſouls by faith
T' enjoy the merits of Chriſt's death.

Our Lord Christ Jesus!
Be gracious unto us!
O thou God and Father of the church!
Preſerve us in thy love!
Thou Searcher of the hearts, God Holy Ghoſt!
Maintain thy temple in ſanctification and honor!

Chor. Moſt Holy Bleſſed Trinity!
† We praiſe thee to eternity. :‖: :‖:

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* The petitions printed in Italics are to be ſaid or ſung by the whole congregation.

‡ The verſes or petitions to which *Chor.* is prefixed, are to be ſung or ſaid by the choir of ſingers.

† This line is ſung firſt by the brethren, the ſecond time by the ſiſters, and the third time by the whole congregation.

‖ *Cong.* Thou ſlaughter'd Lamb, our God and Lord,
To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy!

From all coldneſs to thy merits and death,
From all error and miſunderſtanding,
From all loſs of our glory in thee,
From unhappily becoming great,
From all ſelf-complacency,
From untimely projects,
From needleſs cares,
From confuſions,
From light-minded or dark fanaticiſm,
From tumult and ſedition,

From war and blood-ſhedding,
From diſtreſs by fire and water,
From lightening and tempeſt,
From plague, peſtilence, and famine,

From the murdering ſpirit and devices of ſatan,
From the wicked world,
From all hypocriſy,
From the deceitfulneſs of ſin,
From ſins unto death, (1 John v. 16.)
From all ſin,

Preſerve us, gracious Lord and God!

Cong. Lord, thou haſt reaſſum'd thy throne,
Yet thou art preſent with thy own;
Preſerve us all from ſin henceforth,
And from all mis'ry of this earth.

With thy human birth,
With thy holy circumciſion,
With thy prayers and tears,
With all the troubles of thy life,
With thy great poverty,
With thy having been in the form of a ſervant,
With thy being deſpiſed and rejected,
With thy ſicklineſs and dolorous look,
With thy temptations,
With thy perplexity in the garden,
With thine agony and bloody ſweat,
With thy bonds and ſcourgings, and all that thou haſt endured,

‖ *Cong.* ſignifies that the verſes are to be ſung by the whole congregation.

With thy crown of thorns,
With thy bleſſed croſs,
With thy ſacred wounds,
With thine ineſtimable blood,
With thy meritorious death,
With thy coming again to thy church, or our being called home to thee,

Comfort us, gracious Lord and God!

Cong. Moſt holy Lord and God!
Holy, almighty God!
Holy and moſt merciful Saviour!
Thou eternal God!
Grant that we may never
Loſe the comforts from thy death!
Have mercy, O Lord!

With all the merits of thy life,

Bleſs us, gracious Lord and God!

With thy child-like obedience,
With thy diligence at work,
With thy meekneſs and humility,
With thy watching and faſting,
With thy powerful interceſſion,
With thy dying words,
With thy reſt in the grave,
With thy glorious reſurrection,
With the laſt days of the Son of man,
With thy victorious aſcenſion,
With thy ſitting on the Father's throne,
With thy holy ſacraments,
With thy gracious preſence, (Matt. xxviii. 20.)

Bleſs us, gracious Lord and God!

We poor ſinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Rule and lead thy holy chriſtian church;
Increaſe the knowledge of the myſtery of Chriſt, and diminiſh miſapprehenſions;
Teach us how to receive thoſe that are weak in the faith; (Rom. xiv. 1.)
Make the word of the croſs univerſal among all thoſe who are called by thy name;
Unite all the children of God in one ſpirit, (John xi. 52.)

Abide their only ſhepherd, high-prieſt, and Saviour;
Send faithful laborers into thy harveſt;
Give ſpirit and power to preach thy word;
Preſerve unto us the word of reconciliation till the end of days,
And through the Holy Ghoſt daily glorify the merits of thy life, ſufferings and death.

Chor. That we thy ſacraments and word
May to our end keep pure, O Lord!

Prevent or deſtroy all deſigns and ſchemes of ſatan,
Fight our battles againſt him, and defend us againſt his accuſation;
For the ſake of that peace which we have with thee, may we, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men. (Rom. xii. 18.)
Grant us to bleſs them that curſe us,
And to do good to them that hate us;
We pray thee to have mercy upon our ſlanderers and perſecutors, and not to lay that ſin to their charge;
Hinder all ſchiſms and ſcandals;
Put far from thy people all ſeducers;
Bring back all that have been ſeduced;
Grant love and unity to all our congregations.

Cong. In Jeſu's love and peace,
On earth's extended face,
Dwell our congregations:
Both here and o'er the ſeas,
We raiſe our ſupplications,
That the God of grace
All of us may bleſs,
Till the end of days.

Give thy people conſtant victory againſt the enemies of thy perſon, croſs, and wounds;
Help us bleſſedly to execute thy laſt will; (John xvii.)
Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Thou Light and Conſolation of all the *Gentiles!*
Watch over thy meſſengers both by land and ſea;
Accompany the word of their teſtimony, concerning thy blood, with ſpirit and fire;

Bleſs our congregations gathered from among the heathen;
Preſerve them as the apple of thine eye.

Chor. From ſatan's vile temptations,
Or lying accuſations,
Preſerve them, gracious Lord our God!

As thou haſt viſited the Negros, Greenlanders, Indians, and Eſquimaux, ſo viſit all other heathen;
Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Chor. O praiſe the Lord, all ye heathen!
Cong. Praiſe him, all ye nations!

Deliver the people of Iſrael from their blindneſs; (Rom. xi. 25.)
Bring yet many of them to the ſaving knowledge of thee;
Until the fulneſs of the Gentiles be come in, and ſo all Iſrael ſhall be ſaved; (Rom. xi. 25, 26.)
O that Iſhmael alſo might live before thee! (Gen. xvii. 18, 20.)
Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Give to thy people tents to dwell in, and open doors to preach thy goſpel,
And ſet them to thy praiſe on earth;
Grant all overſeers, paſtors, and miniſters of the church, ſoundneſs of doctrine, and holineſs of life, and preſerve them therein;
Sprinkle all thoſe who miniſter in the ſanctuary;
Help all elders to rule well, eſpecially thoſe that labor in the word and doctrine; (1 Tim. v. 17.)
Keep our epiſcopacy precious before thee, to feed the church of God, which thou haſt purchaſed with thine own blood; (Acts xx. 28.)
Bleſs and protect the nurſing-fathers and nurſing-mothers of thy church, together with their miniſters; (Iſa. xlix. 23.)
Watch graciouſly over all kings, princes, and governments, and hear our interceſſions for them all;
We beſeech thee eſpecially to pour down thy bleſſings in a plentiful manner upon our gracious Sovereign King GEORGE, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and upon all the Royal Family.
Grant that our King may enjoy a long and happy reign over

us, preſerve him in thy fear, faith and love, that he may walk before thee as thy ſervant, and protect thy true religion in theſe nations *;

Guide and protect the magiſtrates of the land wherein we dwell, and all that are put in authority under them,

That we may lead under them a quiet and peaceable life in all godlineſs and honeſty!

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Teach us to ſubmit ourſelves to every ordinance of man for thy ſake, (1 Pet. ii. 13.)

And to ſeek the peace of the places where we dwell;

Grant them bleſſing and proſperity;

Let this earth be like a field which the Lord bleſſeth;

Give peace and ſalvation, O God, to thy land, and to all orders of men therein!

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

They that go down to the ſea in ſhips, they ſee thy wonders! (Pſalm cvii. 23, 24.)

Bleſs and protect our brethren and ſiſters who travel by land or ſea.

Cong. Command thy angel, Lord, that he
Watch o'er thy flock by land and ſea.

Care alſo for the neceſſities of the church;

And bleſs our table ſervice; (Acts vi. 1, 2, 3.)

Let all things be conducted among us in ſuch a manner, that we provide things honeſt, not only before God, but alſo before men;

Let our commerce be holy unto thee;

Bleſs the ſweat of the brow, and the faithfulneſs in handicraft buſineſs;

But let none entangle himſelf with the affairs of this life; (2 Tim. ii. 4.)

Nor let in any labor be perceived the aftertaſte of ſin.

O that we might never be forced to let a neceſſitous perſon go unrelieved! and that none of us might eat his morſel alone! (Job xxxi. 16, 17.)

* Bleſs both Houſes of Parliament, at this time aſſembled, and direct their councils.

O that we might ſee none ſuffer for want of clothing! and that we could be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame! (Job xxix. 15, 16.)
O that we could refreſh the hearts of the dejected! and that we could mitigate the burden of the laboring man! (Job xxx. 25.)
And to do good might be our hearts delight! that the bleſſing of him that was ready to periſh, might come upon us! (Job xxix. 13. Rom. xii. 8. 2 Cor. ix. 7.)
Thou knoweſt what ſpirit we are of; (Luke ix. 55.)

Cong. Can we do good, we'll it embrace,
Thank God for his enabling grace.

Thou Lover of men!
Send help to all that are in diſtreſs or danger;
Set at liberty ſuch who are unjuſtly impriſoned;
Let all thoſe who are impriſoned for the word of God, live by the word which kept thee in the deſert;
Comfort all the weak-hearted and afflicted;
Be the ſupport of the aged;
Make the bed of the ſick, and ſhow that thou loveſt them; and when thou takeſt away men's breath, that they die, then thou ſurely wilt remember, that thou haſt not died for our ſins only, but for the ſins of the whole world. (Pſalm xli. 3. 1 John ii. 2. Rom. v. 18.)
Now thou God over all, bleſſed for evermore! (Rom. ix. 5.)
Have mercy on thy whole creation; (Rom. viii. 19—22.)
Yea, be the Saviour of all men; (1 Tim. iv. 10.)
For thou haſt, by thyſelf, reconciled all things unto thyſelf, whether things on earth, or things in heaven. (Col. i. 20.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Cong. We humbly pray with one accord,
Remember us, moſt gracious Lord!
Think on thy ſuff'rings, wounds, and croſs,
And how by death thou ſavedſt us;
For this is all our hope and plea
In time and in eternity.

Thou Saviour of thy body! (Eph. v. 23.)
Approve thyſelf on thy congregations as a God of order; (1 Cor. xiv. 33.)
Walk in the midſt of them with complacence; (Rev. ii. 1.)
Govern them all gently, and according to their meaſure; (Rom. xii. 3.)
Make the ſpirit of the prophets ſubject to the prophets; (1 Cor. xiv. 32.)
And each of us, one to the other; (Eph. v. 21. 1 Pet. v. 5.)
Be the ſanctification of every member of thy church; (1 Cor. i. 30.)
Bleſs the holy married ſtate;
Let our marriage be honorable among all men, and the bed be undefiled; (Heb. xiii. 4.)
Teach the wife to be ſubject to the huſband, as the church is to Chriſt; (Eph. v. 24.)
And teach the huſband to love his wife, as Chriſt loveth the church; (Eph. v. 25.)
But let not the creature take place to the prejudice of the Creator, or divide with Chriſt; (Rom. i. 25.)
Let our pregnant ſiſters reap the bleſſing of thy having lain in the womb of thy mother; (Luke i. 31. and ii. 5.)
And thoſe that bring forth, of thy being brought forth into the world; (Matt. i. 25. Luke ii. 7, 11.)
And thoſe that give ſuck, of thy having ſucked the breaſts of a mother; (Pſalm xxii. 9.)
Sanctify to thyſelf all fathers and mothers;
Bleſs thy gift the children; (Pſalm cxxvii. 3.)
Viſit them even in the mother's womb; (Luke i. 41.)
Though they ſhould never ſee the light of this world, yet they have thee, and all live unto thee;
But if they muſt groan in this tabernacle, then by baptiſm bury them with thee into thy death; (Rom. vi. 4.)
Perfect thy praiſe out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings; (Matt. xxi. 16.)
Let our children be brought up in the nurture and admonition of thee; (Eph. vi. 4.)
May the boys and girls, after thy example, increaſe in wiſdom and ſtature, and in favor with God and man; (Luke ii. 52.)

Let the young men cleanſe their way, by taking heed thereto according to thy word; (Pſalm cxix. 9.)
And the unmarried women care for the things of the Lord, that they may be holy both in body and in ſpirit; (1 Cor. vii. 34.)
Be thou the joy and bleſſed hope of the widowers and widows; (Luke ii. 25—38. 1 Tim. v. 5, 6.)
Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all thy ſervants and handmaids; (Acts ii. 17, 18.)
Purify our ſouls in obeying the truth, through the Spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren; (1 Pet. i. 22.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Keep us in everlaſting fellowſhip with the church triumphant, and let us once reſt together in thy preſence from all our labor;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

O thou Lamb of God, which takeſt away the ſin of the world,
Own us to be thine!
O thou Lamb of God, which takeſt away the ſin of the world,
Be joyful over us!
O thou Lamb of God, which takeſt away the ſin of the world,
Leave thy peace with us!

Chriſt, *Hear us!*
Lord, *Have mercy upon us!*
Chriſt, *Have mercy upon us!*
Lord, *Have mercy upon us!*

Unto the Lamb which was ſlain, (Rev. v. 12.)
And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth;

Unto that man who purchaſed our ſouls for himſelf;
Unto that Friend who loved us, and waſhed us from our ſins in his own blood; (Rev. i. 5.)

Who died for us once; (1 Pet. ii. 24.)
That we might die unto ſin; (Rom. vi. 2.)

Who roſe for us; (1 Cor. xv.)
That we alſo might riſe;

Who aſcended for us into heaven;
To prepare a place for us; (John xiv. 2, 3.)

Chor. And to whom are ſubjected the angels, and powers, and dominions; (Heb. ii. 8.)

To him be glory at all times, (Rev. v. 12.)
In that church which waiteth for him, and in that which is about him;

Chor. From everlaſting to everlaſting!
Amen.

Little children, abide in him, that ye may not be confounded before him on the day of his appearing; (1 John ii. 28.)

Cong. In none but him alone I truſt for ever,
In him my Saviour!

The Lord bleſs thee, and keep thee!

The Lord make his face to ſhine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee!

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!

Chor. In the name of JESUS.
Amen.

741.

The SHORTER CHURCH-LITANY.*

LORD, *Have mercy upon us!*
Chriſt, *Have mercy upon us!*
Lord, *Have mercy upon us!*
Chriſt, *Hear us!*

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven!
Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen!
Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world!
Own us to be thine!
Lord God Holy Ghoſt!
Abide with us for ever!

Moſt holy bleſſed Trinity!
† We praiſe thee to eternity! :||: :||:

From all coldneſs to thy merits and death,
From all error and miſunderſtanding,
From all loſs of our glory in thee,
From unhappily becoming great,
From all ſelf-complacency,
From untimely projects,
From needleſs perplexity,
From the murdering ſpirit and devices of Satan,
From the wicked world,
From all hypocriſy,
From the deceitfulneſs of ſin,
From ſins unto death,
From all ſin,
Preſerve us, gracious Lord and God!

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* The petitions printed in Italics are to be ſaid by the whole congregation.
† This line is ſung firſt by the brethren, the ſecond time by the ſiſters and the third time by the whole congregation.

* *Cong.* Thou ſlaughter'd Lamb, our God and Lord!
To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy!

With all the merits of thy life,
With thy human birth,
With thy holy circumciſion,
With thy childlike obedience,
With thy meekneſs and humility,
With thy extreme poverty,
With thy watching and faſting,
With thy temptations,
With thy being deſpiſed and rejected,
Bleſs and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!
With thine agony and bloody ſweat,
With thy bonds and ſcourgings,
With thy crown of thorns,
With thy painful crucifixion,
With thy ſacred wounds,
With thine ineſtimable blood,
With thy dying words,
With thy meritorious death,
With thy reſt in the grave,
With thy glorious reſurrection and aſcenſion,
With thy ſitting on thy Father's throne,
With thy prevailing interceſſion,
With the holy ſacraments,
Bleſs and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!

Cong. We humbly pray with one accord,
Remember us, moſt gracious Lord!
Think on thy ſuff'rings, wounds and croſs,
And how by death thou ſavedſt us;
For this is all our hope and plea
In time and in eternity.

We poor ſinners pray,
Hear us, gracious Lord and God!
Rule and lead thy holy chriſtian church;
Make the word of the croſs univerſal among all thoſe who are called by thy name;
Unite all the children of God in one ſpirit;
Abide their only ſhepherd, high prieſt and Saviour;
Send faithful laborers into thy harveſt;

* *Cong.* ſignifies that the verſes are to be ſung by the whole congregation.

Give ſpirit and power to preach thy word;
Preſerve among us the word of reconciliation till the end of days;
And through the Holy Ghoſt daily glorify the merits of thy life, ſufferings and death;
Prevent or deſtroy all deſigns and ſchemes of ſatan, and defend us againſt his accuſation;
For the ſake of that peace which thou haſt made by the blood of thy croſs, enable us to live peaceably with all men;
We pray thee, to have mercy upon our ſlanderers and perſecutors, and not to lay that ſin unto their charge;
Hinder all ſchiſms and ſcandals;
Put far from thy people all deceivers and ſeducers;
Bring back all that have erred or have been ſeduced;
Grant love and unity to all our congregations;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Thou Light and Conſolation of all the Gentiles!
Watch over thy meſſengers both by land and ſea;
Accompany the word of their teſtimony, concerning thy blood, with ſpirit and fire;
Bleſs our congregations gathered from among the heathen;
Preſerve them as the apple of thine eye;
As thou haſt viſited the Negros, Greenlanders, Indians, and Eſquimaux, ſo viſit all other heathen;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Min. O praiſe the Lord, all ye heathen!
Cong. Praiſe him, all ye nations!

Deliver the people of Iſrael from their blindneſs, and bring them to the ſaving knowledge of thee;
Until the fulneſs of the Gentiles be come in, and ſo all Iſrael be ſaved;
O that Iſhmael* alſo might live before thee!

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Give to thy people open doors to preach thy goſpel;
And ſet them to thy praiſe on earth.
Grant all overſeers, paſtors, and miniſters of the church, ſoundneſs of doctrine, and holineſs of life;
Sprinkle all thoſe who miniſter in the ſanctuary;

* The Turks. See Gen. xvii. 18, 20.

Help all elders to rule well, especially those that labor in the word and doctrine, that they may feed the church of God, which thou hast purchased with thine own blood;

Watch graciously over all kings, princes, and governments, and hear our intercessions for them all;

We beseech thee especially to pour down thy blessings in a plentiful manner upon our gracious Sovereign King GEORGE, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and upon all the Royal Family.

Grant that our King may enjoy a long and happy reign over us, preserve him in thy faith, fear, and love, that he may walk before thee as thy servant, and may protect thy true religion in these nations †;

Guide and protect the magistrates of the land wherein we dwell, and all that are put in authority under them, and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Care also for the necessities of the church;

Let all things be conducted among us in such a manner, that we provide things honest, not only before God, but also before men;

Bless the sweat of the brow, and the faithfulness in handicraft business;

But let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life;

Nor let in any labor be perceived the after taste of sin;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

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† Bless both Houses of Parliament, at this time assembled, and direct their councils.

To be prayed in times of war, directly after the petitions for the King.

Grant, O Lord, unto our king, in these times of danger, thy gracious counsel, that in all things he may approve himself the father of his people.

Be thou the gracious protector of these nations, and of all our fellow-subjects in all parts of the world.

Defeat the designs of our enemies, and continue to show thy tender mercy unto this kingdom as thou hast done in the days past.

Cause us to bow down before thee, to confess our sins, and to acknowledge with contrite hearts, that it is of thy mercy that we are not consumed;

Stop, in thy tender mercy, the effusion of human blood, and make discord and wars to cease;

To this end, put into the hearts of the rulers of the nations, thoughts of peace, that we may see it quickly established, to the glory of thy name;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Thou Lover of men!
Send help to all that are in diſtreſs or danger;
Set at liberty ſuch who are unjuſtly impriſoned;
Let all thoſe who are impriſoned for the word of God, live by the word which kept thee in the deſert;
Comfort all the weak-hearted and afflicted;
Be the ſupport of the aged;
Make the bed of the ſick, and ſhow that thou loveſt them; and when thou takeſt away men's breath, that they die, then remember, that thou haſt died not for our ſins only, but for the ſins of the whole world.
Have mercy on thy whole creation;
Yea, prove the Saviour of all men;
For thou haſt, by thyſelf, reconciled all things unto thyſelf, whether things on earth, or things in heaven;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Thou Saviour of thy body!
Bleſs, ſanctify and preſerve every member of thy church;
Grant that each, in every age and ſtation, may enjoy the powerful and ſanctifying merits of thy holy humanity, and make us chaſte before thee in ſoul and body;
Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all thy ſervants and handmaids;
Purify our ſouls in obeying the truth, through the Spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Keep us in everlaſting fellowſhip with the church triumphant, and let us once reſt together in thy preſence from all our labor;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

O Chriſt, Almighty God,

Have mercy upon us!

O thou Lamb of God, which takeſt away the ſin of the world,

Own us to be thine!

O thou Lamb of God, which takeſt away the ſin of the world,

Be joyful over us!

O thou Lamb of God, which takeſt away the ſin of the world,

Leave thy peace with us!

O Chriſt, *Hear us!*
Lord, *Have mercy upon us!*
Chriſt, *Have mercy upon us!*
Lord, *Have mercy upon us!*

XXXVI. Hymns for ſundry Occaſions.

A. Morning and Evening Hymns.

742.

(T. 22.)

1. AWake, my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run;
Shake off dull ſloth, and early riſe
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

2. Thy former miſpent time redeem,
Each preſent day thy laſt eſteem;
T' improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainſt the great day thyſelf prepare.

3. Thy converſation be ſincere,
Thy conſcience as the noon-day clear;
Think how th' all-ſeeing God thy ways,
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.

4. Glory to God, who ſafe hath kept,
And hath refreſh'd me whilſt I ſlept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of heav'nly bliſs partake.

5. Direct, control, ſuggeſt this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

6. Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow!
Praiſe him, all creatures here below!
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt!
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!

743*.

(T. 89.)

1. GOD, omnipotent Creator,
Who mad'ſt all things by thy might,
Ruleſt ev'ry thing in nature,
And commandeſt day and night,
Who the univerſe ſo wide
By thy pow'r alone doſt guide;

2. Let the night of my tranſgreſſion
With this darkneſs paſs away;
Jeſus, into thy poſſeſſion
I reſign myſelf to-day:
Thou aſſuageſt all my grief,
Granting comfort and relief.

3. Let my life and converſation
Be directed by thy word!
Lord, thy conſtant preſervation
To thy erring child afford:
No where but alone in thee,
From all harm I can be free.

4. Lord, my body, ſoul, and ſpirit,
Keep in thine almighty hand;
By thy all-ſufficient merit,
Let me follow thy command:
Thou'rt my glory and renown,
And I would be all thy own.

5. Hear my humble ſupplication,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!
With ſincereſt adoration
Thee I love, of thee I boaſt.
O, I'll praiſe thy grace to me,
Here, and in eternity.

744*

(T. 10.)

1. MY ſoul awake and render
To God thy great defender
Thy pray'r and adoration
For his kind preſervation.

2. With joy I ſtill diſcover
Thy light, O Lord my Saviour!
My thanks ſhall be the ſpices
Of morning ſacrifices.

3. Bleſs me this day, Lord Jeſus,
And be to me propitious,
Grant me thy kind protection
From ev'ry ſin's infection.

4. Bleſs ev'ry thought and action;
Afford me thy direction;
To thee alone be tending
Beginning, middle, ending.

5. Be thou my only treaſure,
Fulfil in me thy pleaſure;
May I, in ev'ry ſtation,
Give thee due adoration.

745.

(T. 22.)

1. BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou would'ſt have me do;
Suggeſt whate'er I think or ſay,
Direct me in thy narrow way.

2. Prevent me leſt I harbor pride,
Leſt I in mine own ſtrength confide;
Show me my weakneſs, let me ſee
I have my pow'r, my all, from thee.

3. Enrich me always with thy love,
My kind Protector ever prove;
Lord, put thy ſeal upon my breaſt,
And let thy Spirit on me reſt.

4. Aſſiſt and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'ſt that let me flee,
And only love what pleaſeth thee.

746.*

(T. 155.)

THou'rt my Light, my Leading Star,
Which hath kindly me directed,
And protected;
When thy mercies, daily new,
I review,
In the duſt I fall before thee,
Loſt in wonder I adore thee,
They are great, yea numberleſs.

747.

(T. 14.)

LORD Jeſus Chriſt, who is like thee?
Thou art, both day and night
The Source of my felicity,
And only true delight.

748.*

(T. 22.)

LORD Jeſus Chriſt, my life and light,
I wiſh to love thee day and night;
Preſerve my ſteps and guide my ways,
And let me live unto thy praiſe.

749.*

(T. 79.)

MAY Jeſu's grace and bleſſing
Attend me without ceaſing,
Thus I ſtretch out my hand,
And do that work with pleaſure,
Which, in my call and meaſure,
My God for me to do ordain'd.

750.*

(T. 22.)

1. BEcauſe this day is at an end,
And night doth now its ſhade extend,
To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raiſe,
And thee for ev'ry mercy praiſe.

2. Yet we are of defects aware:
Forgive them, Lord; thy children ſpare;
Through Chriſt us from all guilt acquit,
And take us to thy care this night.

3. Now I'll lie down and ſleep in thee,
Vouchſafe thy preſence, Lord, to me,
Then under thy protection bleſt
Will ſoul and body ſweetly reſt.

751.

(T. 106.)

O Jeſus, may our whole behavior
Rejoice thine heart and pleaſe thine eyes;
In thy communion, gracious Saviour,
May we both go to bed and riſe;
Be preſent with us conſtantly,
Then ſhall we ſleep and wake to thee.

752.*

(T. 580.)

IN lying down to take my reſt,
In getting up, in being dreſs'd,
In all I think or do,
In eating, drinking, on the way,
In being ſick, by night by day,
Thy bleſſing, Lord, on me beſtow.

753.*

(T. 22.)

LORD Jeſus, may I conſtantly,
Both day and night, be near to thee,
Both when I cloſe at night my eyes,
And in the morn from ſleep ariſe.

754.

(T. 22.)

1. THE hours declin'd and ſetting ſun
Show that my daily courſe is run;
The ev'ning ſhade and ſilent night
My weary limbs to reſt invite.

2. My feeble ſelf and frail abode
Humbly I truſt to Iſrael's God,
The One, who ſlumbers not nor ſleeps,
And who his own in ſafety keeps.

755.*

(T. 580.)

TO reſt I now again retire,
Thou know'ſt thy preſence I deſire,
Of thee I wiſh to dream;
T' enjoy thy bleſſings, whilſt I ſleep,
Quite cloſe to thee in faith I'd keep,
Who didſt my ſoul by blood redeem.

756.

(T. 22.)

DID I perhaps thee ſomewhere grieve
This day? it graciouſly forgive;
And, with a ſoul from all things freed,
Let me ſleep in thy peace indeed.

757.*

(T. 68.)

JESUS, hear our pray'r,
Take of us good care,
Whilſt we ſleep, protect and bleſs us,
With thy pardon now refreſh us;
Leave thy peace divine
With us, we are thine.

758.

(T. 14.)

1. KIND Sov'reign, let my ev'ning ſong,
Like holy incenſe, riſe;
Aſſiſt the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty ſkies.

2. Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was ſtill my guard,
And ſtill, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.

3. Perpetual bleſſings from above
Encompaſs me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4. What have I done for him who dy'd
To ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Faſt as my minutes roll!

5. Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
Unto thy croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6. Beſprinkled with thy precious blood,
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

759.

(T. 580.)

NO farther go to-night, but ſtay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day,
Turn in, my Lord, with me;
And, in the morning when I wake,
Me under thy protection take,
Thus day and night I ſpend with thee.

760.*

(T. 14.)

1. IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Be with me through this night,
And grant to me moſt graciouſly
The ſafeguard of thy might.

2. With cheerful heart I cloſe my eyes
Since thou'lt not from me move:
Lord, in the morning let me riſe,
Rejoicing in thy love.

3. O, if this night ſhould prove the laſt,
And end my tranſient days;
Lord, take me to thy promis'd reſt,
Where I may ſing thy praiſe.

4. Thus I am ſure to live or die
To thee, thou God of love;
In death and life I do rely
On thee who reign'ſt above.

761.

(T. 14.)

1. MY God, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

2. In darkeſt ſhades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my ſoul's bright Morning-ſtar,
And thou my riſing Sun.

3. The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
When Jeſus ſhows his mercies mine,
And whiſpers I am his.

762.*

(T. 165.)

1. AUthor of the whole creation,
Light of light, eternal Word!
Soul and body's preſervation
I commit to thee, O Lord!
My Redeemer, dwell in me,
Let me ſleep and wake with thee,
And perceive thy benediction,
Both in joy and in affliction.

2. When I cloſe my eyes to ſlumber,
And my ſenſes are aſleep,
Let my waking heart the number
Of thy mercies tell and keep;
Fill me with thy ſacred love,
That I dream of things above,
And beſtow on me the favor
Of thy preſence, gracious Saviour.

3. Pardon, Jeſus, each tranſgreſſion,
Whether open or unknown,
Thus removing that oppreſſion
Under which I elſe ſhould groan:
I confeſs the guilt of ſin,
But thy blood can make me clean;
Hear, O Lord, my ſupplication,
Grant me joy and conſolation.

763.*

(T. 14.)

LORD, in the morning when we riſe,
Accept our humble praiſe:
And when at night we cloſe our eyes,
Grant us thy pard'ning grace.

764.*

(T. 164.)

1. IN peace I'll now lie down to ſleep
With thee, moſt gracious Saviour;
Me under thy protection keep,
Let me enjoy thy favor!
Ev'n death I need not fear,
If I can feel thee near;
For who with Jeſus ſhuts his eyes,
He alſo doth with Jeſus riſe.

2. As oft this night as my pulſe beats,
My ſpirit ſhall embrace thee;
Oft as my heart its throbs repeats,
May I adore and praiſe thee.
Thus I can go to reſt,
In thy communion bleſt,
United unto thee by faith,
Thou art my joy in life and death.

765.*

(T. 580.)

JESUS, our Guardian, Guide and Friend,
Now thy protecting wings extend,
And us thy chickens hide;

Would ought diſturb us while we
ſleep,
The watch o'er us let angels keep;
Grant we may in thy love abide.

766.
(T. 22.)

1. ALL praiſe to thee, my God, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.

2. Lord, for the ſake of thy dear Son,
Forgive the ill that I have done,
That with the world, myſelf and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Triumphant riſe at the laſt day.

4. O may my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And may ſweet ſleep my eye-lids cloſe,
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To ſerve my God when I awake.

5. When in the night I ſleepleſs lie,
My ſoul with heav'nly thoughts ſupply;
Let no ill dreams diſturb my reſt,
No pow'rs of darkneſs me moleſt.

767.
(T. 14.)

1. CHRIST's precious blood, which from each vein
Our ſin and curſe forth preſs'd,
When overwhelm'd with grief and pain,
His ſoul was ſore amaz'd;

2. May that refreſh us while we ſleep,
And ſanctify our reſt,
And while we dream our ſpirit keep
With him in union bleſt.

768.
(T. 14.)

1. THE hour of ſleep is now at hand,
My ſpirit calls for reſt;
O that my pillow may be found
The dear Redeemer's breaſt.

2. This night my longing ſoul with Chriſt
Would take up her abode,
I gladly would myſelf diveſt
Of ev'ry thing but God.

3. The nightly watches would I ſpend
In fellowſhip above;
Would hold communion with my Lord,
And feaſt upon his love.

4. Dead to the world when I'm aſleep,
I'd be alive to God;
My ſoul would reſt at peace with him,
Who bought me with his blood.

5. O may I then of Chriſt this night
Be happily poſſeſt,
Have angel troops around my bed,
And Jeſus for my Gueſt.

769.*
(T. 36.)

LORD Jeſus, through all temp'ral variation,
Thy loving kindneſs be my conſolation,
By night and day, whene'er I reſt am taking,
Or when I'm waking.

B. CRADLE HYMNS.

770.
(T. 16.)

1. HUSH, dear child, lie ſtill and ſlumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heav'nly bleſſings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

2. Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
Houſe and home, thy friends provide,
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well ſupply'd.

3. How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he deſcended,
And became a child like thee.

4. Soft and eaſy is thy cradle,
Coarſe and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a ſtable,
And his ſofteſt bed was hay.

5. Bleſſed babe! what glorious features,
Spotleſs fair, divinely bright!
Muſt he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the ſight?

6. Was there nothing but a manger
Curſed ſinners could afford,
To receive the heav'nly Stranger,
Did they thus neglect our Lord?

7. See the joyful ſhepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the ſky!
Where they ſought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

8. 'Twas to ſave thee, child, from dying,
That thy bleſt Redeemer came;
He by groans and bitter crying
Saved thee from burning flame.

9. May'ſt thou live to know and fear him,
Truſt and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face and ſing his praiſe.

771.*

(T. 22.)

1. SLEEP well, dear child! ſleep ſafe and ſound,
The holy angels thee ſurround,
Who always ſee thy Father's face,
And never ſlumber nights nor days.

2. God fill thee with his heav'nly light,
To ſteer thy chriſtian courſe aright;
Make thee a tree of bleſſed root,
That ever bends with godly fruit.

3. Thoſe children are to God moſt dear,
Who him, with rev'rence, love and fear;
And infants are by Jeſus Chriſt
Moſt kindly bleſs'd, and highly priz'd.

4. Are not the joys of God above
Giv'n to the children of his love?
He who deſires to ſee his face,
Muſt here become a child of grace.

5. Be thou, dear child, in thy degree
Like Jeſus, in his infancy:
He ſoon did ev'ry grace diſplay,
Tho' he was God, he learnt t'obey.

6. He hath by all he did and ſaid,
For thee rich bleſſings merited;
'Twas thine entailed miſery
Made him become a child like thee.

7. If thou partak'ſt his ſaving grace,
Thou wilt enjoy that happineſs,
Which our incarnate God regain'd
For all whom Adam's ſin had ſtain'd.

8. Soon in this world will finiſh'd be
The taſk God may deſign for thee;
May'ſt thou, when this ſhort life is o'er,
With Jeſus live for evermore.

9. Sleep now, dear child, and take thy reſt;
And, if with riper years thou'rt bleſt,
Increaſe in wiſdom and in grace
Till thou ſhalt ſee thy Saviour's face.

C. HYMNS before and after MEALS.

772.

(T. 14.)

1. FOuntain of Being, Source of good!
At whoſe almighty breath
The creature proves our bane or food,
Diſpenſing life or death:

2. Thee we addreſs in humble pray'r,
Vouchſafe thy gifts to crown;
Father of all, thy children hear,
And ſend a bleſſing down.

3. O may our ſouls for ever pine
Thy grace to taſte and ſee;
Athirſt for righteouſneſs divine,
And hungry after thee!

773.*
(T. 22.)

WE thank God for all gifts from him
By us receiv'd from time to time;
Intreating him, that he would grant
The food, which day by day we want.

774.*
(T. 11.)

LORD, the gifts thou doſt beſtow,
Can refreſh and cheer us too:
But no gift can to the heart
Be what thou our Saviour art.

775.
(T. 582.)

1. SURE God is preſent here,
And loud demands our praiſe;
The preſent inſtance of his care
Speaks him a God of grace.

2. In him we live and move,
In him our being have;
We thank thee, Jeſus, ſource of love,
Who cam'ſt our ſouls to ſave.

776.
(T. 11.)

JESU's mercies never fail,
This we prove at ev'ry meal;
Lord, we thank thee for thy grace,
Gladly join to ſing thy praiſe.

777.
(T. 96.)

WE can't thy boundleſs mercies ſhare,
And thee the Spring of life forget;
For all thy goodneſs, love and care
Our thanks we offer at thy feet.
Lord, may we always taſte thy grace,
Until we end our mortal days.

778.*
(T. 10.)

1. TO God the Lord be praiſes
For all the gifts and graces
He hath to us diſpenſed,
E'er ſince our lives commenced.

2. No bleſſings he denieth,
Us all with food ſupplieth,
Grants us his preſervation
In ev'ry age and ſtation.

779.
(T. 97.)

THOU ſov'reign Author of all good,
Giver of life, of health and food;
Be preſent with thy children here,
That while we prove thy temp'ral care,
We may enjoy our Saviour's fleſh and blood,
And be a pleaſing ſacrifice to God.

D. HYMNS for TRAVELLERS.

780.
(T. 580.)

1. THE Lord is with me ev'ry where,
And ſcreens me with paternal care
By his almighty arm.
No trav'ller needs to faint or fear,
If he believes the Lord is near,
Who can protect him from all harm.

2. By ſea and land, by night and day,
My Lord doth ſafely me convey,
Though winds and thunders roar.
Remember, Lord, thy mercies paſt,
And bring me ſafe to heav'n at laſt,
To praiſe thy name for evermore.

781.
(T. 157.)

1. JESUS, thou art my ſalvation!
Bow thine ear,—hear my pray'r,
Grant my ſupplication:

Through my journey ſafely lead me;
Guide my way,–leſt I ſtray,
O thou hand that madſt me.

2. Lo! thou ſeeſt me here a ſtranger;
Unto me–gracious be;
Lord, avert all danger.
In diſtreſs be thou my Saviour;
Hear my pray'rs,–ſee my tears,
Show thy ſervant favor.

3. Rich in faith, and love, and duty,
May I ſhine–once divine,
Bright in perfect beauty;
Freely taſte the living fountain,
Take my ſeat–at thy feet,
On thy holy mountain!

782.

(T. 580.)

1. A Stranger and a pilgrim I,
With thy command, O Lord, comply,
I go where thou doſt ſend:
My high commiſſion I obey,
The toil and dangers of the way
Shall all in laſting comforts end.

2. A chriſtian traveller I am;
Therefore I will my Saviour's name
Extol, where'er I go,
O'er mountains, deſerts, hills, and plains,
Thro' heat and cold, thro' ſtorms and rains,
Thro' ſands, and floods, and froſt, and ſnow.

3. Thou, Lord, attendeſt all my ways;
Open my lips to ſing thy praiſe
For bleſſings freely giv'n:
In all my journies here below,
Let thy kind preſence with me go;
Yea, grant me once to reſt in heav'n.

783.*

(T. 22.)

LORD, in thy name we go our way;
Be thou our guide, ſupport and ſtay,
Protect us by thy mighty hand,
Where'er we go by ſea or land.

784.*

(T. 97.)

WITH willing hearts, for Jeſu's ſake,
This journey we will undertake;
Though ſeparated for a time,
We yet continue one in him;
And therefore, whilſt we part, need not complain,
As if we never were to meet again.

785.

(T. 583.)

PReſerve this ſhip and company, O Lord,
And thy protecting aid to them afford;
Be their ſupport when waves and tempeſts roar,
And bring them ſafely to their deſtin'd ſhore.

E. Hymns for the Sick.

786.

(T. 166.)

1. WHEN pining ſickneſs waſtes the frame,
Acute diſeaſe or weak'ning pain;
When life faſt ſpends her feeble flame,
And all the help of man proves vain;
Joyleſs and flat all things appear,
Languid the ſpirits, weak the fleſh,
Med'cines can't eaſe, nor cordials cheer,
Nor food ſupport, nor ſleep refreſh;

2. Then, then to have recourſe to God,
To pray to him in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jeſu's blood,
This is to find a friend indeed.
And this, O Chriſtian, is thy lot,
Who cleaveſt to the Lord by faith:
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
In pain, in ſickneſs, or in death.

3. When fleſh and heart decays and fails,
He ſhall thy ſtrength and portion be;
Support thy weakneſs, bear thy ails,
And ſoftly whiſper, "truſt in me."
Himſelf ſhall be thy helping Friend,
Thy good Phyſician, yea thy Nurſe,
*To make thy bed ſhall condeſcend,
And from affliction take the curſe.

* Pſalm xli. 3.

787.

(T. 22.)

1. THough I'm in body full of pain,
My ſoul doth heav'nly comfort gain;
And, ſhould I die, I'm not afraid,
Since Jeſus ſuffer'd in my ſtead.

2. His bitter death ſhall ſweeten mine;
My ſoul I to his care reſign;
Since he laid down his life for me,
He'll keep me to eternity.

3. How glad am I that I have known
What he to ranſom me hath done;
How glad am I that I believe,
Die when I will, he'll me receive.

4. Thanks be to thee, my gracious Lord,
That thou haſt all my curſe endur'd;
Nor death, nor grave, nor hell I fear,
Since thou waſt pleas'd my curſe to bear.

5. Thou took'ſt the ſting of death away,
Haſt ſhut hell's gates and keep'ſt the key;
Nor can the grave to me appear
A terror, ſince thou'ſt reſted there.

6. No, I am ſafe, alive or dead,
No death I fear, no hell I dread:
Thy grace and thy outſtretched arm
Shall keep me from eternal harm.

7. But one thing will I aſk of thee;
Never, O Lord, forſake thou me;
But bleſs me often, keep my mind
Stay'd on thy help, to thee reſign'd.

8. Then I ſhall be ſupremely bleſt,
Nor aſk, though ſick, to be releas'd;
I'll wait thy time, thy love I feel,
I know thou ruleſt all things well.

788.

(T. 22.)

1. MY body's weak, my heart unclean,
I pine with ſickneſs, and with ſin;
My ſtrength decays, my ſpirits droop,
Bow'd down with guilt, I can't look up.

2. To thee, O Lord, in faith I turn,
Who all my ſickneſſes haſt borne;
Sin thou hadſt none, and yet didſt die
For guilty ſinners, ſuch as I.

3. Sin's rankling ſores my ſoul corrode,
Oh, heal them with thy precious blood;
And if thou doſt my health reſtore,
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.

789.

(T. 22.)

1. O How I long to go and ſee
The Lamb of God, who dy'd for me;
How do I languiſh, night and day,
To hear him bid me come away!

2. He loves and values me; I him;
Therefore I all things droſs eſteem
But my dear Jeſus, whom I prize
Above my life, or earth, or ſkies.

3. With pining ſickneſs I decay,
Diſeaſes wear my fleſh away;
But I ſhall ſoon his leave obtain,
To be releas'd from all my pain.

4. Quickly, O Lord, thy angels charge
To ſet my longing ſoul at large;
Quickly thy bleſſed hoſts command
To carry me to thy right hand.

5. My loving friends, farewell, farewell,
I go with Jeſus Chriſt to dwell,
Welcome my heav'nly country now,
Parents and brethren, all adieu!

F. Concerning the HOLY ANGELS.

790.

(T. 22.)

1. TO God let all the human race
Bring adoration, humble praiſe,
Who makes his love and wiſdom known
By angels that ſurround his throne.

2. The angels, whom his breath inſpires,
His miniſters, are flaming fires,
With joy they in his ſervice move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

3. With gladneſs they obey his will,
And all his purpoſes fulfil;
All thoſe who Jeſu's children are,
Are ſpecial objects of their care.

4. Our God defends us, day by day,
From many miſchiefs in our way,
By angels, which do always keep
A watchful eye, when we're aſleep.

5. O Lord, we'll bleſs thee all our days,
Our ſouls ſhall glory in thy grace;
Thy praiſe ſhall dwell upon our tongues,
All ſaints and angels join our ſongs.

6. We pray thee, let the heav'nly hoſt
Be guardians of our land and coaſt,
May they watch o'er thy flock of grace,
That we may lead a life of peace.

791.

(T. 22.)

1. NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' ſongs;
For ſinners may addreſs their King
In ſongs that angels cannot ſing.

2. They praiſe the Lamb who once was ſlain,
But we can add a higher ſtrain;
Not only ſay, "He ſuffer'd thus:"
But, that "He ſuffer'd all for us."

3. When angels by tranſgreſſion fell,
Juſtice conſign'd them all to hell;
But mercy form'd a wond'rous plan
To ſave and honor fallen man,

4. Jeſus, who paſs'd the angels by,
Aſſum'd our fleſh to bleed and die;
He who redeem'd us by his blood,
As man, ſtill fills the throne of God.

5. Immanuel, our Brother now,
Is he 'fore whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praiſe his name,
But we the neareſt int'reſt claim.

6. But, ah, how faint our praiſes riſe!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the ſkies,
That we, who ſhare his richeſt love,
So cold and unconcern'd ſhould prove.

7. O glorious hour, it comes with ſpeed,
When we from ſin and darkneſs freed,
Shall ſee our God who dy'd for man,
And praiſe him more than angels can!

792.*

(T. 249.)

1. THE ſeraphim of God
Exalt :|: their voices loud,
With joy 'fore him they ſhout,
Their holy choir in heav'nly blaze
Sing conſtantly with cover'd face,
Holy, holy is God,—holy is God,
The Lord of Sabaoth!

2. Thereto the church of Chriſt,
His fleſh :||: and bone confeſs'd,
Sings, Amen, God be prais'd!
Above and here one voice doth ſound,
Praiſe him, who hath for us aton'd!
To God in higheſt ſtrain!—to the Lamb ſlain!
All glory be! Amen.

3. When in his glory bright,
Our Lord, :||: with his pierc'd ſide,
Again comes to his bride,
And all the world will quake for fear,
Then will with joy 'fore him appear
The countleſs ranſom'd race,—and ſing his praiſe
In never-ceaſing lays.

793.*

(T. 583.)

THanks to our Lord for all the faithfulneſs
Wherewith his angels guard his choſen race,

Whene'er they aſk for his ſupreme commands,
He gives them charge to bear us in their hands.

794.

(T. 14.)

THE holy angels till this day
Obey God's holy will,
And when he orders, ready are
To ſerve his people ſtill.

795.*

(T. 11.)

PRaiſe the Lord in fellowſhip,
Who doth ſafely guard and keep
By his angels, in their ways,
All the heirs of blood-bought grace.

796.*

(T. 14.)

1. YE angels, that are great in pow'r,
Praiſe ye and bleſs the Lord!
Ye who to do his holy will
Immediately accord.

2. Yea, all his works, in ev'ry place,
Extol his holy name!
My thankful heart, my mind and ſoul,
Unite to praiſe the ſame!

797.

(T. 141.)

HOLY, holy, holy,
Sings th' angelic choir!
Might we, ſinners, truly
Glow with heav'nly fire;
Praiſing altogether,
Deeply bow'd in duſt,
God, Jehovah, Father,
Son and Holy Ghoſt.

XXXVII. Hymns of Praiſe and Thankſgiving.

798 *

(T. 226.)

1. MY ſoul, exalt the Lord thy God,
And all that's in me, bleſs his name,
Make known his wondrous works abroad,
And evermore retain the ſame:
He pardons all thy treſpaſſes,
Thy frailties he repairs;
Preſerves thy life from great diſtreſs,
With mercy crowns thy years:
He ſatisfieth thee with good,
Renews thine age with ſtrength;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
But ſaves th' oppreſs'd at length.

2. He hath reveal'd his wondrous ways,
By Moſes was his law made known;
He ſent the world his truth and grace
By th' incarnation of his Son:
His anger doth abate betimes,
And when his rod is felt,
His ſtrokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt;
His mercies be for ever prais'd
By thoſe who love his name,
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt,
He caſts our ſin and ſhame.

3. Behold what pity parents do
Unto their helpleſs children bear,
Like pity God to thoſe doth ſhow
Who humbly ſerve his name with fear;
He knows we're frail and void of pow'r,
Remembers we are duſt,
And fade like graſs or like a flow'r,
Without his aid we're loſt;
As when the wind blows o'er the lawn,
Its glories diſappear;
So man, ere he's aware, is gone,
His end is always near.

4. Thy tender mercies, Lord, endure
Now and to all eternity,
And all ſhall find thy promiſe ſure,
That keep thy ſtatutes faithfully;

The Lord, our great and glorious King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
Ye angels to his glory ſing,
And men beneath the ſky;
Unite and ſing with one accord,
And laud his holy name!
My ſoul adore and praiſe the Lord,
His boundleſs love proclaim.

799.

(T. 96.)

1. THE Lamb was ſlain, let us adore,
With grateful hearts his mercy own,
May all within us evermore
In ſilence at his feet fall down;
Serve without dread, with rev'rence love
The Lord, whoſe boundleſs grace we prove.

2. The Lamb was ſlain, both day and night
Th' angelic choirs his praiſes ſing;
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heav'n's hoſts celeſtial anthems bring;
Whilſt here poor ſinners join the ſong,
And praiſe him with a ſtamm'ring tongue.

3. Gladly our own poor works we leave,
For him deſpiſe wealth, pleaſure, fame,
To him our ſouls and bodies give,
His death doth our affections claim;
Henceforth we own him as our Lord,
His name be by us all ador'd.

4. Thro' him alone we live, for he
Hath drown'd our curſe, our ſins, and all,
In love's unfathomable ſea;
Fall proſtrate, loſt in wonder fall,
Ye ſinners, for the Lamb was ſlain,
Who dy'd that we might life regain.

5. As ground, when parch'd with ſummer's heat,
Gladly drinks in the welcome ſhow'r,
So may we, liſt'ning at his feet,
Catch his each word, and feel his pow'r;
O may nought in our hearts remain,
But this great truth, "the Lamb was ſlain."

6. O thou thy children's higheſt Good,
Our hearts with peace and gladneſs fill;
May we enjoy thy fleſh and blood,
And all obey thy holy will;
With an unfeign'd ſimplicity,
Unite us, gracious Lord, to thee.

800.*

(T. 227.)

1. NOW unite to render praiſes
To the Lord, and magnify
His great name in all your places,
Ye who are his property;
For his goodneſs, love and favor
To his children laſt for ever;
He is full of truth and grace,
Pard'ning all our treſpaſſes;
Still his name by you be praiſed,
Ye, who're ſeed to Abraham raiſed,
Spread his acts in ev'ry nation,
Give him praiſe and adoration!

2. Yea with joy ourſelves addreſſing
To our gracious heav'nly Sire,
Of his love we'll without ceaſing,
Sing with the angelic choir;
Who, adoring on their faces,
With thrice holy ſing his praiſes,
We will too extol the name
Of our God, and of the Lamb;
Be his glory ever founded,
And his works, which are unbounded,
We his ranſom'd congregation
Thank him for our deſtination.

3. To the throne go undiſmayed,
And approach the mercy-ſeat,
Since from God in Chriſt diſplayed,
Nought but favor you can meet;
Full of love, he longs to bleſs us,
And is ready to embrace us;
Yea, to give his fleſh and blood
To us, as our higheſt good:
To his table we're invited,
And thro' grace with him united,
So that nought which may await us
From his love can ſeparate us,

4. He hath now his godhead's treasure
Open'd, and hath stores enough,
Therefore 'tis his sov'reign pleasure
That not one should stand aloof;
Each may take, as were he named,
Grace for grace, nor stand ashamed,
Hungry souls who but believe,
Of his fulness may receive;
And this fulness never ceaseth,
Our enjoyment still increaseth;
Hence we drink, in richest measure,
Draughts of inexhausted pleasure.

5. These our fault'ring lays, dear Saviour,
Which our grateful hearts express,
Condescend t' accept in favor,
Till we see thee face to face;
Then for all thy works our praises
Shall resound in heav'nly places;
There we shall to thee our King
Joyful hallelujahs sing:
May from ev'ry thing in nature
Praise be giv'n to its Creator,
And our lives and whole demeanor
To his name give praise and honor.

801.*

(T. 132.)

1. ALL glory to the sov'reign God,
And Father of compassion!
To God our help and sure abode;
Whose gracious visitation
Renews his blessings ev'ry day,
And taketh all our griefs away:
Give to our God the glory!

2. The heav'nly hosts with awe show forth
The praise of their Creator;
All creatures, both in heav'n and earth,
Whate'er exists in nature,
Speak their divine Original,
Impress most wisely on them all:
Give to our God the glory!

3. What is created by our God
Enjoys his preservation;
He doth extend o'er all abroad
His fatherlike compassion;
Throughout the kingdom of his grace
Prevail his truth and righteousness:
Give to our God the glory!

4. In my distress I rais'd with faith
To God my supplication;
My Saviour rescu'd me from death,
And gave me consolation;
This makes my heart with thankfulness
Rejoice before the God of grace:
Give to our God the glory!

5. The Lord hath ever to his flock
Kept without separation;
He doth abide our Shield and Rock,
Our Peace and our Salvation;
He leads us with a mother's care,
Protects from danger, guards from fear:
Give to our God the glory!

6. When all the creatures here deny
Their help and consolation,
Our great Creator then is nigh
With succor and compassion,
And sets the humble souls at rest,
That live forsaken and oppress:
Give to our God the glory!

7. As long as I have breath in me
I will sound forth his praises;
His precious saving name shall be
Exalted in all places;
My heart, with all thy strength adore
The God of grace, the God of pow'r,
And give him all the glory!

802.*

(T. 14.)

1. I'LL praise thee with my heart and tongue,
O Lord, my soul's delight,
Declaring to the world in song
Thy glory, praise and might.

2. Thou art th' eternal Source of grace,
The Source of lasting bliss;
From thee devolves to human race
All real happiness.

3. What are we? what do we possess,
Whilst here on earth below,

Which thy great love and tenderneſs
Doth not on us beſtow?

4. Who ſpreads the lofty firmament,
And ſtarry ſkies around?
Who makes the dew and rain deſcend
To fructify the ground?

5. Who doth preſerve our life and health,
Our eaſe and ſafe abode?
Who doth ſecure our peace and wealth?
Our ever gracious God.

6. On thee, almighty Lord of hoſts,
Depends our life and all,
Thou keepeſt watch around our coaſts,
Protecteſt great and ſmall.

7. Thy chaſtiſements are nought but love,
Thy puniſhments are light;
Our ſins thou freely doſt forgive;
To bleſs is thy delight.

8. Thou count'ſt thy children's ſighs and tears,
And know'ſt well why they mourn,
No tear too ſmall to thee appears
To put it in thy urn.

9. Thou, when we are oppreſs'd with grief,
Doſt us with pity view,
Adminiſt'ring thy kind relief,
And laſting comfort too.

10. Why need we mourn, as in deſpair,
And grieve both day and night?
On him we'll caſt our ev'ry care,
Who gave us life and light.

11. Hath he not, from our earlieſt days,
Us nouriſh'd and maintain'd?
Safe guarded us in all our ways,
In dangers prov'd our friend?

12. God never yet miſtakes hath made
In his vaſt government;
No what he doth, permit or aid,
Is bleſt in the event.

13. Then murmur not, but be reſign'd
To his moſt holy will;
Thou'lt reſt, and peace, and comfort find,
My ſoul, in being ſtill.

803.

(T. 22.)

1. BLESS, O my ſoul, the God of grace!
His favors claim thy higheſt praiſe:
How can the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence, and forgot?

2. 'Twas he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done;
He paid the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

3. Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He ſatisfies our ſouls with good,
And filleth us with heav'nly food.

4. Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs,
Let all mankind adore his grace;
Let us with all our powers ſing
Praiſe to our Saviour, God and King.

804.

(T. 582.)

1. IMmortal praiſe be giv'n
To our moſt gracious God,
Who ſent his only Son from heav'n,
To take our fleſh and blood:

2. Him a ſin-off'ring made
For Adam's guilty ſons;
Our preſſing crimes upon him laid,
For which his blood atones.

3. Such torments Chriſt endur'd
As none e'er felt before,
That joy and bliſs might be ſecur'd
To us for evermore.

4. Hurry'd from bar to bar,
With blows and ſcoffs abus'd;
Revil'd by Herod's men of war,
With Pilate's ſcourges bruis'd.

5. Stretch'd on the cruel tree,
He bled, and groan'd, and cry'd;
And in a mortal agony
Languish'd a while, and dy'd;

6. But, dying, left a wound
Upon the serpent's head,
For which no cure can e'er be found,
And soon rose from the dead.

7. Then did to heav'n ascend,
That we might thither go,
Where love and praises have no end,
Where joys no changes know.

805.

(T. 11.)

1. BRethren, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
Who is Lord of earth and heav'n.

2. Jesus, lo! to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou the blessed virgin's seed,
Glory of thy church, and Head.

3. Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4. We thy little flock adore,
Thee our Lord for evermore!
Evermore show us thy love,
Till we join the choirs above!

806.*

(T. 146.)

1. NOW let us praise the Lord
With body, soul and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things
Beyond our sense and merit;
Who from our mother's womb
And earliest infancy
Hath done great things for us,
Praise him eternally.

2. O gracious God, bestow
On us, whilst here remaining,
An ever-cheerful mind,
Thy peace be ever reigning:
Preserve us in true faith
And christian holiness:
That when we go from hence
We may behold thy face.

807.

(T. 582.)

1. TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2. 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3. He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4. Then all the chosen race
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall praise him for his saving grace,
And make his wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer-God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

808.*

(T. 206.)

1. ALmighty Lord, :||:
Th' eternal Word,
The church's Head,
By whom :||: the worlds were † made,
Which in heav'n's spacious sphere :||:
Appear;
Who by thy blood
Brought'st us to God:
Thee we confess :||:
The Lord our Righteousness. :||:

† Heb. i. 2.

2. Sure as thou liv'st, :||:
To all things giv'st
Both life and pow'r,
Supporting :||: th m each hour;

Jehovah, great I AM, :||: ‡
And Lamb: §
So ſure's thy Blood
The higheſt good
Of ſinners poor, :||:
Till death ſhall be no more. :||:

‡ Exod. iii. 14. § Rev. v. 6.

809.*

(T. 101.)

1. THankſgiving, honor, praiſe and might,
Unto the ſlaughter'd Lamb be render'd,
Who brought us to his kingdom's light,
And bought us from all tongues and kindred;
Before the world was form'd we were ordain'd
By him to happineſs, which hath no end.

2. By all the ſaints around his throne,
And all th' angelic choirs in heaven,
With ſhouts of glory to God's Son,
Our King and Shepherd, praiſe be given.
They join with us his goodneſs to rehearſe,
His name be prais'd throughout the univerſe.

810.*

(T. 4.)

WE all at thy throne
Now humbly fall down;
Praiſe to thee, our God,
Be brought by us, ſinners, redeem'd with thy blood.

811.*

(T. 341.)

1. THOU, Jeſus, art our King!
Thy ceaſeleſs praiſe we ſing:
Praiſe ſhall our glad tongues employ,
Praiſe o'erflow the grateful ſoul,
Whilſt we vital breath enjoy,
Whilſt eternal ages roll.

2. Thou ar th' eternal Light,
And ſhin'ſt in deepeſt night:
Wond'ring gaz' th' angelic train,
While thou bow'dſt the heav'ns beneath,
Taking thy abode with man,
Man to ſave from endleſs death.

3. Thou for our griefs didſt mourn,
Thou haſt our ſickneſs borne:
All our ſins on thee were laid;
Thou with unexampled grace
All the mighty debt haſt paid,
Due from Adam's helpleſs race.

4. Thou'ſt overthrown the foe;
God's kingdom fix'd below:
Conqu'ror of all adverſe pow'r,
Thou heav'n's gates haſt open'd wide,
Thou thine own doſt lead ſecure,
And to life eternal guide.

5. Above the ſtarry ſky
Thou reign'ſt, enthron'd on high!
Proſtrate at thy feet we fall:
Pow'r ſupreme to thee is giv'n;
Thou'rt the righteous Judge of all,
Sov'reign both of earth and heav'n.

6. The mighty ſeraphs join,
And in thy praiſe combine;
All their choirs thy glories ſing.
Who ſhall dare with thee to vie,
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sov'reign both of earth and ſky!

7. The church thro'all her bounds
With thy high praiſe reſounds:
The confeſſors fearleſs here
Boldly praiſe and laud their King;
Children's feebler voices there
To thy name hoſannas ſing.

8. 'Midſt danger's blackeſt frown,
Thee hoſts of martyrs own:
Pain and ſhame alike they dare,
Firmly truſting in their God;
Glorying thy croſs to bear,
Sealing thus their faith with blood.

9. Ariſe, exert thy pow'r,
Thou glorious Conqueror!
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to cloſe our race;
That with thee, above the ſkies,
Endleſs joys we may poſſeſs.

812.

(T. 14.)

1. NOT all the angels of the ſky,
Nor happy ſaints above,
Have greater cauſe to praiſe than I
The Saviour's dying love.

2. Had I an angel's heav'nly tongue,
Or ſeraph's melody,
I'd ſing the praiſe of him, who hung
Upon the croſs for me.

3. For thee he hangs! my ſoul, rejoice;
For thee, my ſoul, expires;
Then ſing his love with thankful voice,
Sing what his love inſpires.

4. Till fleeting time ſhall have an end,
And years ſhall ceaſe to roll,
Due praiſe ſhall from his church aſcend,
And ſpread from pole to pole.

5. How ſweet the precious goſpel ſounds
To ev'ry ſinner's ear!
This balſam heals their cank'ring wounds,
And dries each anxious tear.

6. But tears of joy muſt ever flow
For this his wondrous love,
And when I leave this world below,
I'll ſing his praiſe above.

813.*

(T. 195.)

1. GOD reveals his preſence,
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him;
God is in his temple,
All in us keep ſilence,
And before him bow with rev'rence;
Him alone, God we own:
He's our Lord and Saviour;
Praiſe his name for ever.

2. God reveals his preſence,
Whom th' angelic legions
Serve with awe in heav'nly regions.
Holy, Holy, Holy!
Sing the hoſts of heaven
Praiſe to God be ever given!
Condeſcend to attend
Graciouſly, O Jeſus!
To our ſongs and praiſes.

3. O majeſtic Being!
Were but ſoul and body
Thee to ſerve at all times ready.
Might we, like the angels,
Who behold thy glory,
Deep abaſed ſink before thee,
And through grace, be always,
In our whole demeanor,
To thy praiſe and honor.

4. Grant us reſignation,
And hearts 'fore thee bowed,
With thy peace divine endowed:
As a tender flower
Opens and inclineth
To the cheering ſun which ſhineth:
So may we be from thee
Rays of grace deriving,
And thereby be thriving.

5. Lord, come dwell within us,
Whilſt on earth we tarry;
Make us thy bleſt ſanctuary.
O vouchſafe thy preſence,
Draw unto us nearer,
And reveal thyſelf ſtill clearer.
Us direct, and protect;
Thus we in all places
Shall ſhow forth thy praiſes.

814.

(T. 14.)

1. COME let us join our cheerful ſongs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2. "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was ſlain for us."

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

815.

(T. 14.)

1. O For a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3. He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4. He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5. Hear him, ye deaf, his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

816.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

(T. 235.)

LORD God, thy praise we sing,
To thee our thanks we bring.
Both heav'n and earth doth worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity.
To thee all angel loudly cry.
The heav'ns and all the pow'rs on high;
Cherubs and seraphim proclaim
And cry thrice holy to thy name:

Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
The Lord of Sabaoth!

With splendor of thy glory spread
Is heav'n and earth replenished.
Th' apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship, praise thee.
The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs doth thy praises boast.
The holy church, in ev'ry place
Throughout the earth, exalts thy praise.
Thee, Father, God on heaven's throne
Thy only and beloved Son,
The Holy Ghost, who Christ displays,
The church doth worship, thank and praise.

O Christ, thou glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's eternal Son.
Thou, undertaking in our room,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb.
The pains of death o'ercome by thee,
Made heav'n to all believers free.
At God's right hand thou hast thy seat,
And in thy Father's glory great;
And we believe the day's decreed,
When thou shalt judge the quick and dead.

Promote, we pray, thy servants' good,
Redeem'd with thy most precious blood;
Among thy saints make us ascend
To glory that shall never end.
Thy people with salvation crown,
Bless those, O Lord, that are thy own:
Govern thy church, and, Lord, advance
For ever thine inheritance.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee:

Thy name we worſhip and adore,
World without end, for evermore.
Vouchſafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us ſafe from ſin this day.
O Lord, have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us, when we call.
Thy mercy, Lord, to us diſpenſe,
According to our confidence.
Lord, we have put our truſt in thee,
Confounded let us never be.
Amen!

817.

(T. 159.)

1. ADored be the Lamb of God,
That he upon the croſs,
Unto himſelf, by his own blood,
Hath reconciled us.
All praiſe be giv'n to him, that we
Were born the day of grace to ſee:
When he his love to us reveal'd,
And thus our pardon ſeal'd.

2. To be his prieſts and witneſſes,
Is now our happy lot,
To ſing in ſongs of endleſs praiſe,
To Jeſus who us bought.
We now, like Mary, wiſh to ſit
In ſpirit, liſt'ning at his feet,
Waiting with lamps prepar'd and dreſs'd
For Jeſu's marriage-feaſt.

3. Mean while his promiſes we truſt,
And join our warmeſt lays,
In concert with the ranſom'd hoſt,
To ſing redeeming grace.
Whilſt they who round his throne appear,
The wonders of his love declare,
And ſing: "The Lamb for us was ſlain."
Our hearts reply, Amen.

818.

(T. 83.)

NOW with joyful ſongs appear,
And with humble adoration,
'Fore the Lord, who's always near
To his ranſom'd congregation.
With the poor he deigns to dwell:
He is nam'd Immanuel.

819.*

(T. 58.)

O Lord, with thanks at thy feet we fall,
When all thy mercies to mind we call;
Grant us ſtill in future thy kind direction,
Till in us all the aim of thy election
Be quite obtain'd.

820.*

(T. 121.)

IN joyful hymns of praiſe,
Like one man, ſweetly raiſe
Voices quite united;
With your liturgic lays
Your Saviour is delighted;
He'll with gracious ear
Your thankſgiving hear,
Feel him, he is near.

821.*

(T. 22.)

WITH grateful hearts we humbly praiſe
Our heav'nly Father for his grace,
Our Saviour who for ſinners bled,
The Holy Ghoſt by whom we're led.

822.*

(T. 39.)

1. O That we with gladneſs of ſpirit for ever
Adored and praiſed our crucified Saviour!
O might each pulſation thankſgiving expreſs,
And each breath we draw be an anthem of praiſe!

2. The Lamb, who by blood our salvation obtained,
Took on him our curse, and death freely sustained,
Is worthy of praises, let with one accord,
All people say Amen, O praise ye the Lord!

823.

(T. 230.)

PRAISES, thanks, and adoration,
Be giv'n to God without cessation:
To Jesus Christ, our gracious Lord,
For his mercy, love, and favor,
To us, his flock, endures for ever:
Bless, bless his name with one accord.
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Hallellujah.
In highest strain
Praise the Lamb slain:
Let heav'n and earth reply, Amen!

XXXVIII. Of the Vanity of Human Life, our Departure unto the Lord, and the Resurrection of the Body.

824.*

(T. 132.)

1. THANK God, towards eternity
Another step is taken,
My heart with longing turns to thee,
Whilst here on earth I'm walking;
I long and pant for my release,
When I shall hence depart in peace,
To be with thee for ever.

2. I tell the hours and days and years,
And think them tedious ages,
Until the wish'd-for time appears
Which all my grief assuages;
Meanwhile I forward press with haste,
Until I shall arrive at last
At my desired haven.

3. Come, faith thy bride, who wants thy sight,
Of all that's earthly weary,
She cries aloud with all her might,
Come, come, and do not tarry;
Jesus, my Bridegroom, come to me,
Thou know'st, O Lord, that I to thee
Already am betrothed.

4. I am assur'd, nor life nor death
Me from thy love can sever,
Whilst I abide in thee by faith,
And taste thy love and favor;
What, though this time seem long to me,
A foretaste of eternity
I have in thy communion.

825.*

(T. 52.)

1. MY life I now to God resign:
At his decree I'll not repine.
Will he prolong my mournful days;
His promis'd grace
Sufficeth me to run my race.

2. I go hence at th' appointed hour;
I can't, nor would I go before:
My very hairs he counteth all,
Both great and small,
Without his will not one can fall.

3. What is this life? a constant scene
Of sighs and tears, of care and pain:
Moments of sin and days of woe
Here ebb and flow,
Till we are summon'd hence to go.

4. What is a man? a clod of earth,
A needy mortal from his birth;
Brought nothing with him when he came,
But sin and shame,
And naked leaves this worldly frame.

5. No greatness, wit, nor golden store
Can here a better lot procure;
'Gainst death no med'cine can prevail;
No fee nor bail
Can cancel Adam's sad entail.

6. To-day we live, look fair and red,
To-morrow may be sick or dead;
For life upon a thread depends,
And at our hands
God unawares our souls demands.

7. Lord, make us number so our days,
T'apply our hearts to wisdom's ways,
Knowing how swift our moments fly,
That all must die,
Poor, rich, young, old, both low and high.

8. This is the fruit of Adam's fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, seiz'd on all;
Sin gives him pow'r o'er human race;
There is no place
Exempt from his continual chace.

9. Evil and few, as Jacob says,
Alas! I count my pilgrim days:
When God shall call his servant home,
I'll meet the tomb,
In hopes of lasting joys to come.

10. How should I feel the guilt of sin
Assaulting me without, within;
Did I not know, God gave his Son,
Who did atone
For what I all my life have done.

11. 'Tis he, my Lord and Saviour Christ,
Who for my sins was sacrific'd,
And rose triumphant from the grave,
That he might save
My soul from being satan's slave.

12. To him I yield my life and breath;
His love shall guide my soul through death,
And bring me to that blessed place,
Where face to face
I shall behold the God of grace.

13. This gives me comfort and relief
In all my greatest pain and grief,
That I shall rise, when Christ appears,
Free from all fears,
God will himself wipe off my tears.

14. My ever faithful God is he
Who takes my bones in custody;
Out of his hands no dust shall fall,
He truly shall
My body from the grave recall.

15. Humbly, Lord Christ, I thee address,
Ah! clothe me with thy righteousness;
Within thy wounds I crave a place,
O Source of grace!
For there's my only happiness.

16. Amen! thou sov'reign God of love,
O grant that when we hence remove,
All souls redeemed by thy blood
May find in God
Their everlasting sure abode.

826.

(T. 582.)

1. THE spirits of the just,
Confin'd in bodies, groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done.

2. Jesus, who came to save,
(The Lamb for sinners slain,)
Hath sanctify'd the gloomy grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.

3. Why fear we then to trust
The place where Jesus lay?
He'll raise this body from the dust,
And unto life convey.

4. Sin's pardon'd—I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ, my ransom dy'd.

5. God gives the victory;
To him due thanks be paid;
For we are conqu'rors when we die,
Through Christ our living head.

827.

(T. 22.)

1. FOuntain of life, who gav'st us breath,
Eternal Sire, by all ador'd;
Who mak'st us conqu'rors over death,
Through Jesus our victorious Lord.

2. We give thee thanks, we sing thy praise,
For calling thus thy children home;

And short'ning tribulation-days,
To hide them in the peaceful tomb.

3. Jesus, confiding in thy name,
Thou king of saints, thy body's head,
We give to earth the breathless frame,
Rememb'ring thou thyself wast dead.

4. Thine was a bitter death indeed,
Thou harmless, suff'ring Lamb of God:
Thou hast from hell thy people freed;
Their souls are clean ed in thy blood.

828.*

(T. 168.)

MAKE my calling and election,
Jesus, ev'ry day more sure,
Keep me under thy direction,
Till I, through thy godlike pow'r,
Unto endless glory raised,
In thy mansions shall be placed:
When in thee I end my race,
Weeping will for ever cease.

829.*

(T. 151.)

1. FArewell henceforth for ever
All empty worldly joys;
Farewell, for Christ my Saviour
Alone my thoughts employs:
In heav'n's my conversation,
Where souls in him possess
A rich remuneration
Beyond their services.

2. Counsel me, dearest Jesus,
According to thy heart;
Heal thou all my diseases,
And ev'ry harm avert:
Be thou my consolation
Whilst here on earth I live,
And at my expiration
Me to thyself receive.

3. May in my heart's recesses
Thy name and cross always
Sparkle, with all their graces,
To yield me joy and peace:
Stand 'fore me in that figure,
Wherein for all my need
Thou under justice-rigor
Once on the cross didst bleed.

830.

(T. 590.)

OUR conversation is in heav'n,
Whence also we expect
The Lord our Saviour Christ to come
And gather his elect.
Then he shall change our body vile,
And fashion it like his,
A glorious body, form'd for realms
Of everlasting bliss.

831.*

(T. 75.)

1. THE Lord my portion is,
I know no other bliss,
Here nor eternally,
But that which flows to me
From Jesu's blood and death,
Whereon I trust by faith.

2. Thou know'st, O God, that I,
Were I just now to die,
No Saviour have beside,
But Christ who for me dy'd;
He is my faithful Friend,
Whose mercies never end.

3. May I, when time is o'er,
Behold for evermore
My Saviour, Lord and God,
Who bought me by his blood,
And view the wounds which he
Received once for me.

4. The time to him is known,
Mean while be this alone
My care, that through his grace
I so may run my race,
That I in faith may die,
And live eternally.

832.*

(T. 132.)

1. JESUS, by thy almighty pow'r
My soul from death deliver,

In that important awful hour,
When soul and body sever;
Into thy ever faithful hand
My spirit then may I commend,
I trust, thou wilt receive it.

2. Tho' guilt would fill my soul with dread,
Despair and consternation,
I know I need not be afraid,
Since Christ is my salvation;
His precious blood, his wounds and death,
Will, when I draw my latest breath,
Be my support and comfort.

3. I of his body am a limb,
This is my consolation;
Nor life nor death 'twixt me and him
Shall make a separation;
He in me, I in him abide,
In him, who for me liv'd and dy'd,
I've found life everlasting.

4. Since he did from the dead arise,
And then ascend victorious,
I likewise in the hope rejoice,
To rise again more glorious;
Thus free from fear I can in peace
Depart to see him as he is,
And live with him for ever.

833.*

(T. 83.)

1. CHRIST, my Rock, my sure Defence,
Jesus, my Redeemer liveth;
O what pleasing hopes from thence
My believing heart deriveth,
Else death's long and gloomy night
Would my guilty soul affright.

2. Christ is risen from the dead,
Thou shalt rise too, saith my Saviour,
Of what should I be afraid,
I with him shall live for ever.
Can the head forsake its limb,
And not draw it after him?

3. No, my soul he cannot leave,
This, this is my consolation,
And my body in the grave
Rests in hope and expectation,
That this mortal flesh shall see
Incorruptibility.

4. Closely by love's sacred bands
I am join'd to him already,
And my faith's outstretched hands
To embrace my Lord are ready;
Death itself shall never part
Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

5. Flesh I bear, and therefore must
Unto dust be once reduced,
This I own, but from the dust
I shall be to life produced,
And convey'd to endless bliss,
Live, where my Redeemer is.

6. In my body, when restor'd
To the likeness of his body,
I shall see my God, my Lord,
My belov'd, once white and ruddy;
In my flesh eternally
My Redeemer I shall see.

7. These mine eyes most certainly
Shall behold and know my Saviour,
I, no stranger, no, ev'n I,
Him t'embrace shall have the favor,
Grieving, pining in that day
Ever shall be done away.

8. What here sickens, sighs and groans,
There o'er death shall prove victorious;
Earthly here are sown my bones,
Heav'nly they shall rise and glorious:
What as nat'ral is sown here,
Shall as spiritual rise there.

9. Let us raise our minds above
This world's lusts, vain, transitory,
Cleave to him ev'n here in love,
Whom we hope to see in glory:
May our minds tend constantly
Where we ever wish to be.

834.*

(T. 149.)

1. YE who Jesu's patients are,
Let your hearts be tending
Thither, where ye wish to share
Bliss, that's never-ending;

O may ye–conſtantly,
Wean'd from what's terreſtrial,
Look for things celeſtial.

2. Placing all your thoughts above,
Where each true believer
Will, for his redeeming love,
Praiſe the Lord for ever:
Here, by faith–in his death,
We find conſolation
And complete ſalvation.

835.*
(T. 37.)

MY happy lot is here
The Lamb to follow;
Be this my only care
Each ſtep to hallow,
And thus await the time,
When Chriſt my Saviour
Will call me hence, with him
To live for ever.

836.*
(T. 22.)

MAY Chriſt continue ſtill to keep,
To feed and tend his dear-bought ſheep,
And lead them through this vale of tears,
Till that great day when he appears.

837.*
(T. 166.)

1. LORD, when I quit this earthly ſtage,
Where ſhall I fly but to thy breaſt?
For I have ſought no other home,
For I have found no other reſt.
When earthly cares engroſs the mind
And turn my thoughts aſide from thee,
Then the ſucceſſive days and nights
Seem long and wearifome to me.

2. My God, and can a needy child,
That loves thee in humility,
From thy dear preſence be exil'd,
Or ever ſeparated be?
O no, for in thy wounded hands
My worthleſs name engrav'd I ſee;
Firm and ſecure thy promiſe ſtands,
That where thou art, thy friends ſhall be.

838.*
(T. 244.)

1. HOW ſoon, exalted Jeſus,
Thou wilt to us reveal
Thy countenance moſt glorious,
That none as yet can tell;
So as thou didſt appear
To thy diſciples here;
Mean while, by frequent viſits,
Us, thy poor members, cheer.

2. Till then, thou wilt call over,
Out of thy family,
Now one, and then another,
To be at reſt with thee:
O grant us needful grace,
That we may run our race,
Relying on thy mercy
Till we ſhall ſee thy face.

839.*
(T. 184.)

WHEN, O when ſhall I have the favor
To ſee th'approach of thoſe bleſt days,
When I ſhall welcome my dear Saviour
With ſolemn ſtrains, with joyful lays?
How bleſt will then be my condition,
When in my fleſh I Chriſt ſhall ſee!
Though happy in his love's fruition,
Ev'n here, I long with him to be.

840.*
(T. 151.)

WHEN I ſhall gain permiſſion
To leave this mortal tent,
And get from pain diſmiſſion,
Jeſus, thyſelf preſent;
And let me, when expiring,
Recline upon thy breaſt,
Thus I ſhall be acquiring
Eternal life and reſt.

841.*

(T. 22.)

1. LORD Jesus, Fountain of my life!
Sole comfort in this world of strife!
I come both weary and oppress,
And pray, Lord, take my soul to rest!

2. And when I yield my dying breath,
Support me by thy bitter death;
Thy mercy is my only plea;
Thy bonds have gain'd my liberty.

3. By all thou hast for me endur'd,
Thou hast eternal life procur'd;
Thy shame, reproach and thorny crown,
Gain'd for me glory and renown!

4. Thy stripes have me a sinner heal'd;
My pardon with thy blood is seal'd;
Thy agony, thy dying breath
Redeem'd me from eternal death.

5. Unto my heart when speech I want,
The utt'rance of thy Spirit grant:
O that my soul to heav'n may rise,
When death in darkness seals my eyes.

6. What songs of everlasting joy
Shall mine and angels' tongues employ!
How shall we to eternity
Exalt thy love and mercy free!

842.

(T. 22.)

1. LET us this { brother's / sister's } corpse inter,
While we God's word in mem'ry bear
That it shall rise again one day,
Nor more be subject to decay.

2. It is but earth, from earth it came,
And now returns into the same,
But under earth no more will lie,
When God's loud trump shall fill the sky.

3. The soul doth ever live with God,
With grace already here endow'd,
And from all blot and stain of sin,
By Jesu's precious blood made clean.

4. Our { brother's / sister's } sorrows, griefs and woes
Are now come to a happy close,
Who since { he / she } did Christ's yoke embrace,
Dead in the body, lives always.

5. This body leave its rest to take,
We to our stations will go back,
And serve our Lord with cheerful heart,
For soon we too shall hence depart.

6. Christ, our Redeemer, will us aid,
Since by his blood he us hath freed
From satan's pow'r and endless pain,
To him all honor doth pertain.

843.*

(T. 483.)

NOW rest in peace;
Our pray'rs, when dying, thee attended,
Thou'st ended
Thy mortal life, and now always
Beholdest Jesus face to face;
The holy angels did convey
Thy soul to realms of endless day,
There blessthee, God the Father, and the Son,
Thee bless the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thou there ador'st the Lamb that sitteth onthethrone.

844.*

(T. 159.)

MY only joy and comfort here
Is Jesu's death and blood;
This is my pass when I appear
Before the throne of God.

Thus shall I once depart in peace,
Behold my Saviour as he is,
And with the saints above adore,
And praise him evermore.

845.*

(T. 14.)

1. How sweetly this our { brother / sister } sleeps,
Enjoying endless peace,
The grave wherein { his / her } Saviour lay
Is now { his / her } resting-place.

2. Nought can disturb this heir of life,
All worldly cares are fled;
To be with Christ was { his / her } desire,
And { he's / she's } now perfected.

846.

(T. 102.)

1. WHERE is this infant? It is gone!
To whom? To Jesus who redeem'd it.
What doth he for it? He goes on,
As he hath done to love and tend it!
He blesseth, embraceth
Gladly without end,
For he is the children's unchangeable Friend.

2. He took them in his arms on earth,
And show'd to them peculiar favor,
Hence we may know, that from their birth,
He longs to prove their gracious Saviour!
He gave them, he takes them,
Whene'er he thinks best
For them to come to him and with him to rest.

3. O Lord, thy glorious name we bless,
That we have seen this little infant;
And that thy blood and righteousness
Is now to it a robe resplendent.
We thank thee most humbly
For taking it home,
And that it so soon hath all dangers o'ercome.

4. This infant rests now happily
In Christ the source of its salvation!
Rejoicing to eternity
Amongst the ransom'd congregation.
The body we bury;
We know that, from pain
Released, we once shall behold it again.

847.*

(T. 14.)

1. WHether the period of this life
Be long or short, we know,
'Tis in itself of no great weight,
We're pilgrims here below.

2. Thrice happy they, who in this time
In Jesus Christ believe,
And as a living sacrifice
To him their bodies give †.

† Rom. xii. 1.

3. He is, as long as life shall last,
The Source of all their bliss,
And when they from this world depart,
They see him as he is.

848.*

(T. 14.)

LORD, may I live to thee by faith,
To thee O may I die,
For thine I am in life and death,
Thine, thine eternally.

849.

(T. 11.)

1. LORD, my times are in thy hand,
Be they then at thy command;
Though in me death lives, and I,
Daily living, daily die.

2. Did I live to thee alone,
Then the sting of death were gone.
But without thy Spirit's breath
Life is only living death.

3. Lord, where should a wretch like me
Fly for shelter but to thee?
Thou hast gone before, in grace,
To seek out a resting-place.

4. Bearing my sin's heavy load,
All thy steps were mark'd with blood,
From the garden to the cross,
Bleeding, dying for our loss.

5. By thy bitter agony,
By thy life pour'd out for me,
Let me, wretched sinner, find
In my God a Friend most kind.

850.

(T. 96.)

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem!
Jesus my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

851.

(T. 114.)

THE spirits of the righteous which are seated
Around the throne of God in heav'nly bliss,
Behold my gracious Saviour as he is.
Ah, when shall I poor trav'ller be permitted,
To join this num'rous happy company,
And my Redeemer face to face to see!

852.*

(T. 146.)

1. THE grace enjoy'd by faith
In Jesu's incarnation,
His wounds and bitter death,
Assures us of salvation;
Engageth our whole heart,
Prompts us to sing his praise,
Until we hence depart
To see him face to face.

2. If Jesus should appear
Now at this very moment,
What think ye, should ye fear?
No, we with deep abasement,
Yet joyful, would adore
The Lamb who shed his blood,
And own him evermore
Our Saviour, Lord and God.

3. Ah, might the time soon come,
When thou, our soul's Beloved,
Shalt fetch thy children home;
Our inmost soul is moved,
To think we shall behold
Him whom by faith we know,
Chief Shepherd of his fold,
In whom we're one, and grow.

4. Hear thou our hearts desire,
Most gracious Lord and Saviour,
Let us in peace expire,
And rise to meet thy favor;
When thou our Judge shalt be,
And each his doom assign,
Then all our boast shall be
Thy righteousness divine.

853.

LITURGY at BURIALS. *A.

LORD, *Have mercy upon us!*
Chriſt, *Have mercy upon us!*
Lord, *Have mercy upon us!*
Chriſt, *Hear us!*

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God Son, thou Saviour of the world!
Own us to be thine!

With thy human birth,
With all the troubles of thy life,
With thy temptations,
With thy being deſpiſed and rejected,
With thine agony and bloody ſweat,
With thy bonds and ſcourgings, and all that thou haſt endured,
With thy painful crucifixion,
With thine ineſtimable blood,
With thy dying words,
With thy meritorious death,
With thy reſt in the grave,
With thy glorious reſurrection and aſcenſion,
With thy ſitting on thy Father's throne,
With thy prevailing interceſſion,
Bleſs and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!

Cong. Moſt holy Lord and God!
Holy, almighty God!
Holy and moſt merciful Saviour!
Thou eternal God!
Grant that we may never
Loſe the comforts from thy death.
Have mercy, O Lord!

Lord God Holy Ghoſt!
Abide with us for ever!

* The petitions printed in Italics are to be ſaid or ſung by the whole congregation.

O Holy Ghoſt, who haſt called us by the goſpel, enlighten us by thy gifts, ſanctify and preſerve us in the true faith;

Even as thou doſt call, gather, enlighten and ſanctify all Chriſtendom on earth, and keepeſt it by Jeſus Chriſt in the true and only faith;

In which Chriſtian church thou forgiveſt me and all believers all ſin daily and richly. *Amen.*

I am the reſurrection and the life, ſaith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet ſhall he live. And whoſoever liveth and believeth in me, ſhall never die.

Therefore, from henceforth bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord: even ſo, ſaith the Spirit, for they reſt from their labors.

O death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory? The ſting of death is ſin, and the ſtrength of ſin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

Cong. Into the earth, like Jeſus *,
This body now is laid.
Soon comes the happy period,
When we, and thoſe interred
Shall live with him who once was dead.

We poor ſinners pray, hear us, gracious Lord and God.

And keep us in everlaſting fellowſhip with the church triumphant, eſpecially with our brother [ſiſter] *N. N.* whoſe remains we here inter, and let us once reſt with him [her] in thy preſence from all our labor. *Amen.*

Our late brother [ſiſter] deſired to depart and to be with Chriſt, which is far better; and he [ſhe] ſhall never taſte death, but attain unto the reſurrection of the dead; for this body which he [ſhe] hath put off, this grain of corruptibility, ſhall put on incorruption. His [her] fleſh here reſts in hope.

The Father and the Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of him who raiſed up Jeſus from the dead, will alſo quicken this body, becauſe the Spirit of Jeſus dwelt in it. *Amen.*

Cong. The Saviour's blood and righteouſneſs
My ſplendor is, my glorious dreſs;
In theſe array'd, I need not fear,
When in his preſence I appear.

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* Here the corpſe is let down into the grave.

None of us liveth henceforth unto himſelf; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Chriſt both died and roſe and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Bleſſed and holy is he, that hath part in the firſt reſurrection; on ſuch the ſecond death hath no power; but they ſhall be prieſts of God and of Chriſt.

The Spirit and the Bride they ſay, Come!
Let him that heareth ſay alſo, Come!

Cong. Amen, come, Lord Jeſus, do not long tarry,
With longing hearts we are waiting for thee;
Come ſoon, O come.

Glory be to the Reſurrection and the Life, who vivifieth us, as long as we are dying; and after we have obtained the true life, doth not ſuffer us to die any more.

Glory be to him in that church which waiteth for him, and in that which is about him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, the love of God, and the fellowſhip of the Holy Ghoſt, be with you all. *Amen.*

854.

LITURGY at BURIALS. *B.

LORD, *Have mercy upon us!*
Chriſt, *Have mercy upon us!*
Lord, *Have mercy upon us!*
Chriſt, *Hear us!*

Our Father, which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

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* The petitions printed in Italics are to be ſaid or ſung by the whole congregation.

O Father, love us, becauſe we love Jeſus, and believe that he came out from thee, and was made fleſh and dwelt among us, and took on him the form of a ſervant, and redeemed us loſt and undone human creatures from all ſin and from death with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent ſuffering and dying, to the end that we ſhould be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and ſerve him in eternal righteouſneſs, innocency and happineſs; ſo as he is riſen from the dead, liveth and reigneth world without end.

Therefore bleſſed are the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from their labors.

Whoſoever liveth and believeth in Chriſt, ſhall never die; for he is the reſurrection and the life, and went to prepare a place for us, and will come again, and receive us unto himſelf, that where he is, there we may be alſo.

Mean while none of us liveth to himſelf, and no man dieth to himſelf; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Chriſt both died, and roſe and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Bleſſed and holy is he, that hath part in the firſt reſurrection; on ſuch the ſecond death hath no power; but they ſhall be prieſts of God and of Chriſt.

O death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which give thus the victory through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

Cong. Into the earth, like Jeſus *,
This body now is laid.
Soon comes the happy period,
When we, and thoſe interred,
Shall live with him who once was dead.

We poor ſinners pray, hear us, gracious Lord and God!

And keep us in everlaſting fellowſhip with the church triumphant, eſpecially with this our brother [ſiſter, or with this child] *N. N.* whom thou haſt called home to thyſelf, and let us once reſt with him [her] in thy preſence from all our labor. *Amen.*

* Here the corpſe is let down into the grave.

[† As touching children Jesus saith: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."]

We desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; we shall never see death; and we shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for the body, which we shall put off, that grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: our flesh shall rest in hope.

The Father and his Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of him who raised Jesus from the dead will also quicken this body, because the Spirit of Jesus hath dwelt in it.

Glory be to the Resurrection and the Life, who vivifieth us, as long as we are dying; and after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to him in that church which waiteth for him, and in that which is about him. For ever and ever. *Amen.*

Cong. Whilst here the great salvation
Procur'd by Jesu's passion,
Our fav'rite theme shall be;
We hope true joy t'inherit
By virtue of his merit,
In heav'n to all eternity.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all. *Amen.*

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† To be used only at the burial of a child.

XXXIX. Of Christ's Coming to Judgment.

855.

(T. 581.)

1. HArk! the trump of God is heard,
And th' archangel's voice on high;
Yea, the Lord himself descends
With a shout that rends the sky;
See the dead rise from the tomb,
Glad that now his kingdom's come.

2. Lo, his people too on earth,
In a moment chang'd, all rise
In the clouds, caught up with them,
Meet their Saviour in the skies;
Fears and doubts are far remov'd,
For they see him whom they lov'd.

3. See this transient mortal life
Swallow'd up eternally!
Death, O death, where is thy sting?
Where, O grave, thy victory?
For through Jesus Christ we have
Vict'ry over death and grave.

4. Now all tears are wip'd away,
Free from curse and free from pain,
All Christ's people now with him
Kings and priests for ever reign.
Now his matchless love and grace
Doth engage their thanks and praise.

5. In the hope of all this joy,
Brethren, let us still be found;
Steadfast in the faith of Christ,
May we all in love abound,
Till we shall, when time is o'er,
Live with him for evermore.

856.

(T. 585.)

1. LO! he cometh! countless trumpets
Christ's appearance usher in!
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See our Judge and Saviour shine!
Hallelujah! welcome, welcome, slaughter'd Lamb.

2. Now the song of all the saved,
Worthy is the Lamb! resounds:
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds!
They who pierc'd him shall at his appearing wail.

3. Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him shall ashamed
Hear the trump proclaim his day:
Come to judgment! stand before the Son of man!

4. All who love him view his glory,
In his once much marred face:
Jesus cometh, all his people
Now their heads with joy shall raise:
Happy mourners! Lo on clouds he comes! he comes!

5. See redemption long expected,
On that awful day appear;
All his people, once despised,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah! now the promis'd kingdom's come!

857.*

(T. 151.)

PRepare your lamps, stand ready,
Your vessels fill with oil;
Be clean in soul and body,
Your wishes then can't fail:
Hear Sion's watchmen crying,
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh,
"Meet him with banners flying,
"And shouts of praise and joy."

858.*

(T. 580.)

O Lord of glory, grant, we pray,
That each with ardent longing may
At all times ready be;
When thou shalt come, with trumpet's sound,
O let us day and night be found
Joyful to meet and welcome thee.

859.

(T. 590.)

1. MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes:
Ere long I know he shall appear
Upon his Father's seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

2. Then, though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my corpse their prey,
I know I shall arise with pow'r,
On the last judgment-day:
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him these mine eyes shall see,
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

3. Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
Shall cease eternally:
How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
O hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

860.*

(T. 132.)

1. 'TIS sure that awful time will come,
When Christ, the Lord of glory,
Shall from his throne give men their doom,
And change what's transitory:
This will strike dumb each impious jeer,
When all will be consum'd by fire,
And heav'n and earth dissolved.

2. The waking trumpets all shall hear
Throughout the whole creation;
And all the dead shall then appear,
Plac'd in their proper station:
Those in the body at that time
Shall, in a manner most sublime,
Endure a transmutation.

3. Woe then to him, that hath despis'd
God's word and revelation,
And here done nothing but devis'd
His lust's gratification;
Then how confounded will he stand,
When he must go, at Christ's command,
With satan to hell-torment!

4. When all with awe shall stand around
To hear their doom allotted,
Grant, Jesus, then my name be found
Within thy book unblotted;
Of which I doubt not in the least,
For thou, as Saviour and High-priest,
Hast purchas'd my salvation.

5. I know as Judge thou shalt appear,
But yet as Intercessor;
And hope in humble faith that there
Thou'lt call me thy confessor,
And bring me to that blessed place
Where I shall see, with open face,
The glory of thy kingdom.

6. O Jesus, shorten thy long stay,
And hasten thy salvation;
That we may see that glorious day
Produce a new creation:
Lord Jesus come, our Judge and King,
Come change our mournful notes, to sing
Thy praise for ever! Amen.

861.

(T. 14.)

1. WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear?

2. If yet while pardon may be found,
Thy mercy I've not sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3. That thou, O Lord, wilt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,

And sit in judgment on my soul,
How then shall I appear?

4. But thou declarest in thy word
That sinners who to thee,
Whilst here they live, repenting turn,
Shall live eternally.

5. Grant that I never may despair
Full pardon to obtain,
Since Jesus Christ, to save my soul,
Upon the cross was slain.

862.*

(T. 588.)

1. YE virgins, be
Girt with alacrity;
At midnight cometh he:
Cease all your mourning,
The Lord will be returning,
And him you'll see
In majesty.

2. Now ready stand,
Yea always ready stand;
The Bridegroom is at hand:
Sleep not, nor slumber,
Let nothing you encumber,
But ready stand;
He is at hand.

863.

(T. 166.)

ACcording to my state on earth
Shall the decisive sentence be;
They who have felt the second birth,
The second death shall never see.
But if from hence I take my flight
A captive to the tyrant sin;
Farewell to ev'ry cheering light,
A scene of darkness must begin.

864.

(T. 205.)

1. ARE you form'd a creature new,
Clean's'd by Jesu's precious blood,
Can you Christ in spirit view,
Reconcil'd by him to God;
Rise, to meet the Bridegroom, go,
Mingle with the virgin row,
Have you oil, you need not fear,
Though this moment he appear.

2. Walk with care the narrow way,
Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,
Trim your lamps from day to day,
Adding still recruits of oil;
Doubly doth the spirit rest
On that happy, peaceful breast,
Who himself to praying gives,
Who a life of watching lives.

3. Up, go forth to meet the Lamb,
Slumber not, midst worldly care;
Let your lamps be all on flame,
For his coming now prepare:
Then whene'er ye hear the cry,
Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh,
You will not confounded be,
But can meet him cheerfully.

865.*

(T. 592.)

1. THIS transient world is not our home,
No soul finds here or rest, or bliss;
The man by this vain world o'ercome,
Will of salvation surely miss:
Jesus alone yields comfort true,
Jesus is pleasure void of pain;
His mercies ev'ry day are new,
His friendship's fire doth still remain.
The scorn'd selected few thrice happy are,
Who have in Jesu's love and grace a share.

2. His shame to all will be display'd,
However specious here his dress,
Who is not in the robe array'd
Of Jesu's perfect righteousness;
Who of Christ's fulness ne'er receiv'd,
Will tremble at the judgment-day;
However righteous here believ'd,
Then naked must he go away:
Haste then to Jesus Christ; thrice happy they,
Who to the mercy-seat have found their way.

866.*

(T. 16.)

JUDGE my heart betimes, dear Saviour,
Ere thou com'ſt my Judge to be;
Show to me, a worm, thy favor,
Here and in eternity.

867.*

(T. 58.)

DEpart from me: O moſt dreadful word!
Which thoſe ſhall hear from our Judge and Lord;
Who, for worldly pleaſures, deſpis'd ſalvation,
Regardleſs of their great deſtination
To follow Chriſt.

868.*

(T. 22.)

1. REjoice thou little happy flock,
Which, grounded firm on Chriſt the Rock,
Shall dwell with him in laſting day,
When heav'n and earth ſhall paſs away.

2. Who doth not turn to Chriſt whilſt here,
And love him truly, ſhall with fear
And trembling, ſeek a ſhelt'ring place,
To hide himſelf from Jeſu's face.

3. Help us, O Chriſt, to watch and pray,
That we be ready ev'ry day,
To ſtand before thee thro' thy grace,
And in thy kingdom have a place.

XL. Of the Church Triumphant, and the Glory of eternal Life.

869.

(T. 159.)

1. MOunt Sion, where the Lamb of God,
Who for our ſins aton'd,
And bought us by his precious blood,
For ever is enthron'd;
Where his redeem'd and choſen bride
Through endleſs ages ſhall reſide;
Is here, through faith in Jeſu's name,
Our joy and final aim.

2. Jeruſalem, the church above,
Now triumphs over death,
And, when we perfected in love,
Shall once reſign our breath,
We ſhall, with all the ſaints in light,
In cheerful ſongs of praiſe unite,
And with his choſen evermore,
His ſaving name adore.

3. Deliver'd from this mortal clay,
From ſorrow, ſin, and pain,
We ſhall with Chriſt in laſting day,
True holineſs obtain,
Lord Jeſus, hear our fervent pray'r,
Us needy ſinners all prepare,
By faith in thee, to end our race,
And to behold thy face.

870.

(T. 14.)

1. THere is a houſe not made with hands,
Eternal, and above;
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands,
Till it ſhall hence remove.

2. My Saviour by his ſaving grace
Prepareth me for heav'n;
And, as an earneſt of the place,
Hath his own Spirit giv'n.

3. We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're abſent from the Lord.

4. 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace;
But we had rather ſee:
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

871.*
(T. 205.)

1. O Exalt and praiſe the Lord,
Laud his name for evermore,
Gratefully with one accord,
With the angels him adore:
Thank him for the faithfulneſs,
Wherewith he his witneſſes,
Who're in heaven perfected,
Midſt great tribulation led.

2. They thro' Jeſu's precious blood,
Cleans'd from ſin and render'd chaſte,
As the miniſters of God,
Him by word and deed confeſt;
In their Lord's reproach a ſhare,
Hated by the world, they bare,
Now with the angelic train,
Praiſe the Lamb for ſinners ſlain.

3. All their names are written down,
In the book of life enroll'd,
Now they ſtand before God's throne,
He doth in remembrance hold
And rewards their faith, which they
Did by acts of love diſplay,
He in mind their ſuff'rings bears,
Graciouſly he dries their tears.

4. They with patience having run
Their appointed race, in hope
Of the prize, at laſt the crown
Have obtain'd, for them laid up;
Now they ſerve the Lamb of God,
(Having in his precious blood
Waſh'd their robes and made them white)
In his temple day and night.

5. In fine, ſpotleſs linen dreſt,
Palms of victory they bear,
By no ſorrows e'er oppreſs'd,
Unmoleſted now by care,
Free from hunger, thirſt and heat,
They've attain'd to joy complete,
Unto living fountains led,
By the Lamb himſelf they're fed.

6. Since we likewiſe may attain
To this happineſs through grace,
And by foll'wing Jeſus, gain
With the ſaints in heav'n a place;
May we tread the narrow path,
Not unfruitful in the faith,
And unto the end endure,
Making our election ſure.

7. May we always have in view
The example of our Lord,
Faithfully his ſteps purſue,
Giving heed unto his word;
In our bodies, while we've breath,
May we bear about his death,
That his life may even here
In our mortal fleſh appear.

8. Let us call to mind with joy,
Thoſe who have before us gone,
Who obtain'd the victory
Through the blood of Chriſt alone,
That we all may zealouſly
Imitate their conſtancy,
Till we too the prize receive,
And with them in glory live.

872.
(T. 14.)

1. HAppy the ſouls to Jeſus join'd,
And ſav'd by grace alone,
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heav'n on earth begun.

2. The church above no other theme
But Jeſu's love doth know;
In joyful hymns they praiſe his name,
We do the ſame below.

3. Him in his glorious realm they praiſe,
And bow before his throne;
We in the kingdom of his grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4. The holy to the holieſt leads,
From hence our ſpirits riſe,
And he that in his ſtatutes treads
Shall meet him in the ſkies.

873.*
(T. 205.)

AMEN, yea, Hallelujah!
Jeſus, praiſe to thee be giv'n,
That for me, through mercy free,
Thou'ſt prepar'd a place in heav'n;
Ah, how bleſt will be my caſe,
When I ſhall behold thy face,
And, from pain and ſorrow free,
Live for evermore with thee!

874.

(T. 58.)

1. JESU's life of ſorrows,
His doleful paſſion,
Remain alone our higheſt conſolation
In life and death.

2. All our hopes are founded
On Jeſu's merit;
He bow'd his head and yielded up his ſpirit
That we might live.

3. And his holy body,
For us interred,
Hallows our reſting-place, when we are bury'd
To reſt in hope.

4. Jeſus roſe victorious!
And, O my Saviour,
What laſting bliſs ſhall we enjoy for ever,
When rais'd like thee!

5. Lord, to heav'n aſcended,
For our ſalvation,
For us in thy dear Father's habitation
A place prepare.

6. At thy bleſt appearing,
Freed from all weakneſs,
We ſhall be chang'd, and meet thee in thy likeneſs,
And with thee live.

7. Then what joy awaiteth
The poor and needy!
Beloved Saviour, make thy children ready
To ſhare thy bliſs.

875.

(T. 136.)

1. MY Lord and God!
Who for my ſins atoned,
And in death's agony for me haſt groaned;
I weep for joy,
And raiſe my feeble ſong,
For both in life and death this meditation
Proves unto me a ſweet and ſtrengthning conſolation;
My pardon's ſealed with thy blood,
My Lord! my God!

2. Come ſoon, O come,
Ye hours, wherein for ever,
With hoſts of ſaints, I too ſhall have the favor
To ſee my Lord:
With joy I ſtand prepar'd;
Who knows but I this day may leave the body,
Call'd forth to meet the Bridegroom? may he find me ready;
I long to be with him at home;
Come ſoon, O come!

876.

(T. 14.)

1. GOD hath laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

2. Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone,
But all that love and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

877.

(T. 83.)

WHEN departed once in peace,
I ſhall have the grace and favor
To behold him face to face,
Whom I love, ev'n God my Saviour:
Then I ſhall for evermore
Him in endleſs joy adore.

878.

(T. 14.)

1. COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our ſong.

2. Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect joy, and love ſincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3. The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloath'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4. There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless praises to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

5. Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above
We join th' angelic choir.

879.

(T. 14.)

1. THERE where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity,
In never ceasing praise.

2. Dear Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

3. Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode;
Haste, for my spirit longs to be
With thee, my Lord and God.

880.*

(T. 208.)

I AM lost in wonder
When I duly ponder,
Jesus, on thy grace;
That I shall in glory
Evermore adore thee,
And that, face to face,
I shall see eternally
Thee, the God of my salvation,
O what consolation!

881.*

(T. 126.)

1. WHEN we shall see our Jesus,
And thankful him adore;
What rapture then will seize us!
We meet to part no more:
Our Lord the ransom'd round the throne,
Midst joys unutterable,
Will then confess his own.

2. Yea these our eyes in heaven
Shall see him face to face;
Then will to us be given
What here desired was:
And our redemption by his blood
We shall extol for ever,
Before the throne of God.

882.*

(T. 97.)

1. HOW doth my needy soul rejoice,
That by my faithful Shepherd's choice,
My name is certainly inroll'd
Among the sheep of his blest fold;
May I by nothing e'er be drawn aside,
But be a happy member of his bride.

2. My faith victorious now doth rise
Above all earthly vanities,
And hath Jerus'lem full in view,
That holy city, fair and new;
Thro' faith in Christ I am God's child and heir,
And shall the glories of his kingdom share.

3. O might I, like a little child,
Grow humble, lowly, meek and mild,
Then to that place I have a right,
Which from the Lamb derives its light,
And shall for evermore fix my abode
In the blest temple of the living God.

4. Then all old things will pass away,
And a new scene itself display;
We wait for thee, Immanuel,
Come soon, thy majesty reveal:
Our voices then in higher strains shall raise
A joyful Hallelujah to thy praise.

883.*

(T. 58.)

1. HAppy I am, yet o'er my happiness
Can ne'er rejoice, but with a blushing face,
For it is mere mercy, remains a wonder
Of Christ's long-suff'ring, when thereon I ponder
Now and always.

2. In the glorious presence
Of God my Saviour,
Tho' with abasement, this great truth I'll ever
Own to his praise:
3. That his incarnation,
His bitter passion,
And meritorious death procur'd salvation
And life for me.
4. On his great atonement
I'll trust unshaken,
Until I once to see him shall be taken,
Whom here I love.
5. Grant to me, Lord Jesus,
This special favor,
To look to thee, depending now and ever
Upon thy grace.
6. What ecstatic pleasure
Shall I then savor,
When face to face beholding him for ever,
So as he is.
7. On what joys celestial
Shall I be feasting,
When in his presence from all labor resting,
I sabbath keep.
8. O what songs of praises
Will then in heaven
Resound, when all the ransom'd souls thanksgiving
To Jesus bring.
9. Lamb, once slain for sinners,
Receive our praises,
Honor and glory from all choirs and classes,
To thee they're due.
10. Now let all say Amen,
The Lord be praised,
In heav'n and earth his name for ever blessed
By all that breathe.

884.*

(T. 166.)

1. UNTO ourselves, with deepest awe,
The spirits of the righteous
We represent, and comfort draw
From hence, when trials fright us;
Rejoicing, we behold them now,
In Jesu's presence blessed,
From the church militant below
To the triumphant raised.
2. There sits the princely company
Of those who did surrender,
For Jesu's sake, most willingly
Their lives and worldly grandeur:
Undaunted meeting fire and sword,
No toils too great esteemed,
If they to preach his precious word
By him were worthy deemed.
3. All who in Jesu's presence are,
Mov'd out of mortal vision,
Where'er they are, far off or near,
They're in a blest condition;
They are now with the Lord at home;
Our humble expectation
Is, that he'll let us also come
T' increase their congregation.

885.*

(T. 71.)

1. WHAT shall I feel, when I
The glorious choirs espy
In bliss unceasing!
Already in my heart
Rays from bright Salem dart,
With hopes most pleasing.
2. I hear th' enraptur'd song
Rais'd by the blessed throng
Of the redeemed:
Seated upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain, alone
Is worthy deemed.
3. Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,
When here thy race is run,
Shalt have the favor
To go and join the blest,
And there at home to rest
With Christ thy Saviour.
4. Then shall thy woe and grief
Find a most sure relief
In joys unbounded:
Triumphant songs shall be
To the blest Trinity
For ever sounded.

5. How bleſt when we can ſay,
All elſe is fled away,
And love prevaileth!
No longer faith and hope
We need to bear us up,
Love never faileth.

6. See how the victors go
In raiment white as ſnow,
With glory crowned!
He grants ſuch ſouls, through grace,
Around his throne a place,
On whom death frowned.

7. The Bridegroom now appears,
He wipes off all our tears,
And ends all ſadneſs;
To him I had reſign'd
Myſelf, and now I'm join'd
In perfect gladneſs.

8. O Lord, grant my requeſt,
To be in heav'n at reſt,
If 'tis thy pleaſure;
Then, to eternity,
I ne'er ſhall parted be
From thee, my Treaſure.

9. At thy through pierced feet
I'll humbly take my ſeat,
There's heav'n's enjoyment:
To give thee thanks and praiſe,
For all thy love and grace,
Be my employment.

10. Whilſt here, I live by faith,
Relying on thy death,
For thou'rt my Saviour;
There I enjoy ſweet reſt,
Reclining on thy breaſt,
In peace for ever.

886.*

(T. 184.)

WHAT heav'nly joy and conſolation
This hope affords unto my heart,
That Chriſt, the God of my ſalvation,
Shall me receive, when I depart!
Then in his preſence I for ever,
With the redeem'd ſhall ſing his praiſe;
O Lord, I long to have that favor,
To leave this world and ſee thy face.

CONCLUSION.

887.

(T. 159.)

1. SING Hallelujah! praiſe the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice:
Ne'er ceaſe to ſing, thou ranſom'd hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt!
Until in realms of endleſs light
Your praiſes ſhall unite.

2. There we to all eternity
Shall join th' angelic lays;
And ſing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviour's praiſe:
"He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
"Hath made us kings and prieſts to God;
"For us, for us the Lamb was ſlain."
Praiſe ye the Lord!

AMEN.

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TABLE of TUNES.

Note, The number affixed to every line in this Table, correſponds with the Tune-book, which is an extract from the Tune-book uſed in our congregations abroad, except a few original Engliſh tunes.

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1. TEACH us, O Lord, thy croſs's myſtery. No. 220, 596, 654, 712, 726.
4. O Spirit of Grace. No. 212, 284, 296, 399. 432, 810.
9. What, my ſoul, ſhould bow thee down. No. 465, 519, 554, 563.
10. My ſoul, awake and render. No. 445, 507, 522, 744, 778.
11. Let the ſplendor of thy word. No. 15, 34, 36, 57, 62, 109, 127, 224, 229, 239, 248, 273, 294. 311, 377, 381, 290, 429, 439, 595, 597, 614, 675, 730, 774, 776, 795, 805, 849.
14. Jeſus, thy word is my delight. No. 2, 13, 19, 21, 32, 52, 56, 60, 61, 65, 66, 67, 86, 88, 93, 96, 103, 114, 124, 137, 138, 141, 145, 148, 154 157, 161, 169, 175, 184, 191, 201, 208, 209, 232, 234, 238, 241, 242, 245, 257, 260, 277, 281, 297, 322, 328, 329, 334, 339, 341, 355, 357, 370, 382, 386, 387, 394, 396, 397, 416, 417, 426, 442, 443, 447, 452, 466, 495, 506, 535, 540, 560, 561, 574, 606, 611, 612, 618, 623, 625, 650, 676, 703, 721, 747, 758, 760, 761, 763, 767, 768, 772, 794, 796, 802, 812, 814, 815, 845, 847, 848, 861, 870, 872, 876, 878, 879.
15. Thy blood hath me a ſinner bought. No. 346, 376.
16. Chriſt the Lord, the Lord moſt glorious. No. 47, 168, 307, 344, 358, 440, 455, 651, 657, 659, 667, 719, 722, 770, 866.
22. God's holy word, which ne'er ſhall ceaſe. No. 3, 6, 7, 11, 14, 17, 26, 29, 31, 35, 42, 45, 50, 69, 70, 90, 99, 123, 130, 136, 152, 158, 159, 172, 174, 180, 187, 192, 196, 203, 210, 218, 240, 251, 258, 261, 266, 271, 288, 309, 324, 379, 383, 392, 407, 410, 411, 412, 415, 419, 434, 438, 444, 449, 450, 454, 456, 461, 478, 493, 494, 514, 544, 548, 567, 568, 571, 579, 593, 602, 605, 615 616, 617, 620, 621, 632, 658, 660,663, 672, 687, 705, 710, 714, 720, 734, 742, 745, 748, 750, 753, 754, 756, 766, 771, 773, 783, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 803, 821, 827, 836, 841, 842, 868.
23. Come approach to Jeſu's table. No. 556, 558, 589, 631, 634.
26. Thou meek and patient Lamb of God. No. 312, 315, 476, 480, 513, 594, 655, 698, 727.
30. O my God, I come oppreſs'd with ſadneſs. No. 398, 485.
32. See 583. Whene'er the ſuff'ring Lamb of God I ſee.
34. At laſt he's bleſt, who by the blood of Jeſus. No. 473.
36. Dear Jeſus! wherein waſt thou to be blamed. No. 74, 81, 237, 289, 330, 711, 769.
37. Lord, had I of thy love. No. 246, 332, 628, 835.
39. To God, our Immanuel, made fleſh as we are. No. 53, 163, 373, 545, 609, 613, 619, 626, 684, 822.

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45. O deepeſt grief. No. 119, 375, 647.
50. Jeſus, all praiſe is due to thee. No. 43, 128.
51. When Jeſus hung upon the croſs. No. 92.
52. My life I now to God reſign. No. 825.
54. The ſuff'rings of this life's ſhort day. No. 77, 316.
56. Thou, O Jeſus, art a gracious Lord. No. 333.
58. Moſt gracious Lord, we render thanks and praiſe. No. 9, 49, 63, 68, 143, 165, 205, 211, 213, 253, 278, 305, 366, 423, 500, 542, 577, 603, 635, 695, 718, 819, 867, 874, 883.
66. Be not diſmay'd in time of need. No. 236.
68. Holy Trinity. No. 162, 193, 283, 298, 351, 463, 490, 531, 708, 757.
69. How amiable. No. 492.
71. My ſoul, prepare to meet. No. 579, 885.
74. O Lord, in me fulfil. No. 272.
75. O whither ſhall I fly. No. 235, 677, 679, 700, 831.
79 or 580. O world, ſee thy Creator; or, That I am thine, my Lord and God. No. 22, 28, 40, 64, 73, 89, 125, 134, 183, 207, 280, 286, 290, 325, 326, 348, 356, 400, 414 418, 430, 451, 458, 472, 502, 537, 590, 629, 666, 691, 725, 737, 749, 752, 755, 759, 765, 780, 782, 858.
82. Jeſus makes my heart rejoice. No. 576.
83. Chriſt my Rock, my ſure Defence. No. 4, 299, 314, 378, 459, 565, 601, 670, 818, 833, 877.
84. Deareſt Jeſus, we are here. No. 12.
89. In thine image, Lord, thou madſt me. No. 25, 743.
90. My yoke, ſaith Chriſt, upon you take. No. 310.
96. Chriſt Jeſus is that precious name. No. 71, 76, 112, 178, 179, 181, 230, 243, 249, 256, 259, 269, 270, 285, 318, 323, 303, 395, 400, 431, 434, 600, 686, 688, 777, 799, 850.
97. Give us thy Spirit, Lord. No. 8, 10, 30, 55, 133, 225, 254, 306, 320, 321, 337, 365, 402, 510, 518, 580, 584, 585, 646, 694, 699, 713, 715, 728, 779, 784, 882.
99. Act, full of godlike majeſty. No. 75, 582.
101. Thankſgiving, honor, praiſe and might. No. 809.
102. Chriſt crucified, my ſoul by faith. No. 424, 846.
106. Spirit of truth, eſſential God. No. 5, 149, 185, 200, 219, 223, 751.
114. What human mind can trace the condeſcenſion. No. 72, 117, 292, 489, 501, 661, 851.
115. How great the bliſs to be a ſheep of Jeſus. No. 293.
119. Holy Lord. No. 1, 59, 120, 335, 564.
121. Lord Jeſus, by thy death. No. 349, 408, 483, 486, 680, 820.
123. O Lord, afford me light. No. 228.
124. Stream which flow'd from thee the rock. No. 588.
125. Thou Maker of each creature. No. 198.
126. O Lord, when condemnation. No. 106, 422, 523, 578, 641, 881.
132. To God on high all glory be. No. 23, 121, 122, 139, 160, 173, 177, 182, 226, 231, 274, 301, 319, 498, 638, 801, 824, 832, 860.
136. My Lord and God. No. 875.
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147. Thou God's most holy Lamb. No. 393.
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152. Christ, who saves us by his cross. No. 98, 101.
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156. Jesus is my light most fair. No. 372.
157. Rise my soul, shake off all sadness. No. 38, 781.
159. 'Tis the most blest and needful part. No. 275, 362, 384, 607, 662, 817, 844, 869, 887.
161. Highly favor'd congregation. No. 477, 527.
164. How great a last my joy will be. No. 317, 627, 764.
165. Thousand times by me be greeted. No. 103, 108, 388, 762.
166. When the due time had taken place. No. 20, 41, 15, 166, 186, 343, 405, 474, 511, 520, 525, 529, 532, 550, 583, 633, 640, 642, 645, 665, 669, 685, 689, 693, 696, 697, 704, 786, 837, 863, 884.
167. O could we but love that Saviour. No. 82, 110, 347, 367, 389, 446, 475, 533, 674.
168. Jesus, Source of my Salvation. No. 80, 105, 107, 268, 649, 653, 682, 828.
169. Arise, my spirit, bless the day. No. 46, 153.
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195. Lord God, our salvation. No. 460, 738, 813.
200. O Christ, my only life and light. No. 369.
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206. O Father, hear. No. 164, 291, 361, 709, 808.
208. Jesus, Source of gladness. No. 111, 118, 453, 497, 880.
212. The will of God is always best. No. 16, 467.
214. I will sing to my Creator. No. 151, 409.
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217. Ta' abysses tremble, crack and roar. No. 100, 217, 639.
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